

*Essays, Poems,
Anecdotes, &c.
by
Eliza Corf.*



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Moral and Religious

ESSAYS, POEMS,

ANECDOTES,

AND

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY

ELIZA CORE.

VOL. I.

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TO
MY ELDEST BROTHER, JAMES CORF,

THIS,
The First Volume of my Poems, Essays, &c.,

THAT I HAVE EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR THE MANY BENEFITS

THAT I FORMERLY RECEIVED AT HIS HANDS,

IN TIMES OF SICKNESS AND SORROW.

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Preface.

SINCE the announcement of my intended publication, the liberal patronage of my native town and others, and the generous encouragement of kind familiar friends, for which I present my grateful acknowledgments, have established my resolve to continue in the course that I have, not without reflection, adopted. Yet still, when I reflect upon my temerity, in having presented myself to the public, to solicit a share of their confidence and patronage, I am inclined to blush at the apparent boldness of the action; but my spirit tells me I have talents, and that I should use them, and my success renders me more and more determined not to shrink from the performance of my duty.

This being the first task of the kind that I have undertaken,—never until the present period having

written with a view to publication,—I feel it absolutely necessary to offer some explanation of my motives for thus obtruding my works upon the notice of the world of literature. I cannot use the hackneyed phrase of being urgently solicited by partial friends, and friendly advisers; for except two brothers who have often proved themselves my friends, and whom on this occasion I thought proper to surprise rather than consult, I have not another relative who would not rather be jealous of, than anxious for, the due appreciation of any merit I may possess. Unavoidably residing for many years at a distance from all who do or ever have felt an interest in my welfare, I lost, in this most difficult position, the encouragement that others generally receive. Wholly unassisted, therefore, by any judicious friend or adviser, I cast myself and my written treasures on the troubled sea of fame, alike careless and uncertain whether we shall sink or swim. But Hope, who holds her children up, invites me to the conflict.

Descended from the high nobles of the land,

nurtured and brought up in the enjoyment of every luxury and indulgence, surrounded by the appanages of wealth and station, but much too early cast an Orphan in the world to be too prosperous, and high minded enough to rely on my own spirit and on God alone for aid and succour in a chequered life of sorrows, joys, and sufferings, feeling ever fully conscious of the wisdom of the Almighty, and well resigned to his decrees, I lay for many years a sufferer, from the bodily affliction of an acute inflammation of the sheath of the spinal cord, occasioned by concussion in a sudden shock and fall, on being abruptly told of the death of a beloved brother.

Reduced by this and other unforeseen misfortunes to means almost too scanty to insure perfect respectability and comfort; contracted in my power to render tangible benefit to others; I feel desirous of enlarging my scale of benevolence, and, at the same time, the necessity of laying up something for old age, before I pass the prime of life, and lose the vigour of mind to exert myself.

The privation of not having, as formerly, the power to aid my fellow creatures, has been the most deeply felt of all since my reverse of fortune; and a frequently weak and painful state of health deprives me of the power to discharge more active duties, were I to undertake any other mode of using the talents with which the Almighty may have endowed me. I prefer, therefore, the agreeable mental exercise of writing my reflections, opinions, instructions, and knowledge of the human heart and mind; hoping that others may derive benefit from my experience, and the openness, sobriety, and truth of my reflections and opinions.

I have resolved to offer to the public favour both my early and recent Poems and Essays, taxing my present wits to render them such as will afford my patrons a sufficient amount of these, and relations of simple facts, not fiction, either myself an actor in them, or the incidents and scenes portrayed having come under my own knowledge and observation. I feel that I ought not to utter anything in the shape of a plaudit on my

own endeavours; though wholly unassisted by any one, they may surely with propriety claim originality; and for their substance, they aim at infusing into the young and opening mind ideas that may serve to cultivate and improve the manners of the rising generation; promoting virtue, piety, and knowledge, by recommending whatever may benefit, be useful, wholesome, or ornamental to society.

It has been my care and study to render my writings such as shall not deserve to be refused admittance into any house, but everywhere obtain a welcome among the humane and good. As for myself, solitude has so many charms for my heart and soul, that, though I love society, I care little whose door may be closed against me while I linger here, aspiring only that the gates of heaven may open to receive me on my transit hence, to enjoy a better, everlasting home, where neither jealousy nor criticism can exist.

Though the subjects that I discuss are generally of more serious import, I have, in order to render my works agreeable to the general reader, intro-

duced several pieces which are merely calculated to afford a little innocent amusement, hoping that those who are invited to peruse my writings for the sake of diversion only, may imperceptibly imbibe a portion of the religious and moral sentiments which I have endeavoured to spread and scatter throughout, with a desire to fasten and disseminate them in every heart that reads. I have religiously adhered to the truth, presenting to the public only facts, and my own real opinions upon the subjects on which I write; anything left to conjecture is clearly stated, and the words of any other author are used only as a quotation. Therefore, I claim originality; though, as we all do learn from books as well as from human nature, ideas must in some degree partake of similarity, even when written in a language so copious as the English.

In presenting to my readers the shocking fact of the Atheist's fearful death, I relate an event that came under my own knowledge in my native town of Liverpool, suppressing only the name and

street; and, though only mentioned in the papers of the week that the profligate died an Atheist, for the reasons assigned in the narrative, the occurrence made a deep impression on the hearts of many, and some of the less vicious of his jovial companions took warning, and repented before it was too late.

The placarded Fop, I fear, will do me little credit, as it exhibits a mischievous feeling, that always takes possession of me when I see a man, whom God has endowed with talents and capabilities to render himself respected and admired, distort those talents, and aim at notoriety by procuring for himself the names of fop and fool: nature having otherwise clothed him, he should disdain the misfitting habiliments he so fantastically puts on, or must patiently endure the frolic, tricks, and scorn that others more rationally attired may choose to treat him with; he becomes fair game for all who wish to sport. The Presentiment, or Prophetic Dream, preluded the most serious illness of my life; and the short poem it contains

was not exactly composed by me, for I dreamt it, and immediately on my awaking wrote it out, surprised at having wrought it without the aid of my judgment to direct my muse, for all but the imagination must have been buried in the deep sleep that had possession of my frame.

The "Professional Letter to a Professional Gentleman on a Professional Subject," was written to an Attorney of my acquaintance in Liverpool, at the time specified: his conduct is faithfully described in it, and the strictest truth observed. The words of the Uncle in the dialogue are such as the Nephew stated them to be, and those of the Nephew such as I thought he ought to have uttered in reply. Disdaining anything anonymous, I should have signed my name to my letter, but he to whom it was addressed was so well acquainted with my handwriting that this was unnecessary; and the friends who knew that I wrote it, among whom were the lady's parents, advised and requested me not; so I complied. I might now considerably improve its style, for I wrote it when very young; but having

promised to my friends and the public pure facts, not fiction, I transmit it to them exactly as it sallied forth in the hour of its birth, and then received the eulogies of partial friends, some of those long since entombed in the cold damp lap of mother earth, to rise no more, and smile upon me with the same benignant and kind feelings.

The narrative of the Gipsy's Stolen Bride is so far mixed with fiction as to give connexion to the incidents, and a moral tone and feeling to the piece; and for the sake of relatives, who yet may live, and wish not to be recognised, fictitious names are introduced, with little deviation as to time and place. The tale relates an interesting fact, to warn the youthful and romantic. The poem which follows the narrative, relates incidents only slightly touched upon in the prose piece.

It would be impossible to notice every narrative, without extending my Preface to an unreasonable length; I leave them, therefore, to speak for themselves; and in conclusion have only to say, that I have neither loitered nor slumbered in my con-

stant desire to assist in purifying the hearts and minds of my young readers; and if I should only add one pious or moral sentiment to the stock of each individual, I shall reap a sufficient harvest for my labour, and feel well pleased with having gained so laudable an end.

Relying on the lenity and justice of the public,

I remain,

Their humble Servant,

ELIZA CORF.

30, NORTON STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Contents.

VOLUME I.

	PAGE
Essay I.—On the Nature and difference between Genius and Talent, &c.	1
Wisdom and Wit play at Bandy, and make a Contract . . .	13
Lines, written during illness	26
The Spirit's Whisper	31
Essay II.—On the great value of a religious education . . .	33
Anecdote. Ignorance is very convenient sometimes . . .	66
The mind awoke to Thought	67
The cheerings of Religion	69
When to reflect	70
Essay on Pretenders to Scepticism and Atheism	73
The Atheist	92
To the Birds at Halewood. A fragment	98
The Roasting of the Bible; or, the Atheist's Death	99
There is a Heaven	111
The Attributes of the Saviour. A fragment	114
Essay on Self-Knowledge; its uses and application	115
A Recipe to make a good Wife	156
Epithalamie Aerostic. Presented to a young friend on her Wedding Day	158
Journey from Cork to Killarney, &c.	160
Sportive Stanzas on Killarney and its Echoes	179
The Burning of the Steam-boat Ceylon	181
Lines addressed to Miss P—, on her departure from Liverpool to her native land, Ireland	190

	PAGE
The Gipsy's Stolen Bride. Narrative.	191
Poem	209
Lines, written after dreaming that a young lady had swerved from propriety and integrity. Narrative	227
Poem	230
Professional Letter to a Professional Gentleman, on a Professional Subject	239
Excursion to the Killarney Tunnel, &c.	247
The Placarded Fop	256
Excursion from Killarney to Glengariff, &c.	263
Rhyming Preface to several Poems, written in the Album of a Young Friend	276
To the Ploughman, returning to his Cottage	279
Lines by George Eccles Nixon, Esq.	281
Reply to the Stanzas by George Eccles Nixon, Esq.	283
The Presentiment	285

Essay i.

A short Essay written at the request of a Lady, on the nature and difference between Genius and Talent, and the visible marks that distinguish the possessors: with a few observations on Learning, and the pleasure and profit to be derived from combining this valuable acquisition with the brightest gifts that God bestows on the human mind — all-powerful Genius and Talent.

IN writing a few observations on the most valuable properties with which the munificent Creator has endowed the human mind, Genius and Talent, I will first descant upon Genius; for, being in its nature more elevated, more immediately descended from above, it shines the brightest, and comprises all those wonderful powers of mind which may justly be called gifts from God.

A mind possessing genius, invents such things as none have seen before, except perchance in fragments, which Genius taking up, therewith constructs a whole, that looks so, even if it be not quite original.

True Genius is constantly employed putting forth in arts and science, rich, full-wrought, original designs, constructions that astonish other minds by their sur-

prising magnitude and character, and thoughts which baffle and dismay meaner minds, that try to mount as high upon the tree of knowledge, but get entangled in its branches. Genius lives on theories and speculations; peeps into the future, and prepares examples for it. Its imagination is supplied with materials for constructing new fabrics, of every description. The mere man of genius aims at eccentricity; despises forms and ceremony; and seldom gives his mind to minor things: therefore he cannot always reduce his theories to practice. Misled, perhaps, by vanity, he makes his theories known, and these he leaves for Talent to take up and achieve. Genius possesses an indomitable loftiness of spirit, that prevents it taking the works of any other as a foundation for its own structures; while if otherwise directed, by superior talent, its designs would be more methodic and correct.

When Genius and Talent are combined, and simultaneously put forth their powers, we see a mind endowed with such stupendous strength, energy, and fire, that soul is given to everything it frames, which speaks aloud the praises of the framer, and proclaims a being greatly favoured by the omniscient Maker. The man of talent has the tact to see at once the magnitude of what he undertakes, and at a glance surveys the whole minutiae of the thing he wishes to accomplish. Instead of always projecting new things, he is content to copy, and acquire perfection or skill in arts and sciences that others have founded or discovered. Taking

the best masters for examples, he will not allow himself to be out-done, but aims for, and will climb, the highest point that ever has been gained before. He generally grasps at such a point as some one perhaps will say can never be excelled. If he has real talent, he surpasses it, by almost imperceptible, gradual improvement in each curve and line, until he far exceeds the work he copies; in the whole producing quite a masterpiece of its kind. In painting, he is much unlike the genius, methodically painting inch by inch, a picture of minute perfections, each measured part of equal value, beauty, and proportions, unique throughout the whole; while lofty minded Genius, spurning at the thought of labour so profuse, being inspired, makes some parts most sublime, yet leaves the minor points defective. The man of talent gains by his productions, never ceasing to improve them till he has made them worthy of the purchase; while Genius, still projecting on, gives others time to reap the benefit of his first inventions; he wants the application that a man of talent gains while studying to excel, and thus he has not patience to improve what his sublimity projects; still aiming on at something new and more astonishing, instead of endeavouring to combine his genius with talents that would perfect his designs, and hand them to posterity entirely his own. But where exists this valuable combination? It is seldom if ever found.

Genius and Talent, where they are well combined,
A wonder-work from the Almighty hand we find.

Even where this wonderful and agreeable combination, to those who know how to appreciate it, is found, it is generally surrounded by some minor defects of character; in some cases palpable, in others supposed, in a few instances deeply to be regretted flagrant faults, which lay the character open to the detractions of evil-minded and jealous people, and render the possessors of talent and genius most unpopular. Even when possessed of every moral virtue, they too frequently become the objects of dislike, scorn, envy, jealousy, and disrespect. Unhappily for the progress of talent in general, the human mind so disdains to be surpassed, that the being endowed with original ideas, inventive mechanical powers, poetic genius, or profound reasoning faculties, becomes a prey to the wounded vanity or pique of the narrow-minded or self-admiring, who think that they proclaim their own merit by detracting from the merit of others. Therefore, we too often find it the case that poetry and poverty accompany one another, the poet seldom being fully invested with the approbation and respect of the world until death has robbed him of the power to claim precedence of his inferiors in intellectual worth—the more ignorant valuing people too much for external advantages, and each endeavouring to step before the other in this ambitious, jostling scene of strife.

When universal approbation is excited, the sensation is generally produced by some effort of genius and talent combined, such as Martin's Fall of Nineveh. Genius alone, worked up to enthusiasm, could project a painting

of such surpassing magnitude and character, wherein each portrait and portion proclaims itself exactly what the artist intended it to be; but it was talent combined with genius that gave to each figure the expression, countenance, dress, and carriage, which at once delineated the character and tone of each one represented; and, independently of this exalted combination of genius and talent, it was only the most mathematical exactitude and perseverance that could give a decided character to so many minute, distinct, yet crowded parts, as those portrayed in the back ground, the covered wall, and the battle scene.

But of what order of genius shall we call that which could project a design so magnificent as that of the Temptation? Was it not the highest that could possibly belong to man, combined with talent, perseverance, truth, religion, learning, and artistic skill?—all these, in full force and activity, being necessary to bring the painting to such a scale of perfection as it exhibits: only unlimited talent and high intellectual cultivation could have made it so perfect in its beauty, so chaste, refined, and elegantly graceful in the attitude and expression of each creature's lineaments—every portion of the piece so profoundly expressive of paradisiacal bliss and smoothly-flowing ease—yet, in the *tout ensemble*, so bewitchingly awe-striking to the astonished beholder, spell-bound at a glance. Say who, possessed of any soul, could contemplate the figures therein represented, though *tout dénudé*, and conceive a thought unclothed

with purity? The mind must be gross indeed that could think impurely while surveying them. But even more than all that I have imputed to the artist was necessary to produce such sublimity as that which we see in the Expulsion. May it not properly be called Inspiration, combined with the before-mentioned attributes, that could execute a painting which transfixes every feeling-minded beholder with awe and wonder? What but genius, talent, inspiration from God, and inward conviction of His mighty power, could have taught the painter to delineate it with such speaking touches of his pencil? What less could have taught him to portray the change produced by the fall so effectively, and yet retain throughout the whole so perfect a resemblance? For, at the same time that we see every *feature, muscle, nerve, and limb unstrung and distorted* with the fearful emotions that agonised their frames, we perceive a true likeness to the beautiful partners languishing in love and soft repose, and, on the woman's part, seductive tenderness, in the happy garden of Eden.

In the Expulsion, we see the ruffled mane and inflamed eye of the now rebellious lion, that, in the Temptation, looked up to the happy pair with love and gentleness. In it we see the scorpion fire of discord darted upon Eve, by the self-same Adam, who, in the other picture, looked, though fearfully, with undiminished love, and eager, though reluctant yielding, on the gloriously beautiful enslaver that reclined at his feet. We see the same woman's face bedewed with

drops of sorrow and contrition ; the lovely form that lay recumbent, tranquilly confiding in her influence on her partner, now kneeling in dismay and terror at his feet, imploring pardon and shrinking from his wrath ; yet still, throughout the whole, no feature changed, but portrayed under the influence of different feelings — *the soul's light only taken from them in their fall from virtue.* The hand of Genius alone might throw the bolt upon the riven tree ; but more was needful to depict the fiery exultation of the Archfiend's face, and his satanic glee amid the war of elements, when he beheld his triumph consummated in the fall of man, and saw that fallen one bent down with sorrow, his hair erect, as Genius raised it to depict his terror at the fearful storm engendered by his sin.

Having said so much on these two exquisite paintings, I will now turn the attention of my readers to another, which I saw exhibited in the Collegiate Institution, in Liverpool—'The Bohemian Gipsies : according to my ideas, a decided freak of Genius alone, for Talent deigns not to slight anything, however small or insignificant. In this picture, the grouping, outlines, attitudes, and expression of the figures proclaim at a glance the hand of Genius ; but Genius is a slattern, and so this artist daubs his colours on, without regard to neatness ; yet, Taste assisted him in their selection, and he contrasts them well. Had the genius that projected the design been coupled with talent, aided by perseverance, the touch would not have been such as to offend the eye,

and so many would not have expressed surprise that I should allow my eye to dwell on it so long, surrounded by so many paintings more worthy, as they thought, of admiration; but I could see so many beauties in the piece, I could not help admiring them, and wishing for equal talent and perseverance to assist the genius that designed it. I could comment on many other paintings, but might be deemed too digressive, and therefore return to the chief points of the subject, Genius and Talent.

With regard to its sustenance, I may say that hope and anticipation form a portion of the sweets that Genius feeds upon. Genius, led on by hope, effects gigantic wonders, either in art or science; for hope sublimates its efforts, holds a light for it to work by, and pictures forth some far-off rich reward, which it illuminates, but which Genius does not always reach, often stumbling in the way on new materials for constructing new inventions, and, eager to collect them, forgets to stretch out the hand to grasp a due reward for former efforts. Reward is always sought by Genius for its exploits, and the more imaginative its excursions, the richer harvest it expects to reap; but woe for its improvidence and want of stricter guard—it is too oft, by meaner minds, tricked out of it.

Both genius and talent are widely distinct from mere learning; for this may be acquired by mere capacity, if the capacity is clothed with application. There is a certain mechanism in the brain, which enables man to learn by dint of repetition, without the trouble

almost of thinking. Genius and talent may both be wanting, where learning is acquired : but where this want is evident, the ideas never flow smoothly. Such men are generally pedantic ; such women scornful, self-admiring, undervaluing the minds of others, and treating them with scorn because they are not book-read, though perhaps *their* knowledge far exceeds their own in usefulness. These men and women frequently quote, but seldom utter that which is their own ; their display of learning is more abstruse than brilliant. That display of learning is most brilliant which is directed by genius, but is most useful when guided and improved by talent and virtue. When Genius takes up virtue and talent, industriously diffusing them through each thought, word, deed, and pursuit, steadily persevering in the whole, if tempted to add learning to the stock, what a delightful character is thereby formed ! This world abounds in such, though their modesty conceals them often from our view. It is only by emulating to become such, using God's gifts of mind to the utmost extent that he has bestowed them, and liberally appreciating the same in others, that we can know and feel the solid pleasure and happiness to be derived from this inestimable combination. While blending the valuable gifts of genius and talent with the equally valuable acquisition of learning, the mind naturally feels disposed to suppress every inclination which has not virtue for its foundation ; and thus the possessors procure for themselves, and those who come under their influence,

all the happiness that this life can bestow,—particularly if surrounded by the appendages of fortune, with a disposition to use them for the benefit of others as well as themselves; combined with talent and virtue, that reflect before they act, consequently dissect all sides of a question, while reflecting upon not only the *pro* and *con*, but its present and future tendency, commenting mentally upon the whole, sifting the good from the bad, discarding the latter, atom by atom, till perfection is as nearly as possible attained. What a fund to draw upon! for, if well used, it will procure peace, fame, and plenty; it will lessen care, heighten joy, subdue sorrow, remove temptation, and elevate the mind as high, and higher, than the fortune, even as high as heaven; because, deriving all from God, the soul of necessity demands that the heart and mind should worship God, exalted love being absolutely necessary to the sustenance of an exalted mind, and heavenly things the most suitable food for such a mind.

Genius must have something to love. Its feelings are too ardent not to love everything that pleases either its heart or eye; and when it clasps the hand in friendship, every pledge that hand bestows is treasured while it lasts, far more than its intrinsic worth deserves. Genius would dishonour itself, were it negligent of the romance of feeling; yet the friendship formed by Talent is more durable, because Talent takes in the whole character, and reflects before it decides on intimacy; but Genius only sees the brilliant points, believing the

minor ones to bear a close resemblance, and when the error is disclosed, flies off from friendship in disgust, too often then its ardent feelings erring on the side of hatred. The man of talent and profound reasoning faculties believes too little, requiring ocular demonstration to maintain his confidence; and much too often repudiates his fellow men for poor human nature's frailties. Genius, on the contrary, believes too much, feels, sees, thinks, and speaks too much, entering too feelingly and warmly into the thoughts, feelings, and interests of others, even when not called upon by christian duty.

When either men or women are endowed with, or by emulation and persevering rectitude of purpose obtain, and use well, the valuable gifts and acquisitions on which I have so largely dilated, combined with moral feeling, virtue, and Religion—the brightest gem among them all, they untiringly perform their duty, to their neighbours and to God, without regarding either the world's ingratitude or its detractions.

And who, endowed with reason's guide, will venture wholly to disdain possession of the peace arising from a state of mind so blessed? It needs not genius or talent for the heart to feel disposed to worship God, nor rank and fortune; the lowly mind and lowly heart, if bending with a humble, contrite spirit, are offerings most acceptable to Him. It needs not that a man should be possessed of gifts that sublimiate the mind, to place him in the path of virtue. Though a man

be poor, he need not walk astray because the tempter beckons him. In any mood or language we may ask of our Creator, the petition will be defined, distinctly heard, and answered if He deems fit, though inaudible to the heart that utters it in thought. It needs not learning to ask God for succour, or a shield to keep temptation off, and steel the heart against its inroads. Religion has a language of its own, peculiarly distinct from that of genius, talent, learning, or terrestrial elocution ; and though these never can pre-eminently dwell in unity together without inviting Piety to take a seat in their abode, religion can exist without a spark of any of them. Ah then, what cause for thankfulness, in those who have none of these endowments, to think that they can gain the everlasting good, without assistance from them ; the pleasures of this world alone abiding in them ; eternal rest and peace attainable as well by humbler means, dependent only on the grace of God, his love, acceptance, and pardon.

Wisdom and Wit

PLAY AT BANDY, AND MAKE A CONTRACT.

—

A wise young man once heard to say,
'Your wit is but a fool,'
A wit retorted, 'Well, sir, pray
Were you ne'er made his tool?'

— — —

WISDOM.

When Wit assails, I always try
To walk aside, and pass him by.
I never pause to prate and rave,
But wander to the church and grave,
And ponder how my soul to save.

WIT.

No doubt your wisdom, so serene,
Is freshened when the sod is green.
And while the grass is springing up,
You catch the dew, to fill your cup
With the ambrosial crystal clear
That demigods so much revere ;

And when you quaff, no doubt, the stream
 Has power to make your wisdom beam
 As brightly, as the glittering tear
 Called forth by penitential fear ;
 Or softly, as the grassy blade
 That shines so clear when sun-arrayed.
 But I would rather see the joy
 That trembles in young Love's bright eye,
 And nectar taste from downy lip,
 Reading that eye the while I sip,
 And adding to its smile a grace
 That wanders o'er the loving face,
 Revealing that I dwell within ;
 Oh ! tell me not such love is sin,
 Or that a mortal should not taste
 A thing so exquisitely chaste.

WISDOM.

Far better taste of holy love,
 Born in the heart that soars above,
 Enwreathed with flowers that never fade,
 To dress the faithful only made ;
 And sip the cup that cannot cloy,
 The cup of bliss without alloy,
 Presented by the Hebes three,
 Pure Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
 Nor wander through the grove and mead
 That only carnal senses feed,
 And leave the heart a void indeed.

Go wander near the church and tomb,
 When there, reflect, and read thy doom ;
 Recline upon the grave, and try
 Into its hidden depths to pry :
 There you may see the once smooth lip
 Bedewed with slime for worms to sip ;
 The bosom once that rivalled snow,
 A nest where reptiles come and go.
 These, crawling o'er the once red cheek,
 Deflower it with a blackened streak.
 Look underneath this loathsome sight
 Despoiled of waving tresses bright,
 The enfranchised mind, or bright or dull,
 Has cast aside the bony skull ;
 The rounded limbs, some time ago
 That tripped with thee on heel and toe,
 Now clothed with fœtid flesh and must,
 Fast breaking to return to dust,
 To mingle with her sire's, who shares
 The fate that 's destined for his heirs.
 This pompous Lord, stretched out beside
 The mendicant he spurned in pride ;
 His daughter once the lovely maid,
 That won your heart—now disarrayed ;
 Gaze on her well—where can you see
 A spot, an atom loved by thee ?
 Start not, but fix thy look again !
 Tremblest not thou, to think that when

Thy spirit shall cast off its clay,
 Thou wilt like her lie in decay ;—
 Like her endure the pang, before
 Thy rebel life shall be no more ;
 Like her expend the lingering sigh
 That mortals heave before they die,—
 The last fond, tender look impart,
 That shadows the expiring heart !
 Then take thy warning from the scene,
 Or better thou hadst never been ;
 Fly off with speed, and soar above,
 Resolved to fix on better love ;
 And while thy soul is on the wing,
 Imbibe the faith that blunts death's sting ;
 Then, looking down upon the grave,
 Regard it as a thing to brave—
 Move on, it leads to victory's plain,
 Redemption and high heaven to gain.

WIT.

Talk not to me of holy love ;
 My name is Wit, I soar above
 The cant that binds my spirit down.
 Wit is a gentleman — no clown ;
 He dances on the Poet's tongue,
 Sits on the nose of every wag,
 Is equal with the lordly throng
 That mount the woolsack, hunt the stag,

And when the literati meet,
 Receives and gives an equal treat.
 He teaches beauty how to tell
 A repartee, and do it well.
 And then he sits on ruby lip,
 To catch the words that lightly trip;
 He throws them in the sparkling wine
 That teaches love in eyes to shine;
 He fills the goblet, holds it high,
 The words then disappear, they fly.
 But when the stream has gained its height,
 The polished words return to light.
 While Wit sits smiling on the scene
 Unfaded, like an evergreen.
 And when assaulted by a snarl,
 Who aims each verdant branch to gnarl;
 A sweet revenge he takes, for then
 He shines much brighter than such men,
 And gains such honour and applause,
 Princes and Kings take up his cause.
 But he loves change, and roaming free,
 Wanders throughout the land and sea,
 Fixed only in one choice, to be
 A wit unto eternity,
 Roaming along on every beam
 That sunshine, stars, or heaven can gleam.

WISDOM.

A life so fulsome and unchaste
 Is nothing but a life of waste;

Roam further still, if thou wouldst roam,
 And make the works of God thy home ;
 With reason dwell, and reason guide,
 To quell the workings of his pride ;
 Dance on the lip of holy love,
 And kindly lead its hopes above.
 In doing so, your heart may stray
 With holy love and hope away,
 And should Ambition cross thy path,
 Trip up the traitor's heels, and laugh ;
 And while he tumbles down, beware
 To *chassé*, and escape the snare.
 Let go your shafts on vanity,
 And teach the mincing jade to flee.
 When timid Worth cries, Stretch thy hand,
 And give thy power, that she may stand ;
 And when Oppression knocks her down,
 Cudgel the wretch, and make him own
 That had he lodged thee but one night,
 He could not thus have felt thy might.
 Then take down self-esteem, and try
 To check its pulse from beating high ;
 If too great the portion given,
 Conscience makes the balance even :
 Then take them both, and mix them well,
 One voice the other voice will quell.
 Give veneration fullest scope,
 And you may kiss and toy with Hope,

And take her to your heart, the while
 That she rewards you with her smile.
 Your wit sublime, the stars admire
 The sun, and emulate its fire,
 Comets and moon, till you desire
 To spread yourself like heavenly fire,
 Through every joyous heaven-born thing.
 Then may your spirit upward wing
 To purify its essence, there
 Descend again. And we will share
 Our home, our essence, and not fear
 In unity to dwell down here.
 But should this grace no favour find,
 Nor meet the tenor of your mind,
 Far better that your heavenly king
 Should take you up to heaven, to sing
 Eternal hallelujahs there,
 Than you should so waste life down here.

WIT.

I waste my life! Have I no joy?
 Find any soul would me destroy,
 Unless I put on satire's sting.

WISDOM.

A senseless, unbecoming thing.
 That herds with envy, malice, pride;
 Gets on the wing of fame astride,
 Unseen, to blot its page so fair,
 When envied name is entered there.

WIT.

But, well directed, may it not
 Check folly, when the sting 's forgot ?
 Or rouse the poet's latent fire
 Sublimar efforts to inspire,
 Make the aspirants after fame
 Prefer good deeds to honored name.
 Put down the vulgar ? May it not ?

WISDOM.

It only makes the temper hot,
 But, well directed, I should say
 It teaches fallen men to pray
 With eloquent and fervent power ;
 It teaches to employ each hour,
 One moment not to fling away,
 To answer for on Judgment day.
 Presiding over every sense,
 It teaches nature to dispense
 With every sensual appetite,
 And crave alone for what is right—
 Propounding every text that 's given
 To help the sinner up to heaven.

WIT.

"T is well for you, that are so wise
 To wander always near the skies ;
 But I 'm a much more humble man.
 The world I take as it began,

Enjoy the good and leave the vile,
 With love and lore my hours beguile,
 Jocus and Momus help along,
 Give fiery lines to bacchante song;
 And, if I gain an eminence,
 I scruple not to leap from thence,
 Nor try to check my downward fall,
 My resting-place, or great or small.
 Mingling with high or lowly throng,
 I trip to each inviting tongue,
 And spread my snares for those who laugh.
 You like the substance, I the chaff—
 On wing of gossamer I fly.

WISDOM.

On chariot I reach the sky,
 And, firmly seated, never swerve,
 A constant equipoise preserve;
 For Wisdom bows not to the wind—
 To firmest rectitude inclined,
 He rides triumphant into heaven,
 And there controls the senses seven.

WIT.

On poet's fire I enter there,
 And Faith and Hope my seat prepare.
 I rest but for awhile in heaven,
 Scared when the clouds are thunder-riven,
 Convey the bolt to poet's pen,
 And he becomes sublimer then,

Awakened by the fiery ball.
 Poor Wit is shattered in the fall.
 Ideal wonders upward wing,
 The poet grasps them all, to fling
 And scatter them upon his page.
 Wit holds up satire — critics sage
 Snatch it, the poet to enrage,
 And one and all in war engage;
 And speculators, when they 're rife
 For quarrelling, upon the strife
 I urge along for very life;
 Or, soft reclining in the head
 Of theorist, I make my bed.
 Here, resting from a toilsome life,
 I rally for some new born strife,
 And shun while here I take my rest
 The snarling critic, poet's pest.

WISDOM.

Wisdom shuns war, courts peace divine,
 Thy essence mingle then with mine;
 Our force unite, to wander o'er
 The world, and every glen explore,
 Diffusing knowledge as we go,
 To guide the heart and lessen woe;
 Making barren earth a heaven,
 Constant peace and plenty given,
 Seasoned with wit, and wisdom's rules,
 To reign abroad and in the schools.

Dispersing both, to wander free
 To every branch, on every tree ;
 That they may grow and far expand,
 To cover every point of land ;
 That every virtue God hath made
 May flourish underneath their shade,
 Rich aromatic sweets inhale,
 And ne'er in wit or wisdom fail.

WIT.

Such mastery does wisdom gain,
 I plead for my poor wit in vain ;
 And, yielding to thy better sense,
 Would yoke myself with thee from hence :
 Then teach me how to link with thee,
 And clench the chain for ever ;
 One mind, one soul, one heart to be,
 And snap asunder never.

WISDOM.

Wisdom, descending from above,
 Now rests upon thy soul ;
 And I with Wit am linked in love,
 And thus we make a whole.
 Our essence may, where'er we roam,
 Like rain descend upon
 The people crowding to our home,
 To put our mantle on,

And wear it till the change takes place ;
 Wisdom and wit their souls to grace.
 And there to rest, until they rise
 Triumphant on the wing,
 To settle in the upper skies
 And hallelujahs sing.

WIT.

Oh ! happy I, to choose a fate
 So full of life, yet so sedate ;
 To mingle wisdom with my soul,
 Has made my nature clean and whole ;
 Together we may tread the earth,
 Taste nought but joys of heavenly birth,
 Together make the world more wise,
 Teach every soul to reach the skies.
 Thus mingling our own life with theirs,
 Make separate the wheat and tares.
 Live on for ever, to create
 Desires, that sanctify the state
 Of every heart that bleeds for love,
 And pleads for blessings from above,
 Resolved to plead, till soul shall rise
 And gain a mansion in the skies.
 Wit shall lend wings, and fix the day ;
 And wisdom teach to find the way
 To never ending bliss and light,
 And trim the lamp for death's dark night,

Illume the valley, light the shade
 Death's dark and shadowy form has made,
 And when this earth shall pass away,
 Sink down the last, on the last day.

WISDOM.

Last down, but yet the first to rise,
 And take our station in the skies ;
 The first to rise, and take our stand,
 To wander forth, in that bright land
 Where the regenerate and just
 Dwell, when no longer chained to dust.
 And there we 'll stretch our ready hands,
 To help as God points and commands ;
 Each soul redeemed from death and sin,
 Eternal realms to dwell within.
 Then every rank and station won,
 Immortal live as we begun,
 There roam ourselves among them all,
 Rejoicing both in rise and fall,
 Dispensing favours to them all.

Lines,

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

PERMIT not that my reason flee,
Lest I forget to serve
The God who gave my all to me,
And from His precepts swerve.

It flickers, and my temples burn —
A fire consumes within;
Then cooling, calls for its return,
To shield my soul from sin.

My heart responds, and cries aloud,
To stay this heaven-born power;
While rushing thoughts the spirit cloud,
Till heaven sends down a shower

Of tears, to wash and cool the fires
That latently pervade,
And cleanse away all foul desires,
I thus invoke its aid—

Ah ! reason, whither wouldst thou fly ?
 Turn thou thy footsteps hither ;
 This gloomy world, without thine eye,
 Would nothing cheer, but wither.

Fly not from me, thou guiding power,
 But keep my mind from straying ;
 My actions every day and hour
 Thy constant care repaying.

Teach me to govern my desires
 By holy law and rule ;
 Quell thou within the latent fires ;
 Pour streamlets on to cool—

The streamlets flowing from the sea
 Where reason stems the tide—
 Faith, Hope, and Love, the sisters three,
 Indwelling side by side.

I know no charm to lull the soul,
 That can with faith compare,
 It makes the broken spirit whole,
 Inviting hope to share

The placid tone that dwells within,
 And warbles forth due praise
 For new born joys, removed from sin,
 And peaceful, happy days.

Hope takes her seat within the heart,
 Inviting faith and love,
 To take her up, and never part,
 Wherever they may rove.

For Charity they both comply,
 And wander through the earth;
 And joined with Hope, they there outvie
 All else of heavenly birth.

The whole on earth create a heaven,
 Remote from strife and sin;
 Then pray that grace to all be given,
 These graces three to win.

And oh! thou reason's guide, propel
 Them all to every heart;
 That sinners may escape the hell,
 With Satan set apart.

A gulf between which none can pass,
 Or dare to sail upon,
 Though husband, daughter, sons, alas!
 May shriek, inviting on,

To give them one cold drop, to cool
 The parched and aching tongue;
 "Vengeance is mine," says God, "thou fool,
 And heaven can do no wrong.

“ Eternity, that fearful space,
 Is thine to burn and crave ;
 Hadst thou embraced pure faith and grace,
 Thy hell had been the grave,—

“ A passage to the realms above,
 Where angels dwell with me
 In fervent holiness and love,
 Blessed with the graces three.

“ But all entreating can't prevail,
 Thy sentence to revoke,
 Seraphs and angels sing all hail,
 And Satan owns my yoke.

“ He owns a Master and a God.
 Obeys when I command,
 His spirit trembles at my rod,
 He feels my mighty hand.

“ He seals the doom that I decree,
 For sinners past reclaim ;
 And when the righteous call on me,
 He trembles at my name.

“ Each faithless sinner tumbled down,
 He gains one serpent more,
 To make him feel and fear my frown,
 And sting him to the core.

“ And when I thunder in the skies,
 He trembles at my voice,
 The lightning flashing through his eyes,
 He sees the heavens rejoice.”

The scorpion stings that fill his soul,
 And rend his brain till mad,
 Proclaim that I command the whole;
 He shrieks while heaven is glad.

Oh then preserve my reason's guide,
 And never let it swerve,
 That I may, through whate'er betide,
 God and my neighbour serve.

And, sinners, hasten at the call,
 That Jesus speaks to you;
 By him alone you stand or fall,
 Then hold him up to view.

And, taking up his cross, walk on,
 Ascend the holy hill,
 The holy emblems feed upon,
 His mandate to fulfil.

There, taking Jesus for your spouse,
 Never again to roam,
 Remaining his till trump arouse,
 To take you to your home.

The Spirit's Whisper.

A spirit whispers in my ear,
It tells me I shall die,
No shadow it imparts of fear,
It calls not forth one sigh.

For what has earth to chain us here,—
Its joys so prone to cloy,
Its choicest homes are cold and drear,
Or yield some base alloy.

Its gaudy trappings brightly shine,
Yet, 'neath the surface scan,
Unhallowed dross and sin combine
Whate'er belongs to man.

The fleeting hours pass swiftly on,
Not one can we recall;
Well or ill spent, when they are gone.
By them we stand or fall.

And all the treasures earth can give
 Have no intrinsic worth ;
 Nor teaching how to die nor live,
 Their seed brings nothing forth.

The spirit whispers, Leave them all,
 Nor pause to think it pain,
 A glorious rise the Christian's fall
 To mother earth again.

The soul wings up aloft, to where
 True joys ne'er fade or eloy ;
 And every day that passes there
 Has peace without alloy.

Then leave them all, the spirit cries,
 Nor wish to linger here ;
 Heaven opens when the Christian dies—
 He nothing has to fear.

He meets a God, and Saviour too,
 To bend before their throne ;
 Salvation opens to his view—
 He claims it for his own.

Faithful and good, all enter in
 The home that God prepares,
 For Jesus cleansed their souls from sin,
 And made them heaven's heirs.

Essay ii.

On the great value of a Religious Education, applied to its own use in times of sickness and sorrow; the necessity of encouraging a spirit of contentment in adverse circumstances; and constant employment, next to Religion, the best mode of subduing sorrow, and exchanging it for a spirit of resignation.

So many eminently gifted Clergymen have expatiated on the necessity and value of a Religious life, that, wanting their great learning, I almost feel myself incompetent for the task I have undertaken. Yet having in my own person endured an incalculable amount of sickness, bodily affliction, and sorrow—having been for many years a sufferer both mentally and physically—an essay springing from such a school of adversity and experience may have a salutary effect on the minds of those who read it. If only one in every ten of my youthful readers imbibes a single sentiment of piety from the perusal; if only one in every ten imbibes one rule by which to sustain their fortitude in the hour of sickness and trial; if only one in every ten imbibes a wish to emulate a spirit of cheerful resignation to

the will of God, feeling that such cheerfulness descends from God, and illustrates a firm reliance on his love and mercy, affording a certain portion of unmixed happiness under every circumstance ; I shall indeed be well paid for having toiled to win such harvest. And oh ! should any thought I utter lose a portion of its weight or import by being mingled with a feeling that partakes of self, forgive it for our frailty's sake, remembering that God alone is perfectly possessed of power to cast off self, and think alone of others' benefit. In writing this, I may at least be excused if I indulge a hope that it will add an atom to my own heart's purity, and render me more fit to tutor others.

In every day, in every hour of our lives, whether secluded in the domestic circle, walking abroad in the streets, or admitted into the family circle of others, we may perceive innumerable circumstances to mark the difference between a confident reliance on the justice and mercy of God, a faithful belief in a sustaining providence, a fearless pursuit of duty, unchecked by groundless apprehensions of evil, firmly believing that the all-sustaining hand of God protects his children ; contrasted with the ceaseless murmurings of a discontented spirit, coupled with irritability, unsettled pursuit, indistinct fears, vindictive contentions, and an uncharitable want of neighbourly love. He or she must be a poor observer indeed, that cannot perceive the discomforts and miseries arising from the latter ill-chosen

state of things, and the happiness, or at least peaceful contentment, springing from the better choice and steady pursuit of the former.

After having keenly observed the great difference between these two conditions of life, with a steady determination to maintain a sort of neutral position, until the mind has fully taken in an estimate of the advantages or disadvantages resulting from each, it is an easy matter then to choose the good. But yet how difficult to maintain the position chosen, unless endowed with a vast amount of vigilance and perseverance,—vigilance to escape the contact of sinful example, and persevering fortitude and dignity to remove from its baneful influence, before it can have time to subdue the mind by its debasing qualities.

Example carries with it a force so superior to that of precept, that it is almost a folly for any one to present the latter without mingling the former with it, to strengthen and fix the colour of the precept, if it be worth presenting. Happy, indeed, are those who can stand by and view the world, and not drink deeply of its follies. Not to drink at all is more than human nature can accomplish. Even assisted by the grace of God, we fall far short of perfection, while tainted by the temptations of our passage through this life. But long before we can arrive at anything approaching this perfection, our parents have much to do in personally devoting themselves to, or otherwise providing efficient

persons to, educate us religiously, and in such a manner that we may feel the value of that education, and properly apply it in seasons of sickness and trial.

Oh what a blessing it is to possess such parents, who teach us to know, and, to the utmost that our frail perception will permit, to appreciate, the grandeur and majesty of God, combined with his mercy, truth, and justice; who teach us the necessity of resignation to his will. Happy, indeed, are those who possess parents, who feel it their duty to provide instructors for their children that fulfil their duty both by teaching and example; and deeply to be deplored the fate of those who are early rendered fatherless, thus deprived of an indulgent parent and protector, such as mine.

Little child that I was when my father died, yet I retained a perfect recollection of his simplest words and actions, during our last few interviews. I never stood in his presence three whole minutes in my life, that he did not open his arms for me to fly into. This fond father I did love with such a deep, devoted fervour, (arising from his doating fondness for me in particular, though his sixteenth child,) that it has never ceased to sway my mind during the long period that I have travelled in the world, alone and fatherless. So deeply rooted was this love within my heart and mind, that it has been a guiding star to me through life, to lift my spirit up to heaven, believing him to have ascended there before me. His love and approbation were the best loved luxuries of my child-

hood, and for nothing have I ever yearned more ardently than to become a partaker of the same beatitude in eternity. To doubt his presence near the throne of God, when mortals are appointed to be there in immortality, would be to doubt God's mercy and his justice; therefore, in longing to be stationed near my earthly father, I do crave a seat near God. Assuredly I think and feel and know that he is near to God, and God with him. Ah, fathers, think what bliss and comfort would be infused into your own hearts, if you could feel assured and say of every child you have, *My child feels and thinks the same of me.* And ask yourselves, Is this not worth a struggle to obtain? Would not life's last moment, when the Almighty recalls you to your native dust, be soothed into peace and pleasantness, even though accompanied by the pang of death in all its bitterest anguish? If you could feel that your benignity, and virtue, and your noble deeds, had so endeared you to your children, that they felt prouder of you than of birth, distinctions, or descent, however coupled with greatness—prouder of you than wealth, rank, fame, or honour, and anxious only to attain your own rank in eternity. What a plaudit for a father! Can any other earthly plaudit equal it?

Well, then, reflect on the advantages that must descend upon yourselves, if you become the objects of such love. Thus, in the respect and filial obedience of your children,—the peace and tranquillity of your home, the consequent domestic joy and comfort, the smiling

cheerfulness of happy faces that will then surround you,—fathers, let me then implore, advise, and influence you so to act, that such reviving, stimulating, glorious blessings may descend on you, and prepare the way of you and yours for brighter, better, and more permanent felicity, enduring to the end of time. Eternity, that fearfully immeasurable word, is too profound for me to dare expound it. Oh for a pen that could surround itself with a spirit so insinuating, so influential, that it should enter unperceived into your hearts, play havoc with them, and cut up each fibre not disposed to clasp your children with parental love of such an earnest, gentle force, that though not more than a hair's diameter, the band should be too strong to snap asunder by any evil force applied to it. Your love, thus pressed around them, would teach them all to feel as I do, while reflecting on my father's love and virtuous actions; though he has been so long transferred into eternity's immeasurable space, this love and recollection cannot fall away from me.

In every momentous decision of my life, I have ever prayed to God that he would permit my father's spirit to come down to guide his child; and when a tranquil feeling came upon my heart, I thought my prayer was answered, and rejoiced to think it possible that he was nigh. This thought has ever made me act with more consistency and honour, reflecting that if God had granted my desire, his spirit would be wounded by a failure in his child. All instances wherein I have neglected to

obey this rule of action have given me cause to mourn the deviation, for I did lose by it my guiding star, and wandered from my way. To cast an eye to heaven, and, deeply probing with my soul's eye through its azure covering, suppose it possible that I behold my father's eye affectionately stooping o'er my head, impulsively implants within my mind a spirit to do well—I could not act unworthily, and think he saw the deed.

I love to wander in imagination o'er ethereal space, and people it with spirits that reveal to me some new idea of the realms above; and then I single out one fixed and brilliant spangle of the firmament, believing it can possibly contain my father's eye, which beams upon me with angelic lustre, emitting a most brilliant light, to guide me in the valley here below, and keep my footsteps from unholy paths, directing me to travel only where pure pilgrims to the shrine of virtue can be seen. In such fancy flights of the imagination, sometimes my best resolves are made, and cooler reason seldom finds them inefficient to promote my happiness, which ever flows from conduct regulated by what I think would have turned my father's eye expressing proud approval on his child. Happy would it be for all, if fathers always could convey such feelings to their children; I could not do a wrong, and think the while upon my father—the thought that it would grieve his spirit would prevent the deed.

Therefore, if the supposition that the eye of a deceased father might look down from heaven upon

his child, residing on this inferior planet, could have such a guiding influence upon my actions, soothing petulance, restraining frowardness, inciting me to nobler deeds than my own frail nature prompted, and infusing a desire to see his smile of approbation as the first step to self approval; how much more keenly should we feel the eye of God bent down upon us, taught as we are, or ought to be, by all we see, and feel, and hear, and know, and read in God's own word, the Scriptures, that all our actions are minutely and accurately, both in thought and deed, spread open to his view. How much more should we dread the flash of anger from God's eye. How much more anxiously and strenuously should we endeavour to win the smile of approbation from Him, the strengthening, consoling, and encouraging radiance of whose smile will be infused into the hearts of all who feel conscious that they act according to the laws conveyed to us in his most holy word, at the same time that they feel unworthy of the daily blessings showered upon them by His sustaining and munificent hand. Adore ye Him, and Jesus for the whole.

How necessary, then, for fathers to reflect upon, and evenly perform, their duty to their children — inculcating pure love of God, a knowledge of ourselves, and deep reflection previous to action. We should always reflect before we act, and constantly keep up a clear consciousness of all our hidden motives, and the alterations that continually take place in our minds; not judging from externals only, but the internal evidences that must

present themselves, and naturally take deep root during our intercourse with the world. We should never decide upon anything without strictly trying our thoughts, opinions, and motives by the laws of truth; never judging another, deciding for ourselves, making choice of good or evil, or in any way acting, without duly considering and asking ourselves, Shall I act in conformity to the laws of God and man, by performing what my own judgment has decided is correct? By heedlessness, and a want of the reflection that I suggest as proper, we incur the want of self-knowledge and self-consciousness, forgetting that to these wants may be imputed nearly all our transgressions, as well as our sufferings and distresses. How necessary, then, to reflect upon ourselves, our faculties, and our appointments; attentively scrutinising the process of our ideas, comparing them with what we are taught by experience, reason, holy writ, and every thing in nature that proclaims aloud a God, to punish and reward, according to his promises, our crimes or our obedience, our failure or our victory. The goblet of joy and the chalice of sorrow are alike presented by the Almighty hand to each and every individual that is born upon the earth; but, by heedlessness and want of reflection, ah! too many drink too deeply of the latter, while they only occasionally sip the former, unrefreshed by its reviving influence. Because, having too hastily exercised the will that God has given to all his creatures, by unreflectingly choosing evil, instead of good, they are compelled to

endure the consequent evils invisible and attendant on their choice—invisible, because the designs and ordinations of the Almighty are wisely hidden from us, and we cannot escape the results that follow from our good or evil choice. How necessary, then, to reflect seriously before we make our choice, lest, by our carelessness, we should become entangled in the snares of sin, when reflection, perhaps, would have opened to our view the higher road to virtue.

By thus reflecting, we take reason for our guide,—the brightest gift that our Creator has bestowed on us. When he fashioned us, and assigned our properties and instincts, having finished the lineaments of our body, he placed therein a mind, to guide and elevate it, with certain valuable precepts, such as chastity, temperance, love, holy fear, charity, truth, and the pursuance of that which is good and benevolent to our fellow-creatures. Add to this, a firm determination to be just. By these rules we may be able to bridle our passions, and observe the precepts of God. He having endowed us with a mind by which we possess the powers of reason, this inestimable blessing should become the guide of all our actions; and if we cultivate it to the acquisition of wisdom, it teaches us to detest vice and love virtue, corrects our passions, encourages our hopes, teaches us to suffer, and supports us in our sufferings. When pleasure's path presents itself to view, this wisdom teaches us to subdue our desires, and abstain from its allurements. Unless the

path is lighted up by virtue, human frailty will ever make us all desire to tread the path of joy; but it is reason by which the mind is taught to shun, deny, and overcome itself in objects of delight and pleasure. Setting aside all vanities, it will not for a little enjoyment forget its accustomed love of that which is good and holy, but, like a skilful husbandman, prune and cut away all superfluous branches, to kill the heat of corrupt and baneful humours, leaving only that which is pure and unadulterated by corrupt and poisonous atmospheres, and may in some way be profitable both to soul and body. Some may ask, why so many wicked actions are continually perpetrated, if reason can so entirely rule our passions. It can: but frailty and allurements interfere.

It would be ridiculous to suppose that reason has such a perfect dominion over us as entirely to neutralise the counteracting evil of our nature. Reason's influence or precepts cannot prevent the appetite from feeling desire. It can only correct it, by gaining such a sway that it shall suffer the loss or abstinence from the things desired with fortitude and patience. To take an example: Reason seldom hinders us from desiring the possession of riches, comforts, luxuries, and freedom from the toils of life; but it can work so faithfully as to prevent us trying to obtain these things by any mean or unlawful process. Reason cannot prevent the feeling of anger, but it can regulate our actions while under its influence, so far as to prevent us committing

any act of violence or impiety, and teach us only to be angry with much cause. Reason prevents us not from desiring sinful pleasure, but it teaches us not to yield to the desire. By the power of reason we learn abstinence from every flagrant vice. Reason, therefore, does not entirely eradicate all vicious inclinations; it only teaches us to constrain and bridle them. By reason we are taught to despise money, except for our necessities. By reason we are told to care but little for honours, dignities, and grandeur, which we must necessarily enjoy but for a while down here, and then we leave them all behind. Yet all men so generally aim at them, that it is only by reason's gift we can resist the things that are unworthy of a perfect and immortal soul. Hence comes it, that having once overcome the things that flesh delights in, we frail mortals can feel able to despise the vanity of being as zealous for the fortune, distinctions, and benefits of this uncertain life as for those which are more firm and durable, thus fixing our eyes on things eternal.

Most certain it is, that objects present to our view more easily affect the understanding than objects more remote. We naturally allow more credit to the evidence of our senses, though deceitful, than to the reflections of our mind. Nothing is more easy than to allow ourselves to be captivated by things which are presented before our eyes; whereas it requires great argument and reasoning to enable us to comprehend things that are future and invisible. And yet the eye of the soul

is as acute and quick as the eyes of the body ; but some people dazzle it by the intemperance of their imagination, and others by the stupidity of their understandings. The last is the greater fault of the two, for such evidence is given throughout this world of our Creator's love and power, that we must indeed stupify our minds if we can view it all, and not feel prone to love and worship in return for His beneficence. If we can view ourselves, and believe that we are formed by one who is capable of anything that is not good and merciful, the wonderful mechanism both of mind and body, and the adaptedness of every part for the enjoyment of life—if we live in purity—may and should serve to convince us of His great love, and teach us the more ardently to love our great Creator. In imbibing this pure and holy love, the mind is irradiated and made healthful, with the purest atmosphere of light, transparency, and beauty. What though a darker cloud may sometimes intervene, diminishing the brightness of its azure tints, it is soon swept away by the balmy influence of devotion. That cloud no longer dims the glory of its lustre, or makes less the beauty of the picture, but leaves it lovelier than before, dilating into magnitnde, while the heart delights to dwell on His perfections, and invoke His aid. The next love to imbibe is that which God enjoins us to our neighbour. To love our neighbour as ourselves, is imposed on us by God, to soften the rigidity of our temper, to assuage the violence of our desire for battle and contentious

argument, to teach us mercy and benevolence—the sweetest sweeteners of the bitter draught of life. It inspires us with the most refined sentiments and exalted views; thus giving elevation of mind, it annihilates every vice, improves and strengthens every virtue, and renders those who practise it in all its branches more worthy to be called the children of God.

Much, indeed the entire, happiness of human life depends upon whether we seek our felicity in the career of wisdom and virtue, or on the road to levity and sin; on whether we dedicate ourselves to God and Jesus Christ, or whether we allow our passions to control us, and become the servants of sin, in despite of the brighter path presented to our view. If we only use the evidence of our senses, we may at once discover how much more of happiness belongs to those who have faith and confidence in God, and walk in his ways. What cheerfulness it imparts to the features, words, and actions, even while transacting the ordinary affairs, of life! There should be little difficulty in making our choice, so clearly shewn as we are, on all sides, that we must perceive and feel it, that sin or fraud degrade, enfeeble, and enslave, that they must soon or late plunge us into misery; while, on the contrary, if we attain wisdom and virtue, the true end of our being, we become calm, contented, happy, and resigned. When evils come upon us unexpectedly, it is then we feel the value of wisdom and virtue, the truest sources of religion. When life declines, how refreshing to the soul is a retrospective

view of every good and pious action in ourselves; how prominent and beautiful are those days wherein we feel that we obtained a victory over the allurements of pleasure, or any temptation of the world. When with a willing heart we offered a sacrifice to God and virtue; when from pure and generous neighbour-love we promoted human happiness, or drove away by timely succour human misery; how bright these days will shine among the rest! How much more solid sustenance will they produce in time of harvest! And when the reaper comes, how happy if none of them are deemed fit only to be trodden down; how happy if none of them degrade and accuse us before the Judge of the world! And when our sun is almost set, and the infirmities of age come on, if we preserve a cordial interest in the affairs and wellbeing of our fellow-creatures, omitting nothing that can prove our anxiety persuasively to rectify their morals; if we continue easy and agreeable in our spirits, genial and serene in our wisdom, imparting our knowledge to others, not as a task, but as a pleasing pastime, avoiding everything that is morose or sullen in our virtue, accompanying all our actions by cheerfulness, vivacity, and truth, feeling neither anxious for, nor ashamed of, life, nor yet afraid to die, but willing to be gone when God holds out his hand, how much good may we do, how much vice and misery may we prevent, by our experience, instruction, and example—nay, even by our presence alone.

How eagerly then the young will flock around us, and

even those of riper years, that they may learn some useful lesson, and perhaps, by our instruction, learn the way to live, and, better still, as little fear to die. Oh! may my own life's taper thus emit a cheering radiance, and leave some shining traces of its influence behind, on young minds who have loved me formerly, in times of cheerful intercourse and amity. They may, perhaps, peruse my writings; then let them, smiling sweetly on them, take their precepts up, to shew how well they look in action, and think benignly of me, when my taper's light is out—extinguished by the hand of death.

But, when old age comes on, how carefully we all should guard against its frailties and infirmities. In doing this we have to shun all apathy of feeling, selfishness, distrust, austerity, censoriousness, a churlish and unsocial disposition, impatience or despondency, and peevish murmurings as touching God's decrees or mankind's want of gratitude. We have to shun capricious chidings of our servants and attendants, while performing, perhaps, some tedious duty which our feebleness imposes.

And let us graciously receive a stranger's or a friend's attentions, requiting them with gratitude and love, carefully avoiding mistrust or jealousy, the path of all most difficult to shun, and most obnoxious to the spirit which should make us render religion and christianity respectable, and endear us, by our calm and amiable deportment, to the wise and good—to every one, indeed, that is not jealous of the kindly feeling towards us, or debased by sin. But, woe to us, it is too frequently the case

that we confound old age with infancy, and are as imprudent at sixty as at sixteen. For what can be more imprudent than to look upon the fickle fortunes of this life as the greatest good to be obtained, instead of fixing the mind incessantly on that which is to come hereafter, learning alike to feel calm under our allotment both of pains and pleasures, resolving, by degrees, to suffer patiently all things that the Almighty deems fit to impose upon us, appealing to our reason to regulate our passions and pursuits, and disposing us to suffer all things cheerfully.

If reason and the inferior powers work at variance, let all restrain and subject those inferior powers unto the laws of reason, if they would wish for victory. With reason for our guide, we may be safely directed neither to yield nor sink under the chequered vicissitudes of life and the tempestuous storms of vanity, alike allotted both to young and old, and to think lightly of the fickle and contrary winds of fame—to smile upon oppression, tyranny, and strife, peacefully and steadily resisting them, keeping the spirit sound, firm, and unbroken, until safely anchored in the haven of salvation. For as the top of a high rock stands firm, unshaken and sublime in its own loftiness, resisting the waves that roughly dash against its front without having power to damage or deface it; even so do the rocks of religion and reason, firmly grafted in our minds, beat back the boisterous waves of sin and folly that dash against the body, not permitting them to break in and pierce the divine, celes-

tial power and influence of the soul. Surrounded always by the barrier of Religion, who or what shall make a breach, or enter in to desecrate and spoil it?

Having said thus much upon religion, it will be necessary now to turn my pen, and pourtray its immeasurable value if applied to its own use in times of sickness, trial, and affliction, when hastily struck down or rendered feeble by disease, while groaning under pains inflicted by the hand of God for some wise end, to be achieved for our own or the general good. How consoling it is, if we can feel that we have lived in such a way that, should it please the Lord to take us hence, we need not fear to see his face, but confidently hope to see it beam with smiles upon us—such smiles! so glorious, that we cannot conceive of anything created, on the earth or in the firmament, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor anything containing but the millionth part of lustre so transeendent; and yet, our nature changed for heaven, we may not be so dazzled by the sight but it shall give us happiness, not earthly but celestial.

Having passed from this into another sphere, our nature changes into perfect, everlasting good, or everlasting evil; and if, in sickness, we can feel that God looks down and smiles upon our cheerful resignation, how many pangs are lessened by this sweet impression? It helps us to prepare for what may next befall, assures us we shall find a remedy, or smoothly pass into another world, resigning this, perchance, with fond regret, yet strong reliance on the wisdom that demands our exit.

But should it be his high behest that we should live even in a state of suffering, how cheering is religion's influence! It checks impatience, dries our tears, suppresses murmurings and strife, bedews our pillow with the tear of penitence for every little trespass or omission to do good, expends our sighs in prayers for the amendment of our lives; and God receives the offering, if we faithfully believe in the atonement that he gave for them. And when we feel a disposition to repine, if we call religion to our aid, it teaches us to estimate our blessings, placing them in contrast with our sufferings and misfortunes.

How seldom do we find our evils make the greater number. I found this exercise a wonderful help to me in sickness, to take my pen, compute my blessings, place them in array before my pains, sorrows, or misfortunes; and then, comparing all with the lot of those mortals whom I knew to be less favoured than myself, I always found that I had much cause for thankfulness. My blessings far the greater number, even when my frame was racked with anguish, my heart dissolved with sorrow for the death of fondly-cherished friends, my anger roused with unjust treatment, or my fortune rendered poor by loss. Still the whole was not so bad as the lot of others I could see abroad; and I did feel that I ought to bow in thankfulness to God for what I had of good, and murmur not because it was mixed with evil. Then, having once determined to bear my lot

with patience and contentment, the anguish of my sufferings abated, my resolution and constancy was confirmed—for those only are overcome with pain whom wisdom has not armed with patience, or taught to flee to God alone for succour.

The wise man preconsiders the distresses that may naturally befall him, preparing himself for their arrival, and feels neither surprised nor dismayed, having expected them; while he who thoughtlessly prepares not for the future often becomes the victim of his own neglect, and sinks beneath the pressure of calamity, without the power to renovate his hopes or subdue his sorrows. How necessary then to take Religion for our solace, and best foundation for contentment, regarding neither persecution, ridicule, the disappointments of this fickle and uneven world of worms, and nature's revolutions, nor yet the apparent (to our weak vision,) or supposed unevenness of the Almighty's dispensations. How vain it is to persecute Religion, for when it is felt in its full purity, the more oppression it receives, the more it prospers, spreads, and sinks into the heart still deeper and deeper. Genuine, unaffected religion is seldom fully established till it has undergone the fiery ordeal of affliction and trial. It is only after coming from the furnace that it attains its highest attributes—unshaken constancy, and high resolve to practise it and hold it unto death.

But while that silent, slow, unconquerable tyrant

softly creeps and steals upon us unawares, and takes sure aim before he throws his dart, how eagerly should we prepare for his approach, that we may smile upon him when he comes, and steal the poison from his dart, converting it to manna by the meek placidity of our retiring. I know not anything that renders death's strong barb so pointless, as the consciousness of having lived as free from sin as human frailty will permit—as full of faith as a righteous belief can make us.

But, if ordained by God to linger on in lengthened sickness, then reflection, and employments that require contrivance, best remove despondency and discontent. I have invariably found that, even under circumstances of extreme suffering and trial, I could alleviate my pains, and call up a spirit of love and resignation to the will of God, either by gradually leading, or even forcing, my mind to deep reflection, dwelling closely and particularly on the divine power and justice of the creator, preserver, and father of my life—regarding the infliction of his hand as a dispensation arising from his infinite wisdom, that thought fit to use me for the accomplishment of some good design, in which I was required as an instrument to carry it to a conclusion, and for the suffering of which infliction he would in some other way give compensation at his own good time, this compensation perhaps imperceptible to weak, human vision, but yet most certainly awarded.

Already, before we enter into life, our destinies are

appointed, the term of our sojourn on earth marked out; and this term we cannot pass, nor can we alter the length of any stage of our existence, or know what we may or may not achieve, until each time arrives in which we are permitted to choose our good or evil course, and act according to our choice. But much of our conduct, independently of external influences, and all our earthly happiness and prosperity, depend upon our disposition for good and evil, and the manner in which we apply the various benefits or evils allotted to our share.

How happy those who have fought the good fight which shall force a passage into better life, and, step by step, advance them to felicity eternal; and how consoling, when subdued by sickness or sorrow, if we can look back upon our almost finished career, and feel conscious that we have been properly thankful for the many instances of grace, goodness, and parental tenderness displayed by our heavenly father, while conducting us from our earliest infancy to the time being. From how many dangers and distresses does he deliver us, from how many sins and iniquities does he preserve us, if we only appeal fervently to him for aid, while endeavouring to adhere to his precepts. The mere circumstance of doing this augments our felicity, and conveys a calm to our souls even endless, steady, cheerful, and confiding; for knowing and feeling that God is nigh, and present for the help of those who call upon his name with all the soul's sincerity, affords sufficient consolation in the

hours of trial, bitterest woe, deprivation, or sickness, infusing a contented spirit of so firm a character, that nought can rake it up or shake its roots asunder; and any branch that shoots from out this solid trunk must carry in its centre a sap containing virtuous essence; for evil cannot spring from good, though good can often overcome an evil.

Those who feel a spirit of contentment never murmur at inevitable evils, but cheerfully and patiently resign themselves to the endurance, assured that they are guided by undeviating wisdom. Afflictions are, and always must be, inevitable, in such a world as this, where all is subject to inconstancy and change, to desolation and to death. The powers of mankind are so limited, so liable to error, misconception, and mistake, dependent on so many external circumstances—their pursuits, inclinations, passions, interests, and schemes so frequently cross and oppose each other—their necessities, fates, and fortunes are so intimately blended and connected, that nothing can befall a single individual without the event in some degree affecting others, either more or less, and becoming a sort of inevitable necessity to which one or another must submit. Afflictions are likewise a means of spiritual discipline and improvement; and this alone should give them a value in our eyes for the sake of their purifying influence. Again, they frequently act as a friendly monitor, and rouse us from the dangerous slumber of false security and indolence—dangerous to our soul's

eternal welfare—consequently an apathetic state of mind is much to be dreaded, lest it should act for our condemnation hereafter. Affliction instructs and strengthens our understanding, teaching us to form a just estimate of things in general, moderating our confidence in, and dependence on, what is earthly and visible. It elevates, refines, and purifies our sentiments, gives a better direction to our feelings and inclinations, and renders us more attentive to our superior destination and appointment: forbidding us to look on earth for our felicities, it bids us look for more valuable and permanent possessions, more refined and intellectual delights, more spiritual perfection; and, more than this, it disciplines us in obedience to the will of God, teaches us self-control, and lenity to those who want this governing power. It plants upon our hearts forbearance, fortitude, and patience. Yes, and more than all this, afflictions are the road to completion—to the utmost limits of perfection that mortals can achieve; they help to cleanse our sins and hidden faults; they challenge and provoke us to resplendent and heroic virtues, and to extraordinary deeds of christian heroism; they bless and sanctify our great achievements. Therefore, it is good to be afflicted; and all the eminently wise and good have trod affliction's thorny path. God's own elect have trod the same; and all who have explored its tortuous windings, if they love the hand that guides them through, acknowledge it to be the safest, most direct, and certain road to perfect excellence—a road which is

marked by the footsteps of Jesus, our Captain, our Fore-runner, our Guide, Companion, Fellow-sufferer, Sympathising Friend, Protector, Saviour, Prince, and Ruler, who travelled by this road until he entered into sovereign glory. Shame, then, on us, if we complain that we are doomed to travel in this honourable path, replete with everything to recommend it, and to give us confidence and courage on our way, affiance in our God, and obedience to his will, without a wish to escape his power, or shrink from the benevolence, fraternal love, and conscientious dealings enjoined by his commands.

To our heavenly Prince and Ruler we are beholden for not needing to fear death as the termination of our existence, but are permitted to look upon it as the passage into a better life. What a sublime aspect does this reflection give to death; in the eyes of his votaries, Jesus is to them a messenger of peace, who calls them from labour to rest, from the conflicts and perplexities of this embittered world, to the enjoyment of victory over sin and death. He calls them from a toilsome and dangerous pilgrimage to their native soil.

If death were the total extinction and annihilation of our being, the instant of its arrival would be to us a scene of terror and dismay, for I think it would be impossible to find any one living that does not prefer existence to non-existence, that does not pant after everlasting life, and would wish to continue here if debarred the hope of an hereafter. But this

lamentable state of things none need dread, for both reason and scripture authentically certify us of the contrary; but more especially the divine and soul-sustaining doctrine of Christianity, that proclaims to us the immortality, the life eternal, of our souls. This doctrine deprives death of its sting, and the grave of its horrors; converts our fearful anticipations into joyful hopes, and our boldest hopes into confident expectations.

How happy then to be a Christian. The near approach of death to the unreformed man, to the drunkard, to the obstinate sinner, whom no divine or social law controls, to the slave of sensual passions, to the man who prefers his money to his God, and loves his neighbour only for the sake of any earthly advantages he may derive from him, must be terrible indeed. What tormenting expectations must perplex his soul, what fearful anticipations of the drear abode to which his reason may perhaps tell him he will be consigned. Death calls the unrepentant sinner to a tribunal so unerring in its truth and justice, that he has not even the shadow of an appeal against its judgment. How will he then sustain himself? Oh, it is terrible to think of. Death takes *him* from every luxury that soothed his faulty, sinful life, and gave a zest to his corrupt enjoyments; from all that constitutes his false, mistaken happiness; from all whom he thinks well-tried friends, the aiders and abettors of his everlasting condemnation; from all the sensual joys that

formed his life of pleasure, and infused the poison that creeps through his veins, and slowly, step by step, sells him to Satan. From him Death ravishes by one fell stroke all that he ever valued and loved, admired, or wished to emulate, all that ever soothed, comforted, rejoiced, or delighted him, all wherein he sought his happiness, only to find the specious, delusive, and trepanning snares, that such men call delicious. Why? Because their vitiated palate and perception find not out the poison in their sweetness, nor, while their madness lasts, observe that they but beckon to perdition, and convey them to a trial that menaces with condign punishment. Oh, how much more happy the Christian; how happy that he is not of this wretched class. How deeply grateful should he feel to God, for having kept him from the appalling course of sin; or for having reclaimed him from its ways, conducting him to paths of wisdom, peace, and virtue, and yet, amidst temptations, teaching him to shun the evil way, and keep from love of things that perish, for being always happy, and becoming every day more perfect, if he keeps firm his faith. The Christian need neither be rich, great, nor powerful—neither learned, famous, nor popular, nor yet fare sumptuously every day—he needs neither earthly treasures, nor honours, except for the benefit of his brethren and those he loves. No, his happiness arises from the following sources:—peace within, and outward strife alone while reproving sin, (for sinners

strive against the good.) The Christian possesses a tranquil mind—a heart that loves God and man—that loves wisdom, virtue, temperance, and a practical promotion of the moral interests of all mankind. He has a soul that exults in all that is beautiful, sublime, and good, wherever and with whomsoever it may be found; and forms a just estimate of the things of this world—a spirit that can soar above this present and visible scene, commune with God, and take a mind's-eye view of the immeasurable realms above, to feel their incalculable wonders, and adore their origin; and though enveloped in mystery, he feels no desire to possess more knowledge than God permits to mortals, but after this life, according to His promises to those who act the Christian part, confidently expects a better life.

These various sources form the Christian's happiness, and this he can enjoy in every station, in every rank, in every abode, from the palace to the dungeon—in abasement as well as in elevation—in the cottage as easily as in the palace: in any and all of these, the Christian fears not death, but wends his way in as much peaceful content as human nature can attain. The Christian alone is capable of feeling it to the full extent; and no duty is more urgently imposed upon us than the necessity of maintaining this spirit of contentment, under all circumstances, whether adverse or genial to our own wishes.

And now I come to the last portion of my essay—

constant employment, next to religion, the best mode of subduing sorrow, and exchanging it for a spirit of resignation.

In recommending constant employment as the best mode, next to religion, to subdue sorrow, and exchange its tone and character for a feeling much more pleasing in the eye of God, and more in accordance with the bright example given by our Saviour while sojourning on earth, whereon he said, "Not my will but thine be done," I do not mean to recommend mere bodily exertion, though that is always advisable, even among the most wealthy, in a sufficient degree to promote health. I mean a constant exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties, distinct from mere mechanical pursuits, which can be executed without the mind being occupied in close observance and direction of them. Let the mind be exercised in planning schemes for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and, when opportunity arrives, the body exercised in forwarding and completing them, desiring nothing in reward but our own consciousness of obeying the Almighty; and thus doing well, regardless of the praise of man, unchecked by the want of gratitude or the unworthiness of mankind. If they refuse our benefits, the blame is not our own, if we esteem them as our brethren, and labour to give honour due unto the spring from which the whole creation rose. To subdue the love of dwelling upon sorrow, so natural to the reflective, melancholy, and affectionate spirit, I would recommend that the mind should be employed

with works that require contrivance, or a theory to try experiments and work upon, that needs a close inspection and attention to prevent entanglement, making use of cool reason and judgment, to direct the whole.

Sorrow naturally yields to reason, consequently, the reasoning mind displays the largest stock of fortitude; in every circumstance that calls forth sorrow, the heart is much relieved if we reason upon all we do, and ask ourselves if it be right, if it will benefit ourselves or fellow-workers in this scene of changeful circumstance.

I ever found this a most beneficial exercise, when I was stretched, throughout a period of seven long years of suffering, upon a reclining couch, debarred the use of my limbs, or the privilege to turn on either side, the inflammation of the spinal sheath requiring artificial operations and inflictions to prevent the inflammation's progress to the brain. This was so horrible to my apprehension, that I implored unceasingly of God, for freedom from such a dreadful increase of affliction; I felt that while my reason held full sway, I could with fortitude endure all minor evils. And during these seven years, and many, many more, I had much cause for firmness, fortitude, and courage. Sometimes I felt the chastening rod a scourge, and dared to doubt the mercy of the hand that wielded it; sometimes I thought my lot might have been better cast—that loss of parents, fortune, friends, health, of home, and, in after years of change and vicissitude, loss of nearly all the comforts and appliances of wealth that shielded and surrounded

my early youth, was far too much to try me with; and yet, amidst it all, I thought more feelingly of my retrenched, restricted means, to aid and comfort my fellow-beings, particularly those whom I personally loved or had formerly assisted, than of any other portion of my grievances. Yet nothing helped me better to preserve my equanimity of mind, than to employ each faculty the Lord had given me,—to please, instruct, or aid; and I had many kind, indulgent friends to gratify, some of whom are now numbered with the dead, some gone abroad—dispersed all over the world—and others still remaining, who I hope will read these pages, and rejoice with me, to think that present times resemble less the former in their severity, and pardon this digression that reminds them of them. At the same time, let them think of the many social, happy, improving, and even merry hours we spent together, during the period that I lay a helpless sufferer—by the blessing of God the body only rendered useless, the mind unalienable—and I did find undeviating solace from the useful and agreeable exercise of its resources.

To work without an aim is worse than leaving things undone, or sinking into apathy. But if the aim be hurtful to our kind, it is worse than apathetic, cold indifference to their feelings. Either state of mind is so pernicious to the soul's best interests, and to its restoration from the depths of sorrow, that every one should sedulously avoid encouraging or allowing them to gain an influence over their actions or reflections

We should place as many barriers as possible to stop their progress, if for a moment they have crept in to rob us of our inward consciousness of rectitude, and thus destroy our peace of mind, till we have overcome the effect of having sipped such poison, by retrieving our lost ground, and walking firmly lest the foot should slip again. This may be done by a quiet, firm, determined spirit of search and research into truth and religion, (that is, all religions that are Christian,) delight in intellectual endowments and pursuits, often performing acts of benevolence. All this will have a tendency to lull the heart's repinings, and subdue its melancholy, to chasten sorrow, lessen its anguish, and make it a source of improvement rather than deterioration, to exchange it for a spirit of quiet acquiescence in the Divine wisdom and power, and a cheerful resignation of ourselves into the hands of the Almighty. What a rich world of love and happiness would now surround us, if all would take up the creed, and practise it,—to do no evil, fear no evil, and trust in God for mercy and protection. I preach not what I do not practise, for this has ever been a part of my own creed, and I have found in it a stock to draw upon for happiness through every day and hour that I have held it firm within my heart; it enables me to walk alone, unaided, and respected by the good; myself myself's protector, with the help of God alone, to shield from any evil that draws near to me. I ask no other aid but that which I derive from his unerring guidance.

I know not of anything half so detrimental to domestic peace and comfort, half so powerful in sustaining rather than subduing sorrow, sickness, or remorse, as vain repinings and regrets for that which is past and gone beyond the power of recall, or useless recriminations to those who influenced or aided in the past, and would perhaps have shunned recurrence of the evil, had not the bad spirit that exists within been goaded into action by contumely. Those who listen not to reason, remonstrance, or persuasion, cannot be compelled, without a battle detrimental to the souls of both the acting parties, and should be left to God. His grace alone, when he deems fit, can soften them. How much more laudable it is to exercise the mind, by reflecting calmly on the past, its failures and successes, drawing thence strict rules and resolutions for our future guidance, such as may give success to every laudable intent, and strengthen us for its achievement. For even in this world of sin, the good alone can prosper always. Though sin may reign triumphant for awhile, and the world's distinctions and appliances of fortune fall upon the wicked like a shower, it is only for awhile. They soon or late must topple from the cliff, on which they seem to stand immovable, and dash into the boisterous waves below, where they in vain may struggle, till they own they have a Master, and obey him. What blessings descend on those who do obey this Divine Master, and resign themselves unto his will. Whatever befalls, they have him to look to. Assuredly they shall have succour

if they deserve it, unless the thing they ask would be detrimental to themselves and others, or obstruct some great design in which they are required as instruments. It is only then impossible to grant their wish; and if they murmur not at his decree, comport themselves as he dictates, employ their faculties as he designed when he endowed them, whether in weal or woe, health or sickness, everything will bless them, and their sorrow will be changed for a spirit of resignation and contentment.

Anecdote.

IGNORANCE IS VERY CONVENIENT SOMETIMES.

I REMONSTRATED, one day, with one of my mother's servants, on the impropriety of her having pleaded as an excuse for disobeying orders, that she was ignorant of the mode in which something ought to have been done that she had neglected, having discovered that she was fully competent to undertake the business. She quickly replied, "Forgive me, dear Miss, but you don't know how convenient it is to be ignorant sometimes, it saves a poor servant's legs such a deal."

The Mind awoke to Thought.

WHAT thoughts awake within my mind !
They take me into heaven,
And there, with ecstasy I find,
Eternal rest is given.

The angels that surround God's throne,
Repose within his arms ;
He shields from all the evils known,
They have no vain alarms.

No feeling that can dwell on earth,
Approaches then their heart ;
And every bliss of heavenly birth
Roams free through every part.

My mind's eye sees the beaming smile,
That mantles on each lip ;
My spirit there, I taste awhile
The cup of joy they sip.

My fancy hears the songs they sing,
 My voice ascends with theirs ;
 And while my spirit 's on the wing,
 It bears to heaven my prayers.

But reason cries, Thy prayer offends,
 God will not lend an ear,
 Unless the broken spirit sends
 Repentant sinner's tear.

Repentance cries, Then take the tear
 For sins of omission shed,
 Till thou shalt reign again down here,
 Judging the quick and the dead.

But conscience cries, Thy sins are more,
 All earth is filled with sin ;
 And more than makes ten-fold the score,
 Is writ heaven's books within.

Faith cries, Down at thy feet I fall,
 And bend the grateful knee ;
 For Jesu's blood has cleansed them all,
 And made my spirit free.

The Saviour cries, Forgive, forgive,
 My blood washed out the stain,
 That all who die in faith may live
 For ever free from pain

The Cheerings of Religion.

COME, seek the cheerings Religion imparts,
Its promises always make glad ;
It dwells not in heads, nor on lips, but in hearts,
And takes away all that is sad.

It flows from a source so supremely good,
Its blessings can never decline ;
From Calvary's hour, when he shed his pure blood,
The true heart has knelt at its shrine.

It springs from a source so fruitful and pure,
Its essence can never decay ;
It needs but the grace of God to secure,
And firm faith its laws to obey.

Its laws are so cheerful, open, and free,
The heart must be callous indeed,
That, listening not, refuses to see
Its love contains all that we need,

To yield us comfort. In sorrow, it lays
 The heart on the bosom of God ;
 That, losing its anguish while there it prays,
 Submissively bends to his rod.

Thus feeling the cheerings imparted by love,
 The heart sinks to peace and repose ;
 Then winging its flight to the regions above,
 Its sorrows fall down as it goes.

When to Reflect.

I LOVE not, when I would reflect,
 To join the motley crowd ;
 But range the meadows spring bedecked,
 Where songsters sing aloud,

And tune their pipes with lays of love,
 To Him who formed each throat,
 And tenderly leans from above
 To catch each heavenly note.

I love not, when I would reflect,
 To stroll the promenade gay,
 But gather wild buds, dew bespecked,
 And watch the dawn of day.

Breathing sighs of love to the power
 That clad the grove and mead,
 Gave life to every beast and flower,
 Supplying all they need.

I love not, when I would reflect,
 To tread the gay saloon,
 But wander forth where none suspect,
 In day's glorious noon.

There behold the glittering sun,
 Beaming like eye of God,
 Gilding all that his hand hath done,
 Creating at his nod.

The calm retreat, the evening shade,
 Still better please my soul,
 And seem by God's sweet bounty made,
 To hold within the whole

Combination sweet of heavenly signs,
 That shadow forth a sphere,
 Resplendent with the vast designs
 That shine upon us here.

Not as the mind's eye gives to view,
 Within the hidden deep,
The voice of faith can pierce the blue,
 And there sweet converse keep

With saints and angels that surround
 The Lord upon his throne,
And, like the nightingale, resound
 Its worship-notes alone.

Regardless of all human praise,
 My soul aspires to none ;
But tunes its solitary lays
 Alone, and but to one,

Alike the source of life divine,
 And every human fear,
Father of all the lights that shine,
 And every human tear.

Essay iii.

ON PRETENDERS TO ATHEISM AND SCEPTICISM.

I SAY, in the title of this Essay, *pretenders*, because I believe in the utter impossibility of such a being as an Atheist to exist, regarding an Atheist as one who presumes to deny the existence of God as the only Supreme Being—who presumes to deny the existence of Satan as one governed by and ordained by God to punish man's ingratitude and want of faith—a tyrant unto whose keeping and torments the Almighty will resign irreclaimable sinners, when, at the Last Day, he disclaims and casts them from him as unworthy of the atonement offered for their sins—a being who presumes to deny the immortality of the soul, the life hereafter, the never-dying bliss of those who follow God's commands, and the never-dying misery of those who worship God's and human nature's enemy, the Devil—a being who presumes to deny or doubt that God created us and all things living, vainly speculating on the possibility of our having created ourselves, or been the production of blind chance, unaided by an Omniscient Creator and governor of the whole.

With all the varied evidences of the truth of God's

creation daily presented before our eyes, does there exist—can such a thing exist—as a sceptic at heart? Can there exist anything approaching to the character of an atheist at heart? Can any human being, possessing sight, hearing, touch, sensation, and the reasoning powers to think, to prove, to compare, to combine, to reflect, to calculate, add to which the power of speech to communicate the various speculations rising out of his thoughts, proofs, comparisons, combinations, reflections, and calculations, doubt the existence of a one all-powerful, ever-present, everlasting, ever-governing, ever-guiding, ever-upholding, ever-maintaining, and Almighty Ruler and Creator of the whole universe? No, no! a being endowed with reason cannot live so destitute of truth as to refuse belief in God; though he may wish there were not one to punish his offences, yet inwardly he believes and fears. Even the savage, unassisted by instruction, pictures to himself a God, from what he hears and sees and feels in his own nature; and, though his ideas are somewhat fanciful and strange, imputing qualities ungodlike, fierce, and sometimes earthly, yet this serves to shew that every animal endowed even with uncultivated reason feels the necessity of having something superior to himself, in some or all of its attributes, to love and worship. Therefore, how difficult it must be for any man, having possessed the means of cultivating his reasoning faculties, and even partially used those means, ever to feel at heart, or allow himself in any degree to imbibe, a spirit of atheism, or even

scepticism. Many there are who profess themselves such unbelievers and doubters. But why? Is it not as a cover for their licentious conduct? How otherwise could they excuse it, acting as they do in utter disregard of the commands and ordinances of God? They think, by professing to disbelieve in His existence or His power to punish, they will escape the odium and the world's upbraidings, which their evil ways must naturally bring upon them. But obtain the power of scanning these beings in solitude, or when not surrounded by the licentious revellers who defy alike the laws of God and man, careful only to avoid those deeds that the external process of the law takes hold of to punish ignominiously! Though slaves to lust, to gaming, to licentious, bacchanalian riot, to unrestrained, destructive libertinism, and all the animal enjoyments that decry the example of a Saviour and offend against God; when unsupported by the stimulants that urge them on to ruin, who so wayward, fickle, subdued, and miserable as the men who dare even to doubt, much less deny, the existence of a God? I would not have a heart to doubt our God's existence, and believe that, when my soul forsakes its earthly tenement, this frail, uncertain case or body, that I should be annihilated, and not enjoy a future state, for all the earthly palaces, possessions, joys, and honours that this world could give. All those who read and run must see and feel there is a God; and that there is a God both heaven and earth, and all that is concealed within, and every thing around us, proclaim aloud.

And, since there is a God, a first, eternal, and all-powerful cause of all things, a creator of the whole universe, and everything contained therein, that is not identified as the permitted work of his superior animal, man; then is there, too, a providence, sustaining, regulating, and controlling all things; and most assuredly is this same providence leading onward progressively to greater perfection and happiness. My conception of a consummately munificent, merciful, and perfect spirit allows me not to doubt of this. Are we not all in the hands of this perfect spirit? Can anything that happens be concealed from Him? Can any rational person doubt that he will be most accurately acquainted with all the powers and properties, with all the several operations, desires, associations, and endeavours, of every animate or inanimate creation of his own? Does he not exactly know the various wants, and all the peculiar circumstances, belonging to each and every one of his subjects? Can anything exist, can anything continue, can anything decay, can anything revive, expire, be happy or miserable, joyful or melancholy, hopeful or desponding, merry or dull, foolish or sublime, peevish or witty, fretful or magnanimous, without his will, or without the power surrendered to us by His divine permission? Are not all powers, all energies dependent upon him, the eternal, inexhaustible fountain of power and energy? Are not all spirits dependent on the one Supreme Sovereign and most infinitely perfect spirit over all?

Does he not evince an exhaustless regard for the work of his own hands in all his dispensations, for the supply of their necessities, and the gratification of all their reasonable wants? Is he ever known to abandon his creatures, to hazard, or to themselves, and to be indifferent alike both to their happiness and misery? Does he not rather, when they abandon themselves to the wiles of Satan, then employ his instruments, in the shape of anxious friends and faithful ministers of truth, to offer every kindness and good counsel, to lead them back to virtue, and sustain them in the path.

It is impossible that God should ever act without a design to benefit his children, either in this life or hereafter; and equally impossible that he should ever fail in executing his purposes; though evil too, too oft befalls us, from our wilful perversion of his benefits, and the influence that our soul's enemy too often obtains over us. It is impossible for an all-bountiful will to do anything but good—and even out of evil, by his interposing hand, good sometimes springs, unsought and unintended by ourselves; and yet an Atheist tells us there is not a God.

I would ask this unbelieving man, Where is the everlasting, inexhaustible fountain of all reason and all light; whence light and life stream forth upon this universe, upon all worlds, upon all creatures, also upon him, though unworthy of the light and life bestowed upon him? Where is the all-encircling, all-exciting, constantly active, and primordial energy, from which all

energies derive their origin, and by which they are all supported and preserved? Where is the principle, the origin of all the wonders that strike upon our vision in our daily walks? Where the cause of all that we perceive, and hear, and know? Take all that we behold around us, do we see anything but effects that originate in other effects—one constantly following another—one always existing for the sake of another, and all mutually depending one upon the other?

Does not this conduct us at once to a first, a self-existent, and eternal Cause, which depends upon nothing, which is self-subsistent, has for ever been, and will for ever be? Where is the first link of the immense chain of events and things which we behold, and where the Almighty hand by which it maintains its equipoise, and is supplied with changes and upheld? Must not that first cause be consummately wise, consummately intelligent, consummately benevolent, consummately accurate, and consummately powerful, to design and execute that wonderful chain? Do we not perceive on all sides clear, unquestionable, and infallible evidence of wisdom and intelligence, kindness, accuracy, power, design, and merciful indulgence in the designs that tend to our support? Do we not everywhere behold order, calculation, harmony, and mercy in the ends designed, and the means provided for attaining these ends? Do we not everywhere behold the beautiful or sublime in the works of nature under his creative hand? Who

assigned to the sun, the moon, the stars, their various operations and positions in the firmament? Who assigned to the countless host of worlds that surround us, their place, possessions, principles, and course? Who stationed all in that relative position as regards each other, in which they can move, and have their being, in the most complex, diversified, and opposite directions, and yet can move and act entirely free and unimpeded, by any untoward jostling or sudden contact with each other? Who has so magnificently adorned the heavens with those bright worlds, unknown to us, unreachable, and only dimly seen by powerful telescopes? Who but God, who guides them in their course, and governs all!

Who has so magnificently adorned this earth, the place of our abode, and distributed among the sinful worms that cover it so much of light and life, of gladness and of sunshine, to warm the multitude and variety of plants, insects, and animals that we perceive upon it, whose structure, instincts, mode of life and occupations, whose relations and connexions, attest and prove the most admirable ingenuity, wisdom, and power? Are not these propagated and preserved with the most undeviating constancy? do they not maintain their station and nature from age to age, with the same undeviating order, and adherence to the laws by which they have been from the beginning of time ordained to live and move? Can any human beings do such violence to their own feelings, reason,

instincts, observation, and experience, as to impute all this to the effect of hazard, or the operation of a blind, unintellectual agent? If such beings do exist, why then shame on the reason that can so besot itself with unbelief and folly.

Oh yes, it is folly not to believe that there is a first, a sovereign mind, the father of all spirits, from whom I, and all that lives, and moves, and thinks, and is conscious of thinking and of being, proceed. All nature tells us that there is a God; that our being, feeling, and thinking cannot be the work of chance; nor yet the effect of the visible objects that surround us; nor yet of the dull mass of earth with which we are so intimately connected; for in our being, feeling, and thinking, the most perfect order, harmony, design, and unparalleled munificence preside, and hold eternal intercourse. A firm belief in this first, eternal, infinite cause of all things, in this sovereign, all-perfect spirit, is a real, urgent necessity of our understanding and affections; and the more clearly and confidently the mind may think and lean on this necessity, the more quiet and calm the heart will feel. The more attentively we hearken to the voice of nature, which speaks so powerfully in behalf of the Deity, both internally and externally—the more distinctly shall we comprehend that voice, and the more consoling, precious, and certain will be its soothing influence upon our hearts and minds.

All rational persons must be sensible that that

which thinks within them,—that is their understanding,—is of a nobler origin—of a more comprehensive and comprehending character—of a superior nature and structure, infinitely superior to the frail bodies with which it is clothed, and to the earth which bears and feeds those bodies. That it must be the creation of an eternal, a celestial father—a first-existent, all-powerful, and all-perfect mind—by whom it is, and lives, and moves, and thinks, and feels, and with whom it is intimately connected throughout every moment of its existence—yes, and wholly dependent on this first, eternal, infinite director and ruler, which heaven and earth proclaim aloud. Can Atheists look upon leaf, plant, tree, a bird, an insect, a worm, or beast—examine their proportions, functions, uses, and relation to each other—observe the complicated fibres, perfectly proportioned, fitted, and adapted to their several uses, in such a way that man can never imitate, with all his powers of reason and constructiveness, and yet believe there is no God, or sceptically think that God has not all power to order and to do his own good will, and strike down those who disobey, and do it not? Vain, stubborn, unsupported reasoners. All that is, lives, moves, and thinks, acquaints the heart that is open to receive the truth that there is a God, as just as he is merciful! Yet let the Atheist dread the atoning day of vengeance. Beholds he not a God within the splendours of the sun and stars? Feels he not

God in the light and heat that flow down upon him, and all that lives upon the earth? Is he so callous-hearted as not to feel that he hears the voice of God in the refreshing whispers of the breeze; trembles he not to hear its fearful agitations in the whirlwind or the thunder-storm, or in the boisterous roaring of the ocean? Trills it not sweetly on the ear that loves to list to nature's music in the murmurs of the trees—the warblings of the birds that carol forth their praise upon those trees—or music of the running brook, that whistles o'er the pebbly beds, which dance to hear it lightly swim along their own smooth surface? I feel a God in all the soft impressions made on me by outward objects—as in the glad feeling which sometimes approaches ecstasy—or the emotion that pervades my heart, when I may think that I discover truth—and in the love I feel for that which may seem good, and what is beautiful. I feel there is a God, whenever I do show my love unto my neighbour; whenever I aspire to better things, or anticipate the prospect of a bright futurity, then does the all-powerful influence of a God pervade my heart and bless me. Yes, every faculty, movement, demonstration of life, and every thought calls out to me there is a God, an original cause, and father of all power, all motion, life and thought, who is, and was, and will be, from everlasting to everlasting, God.

Happy is it for those who can elevate their minds so high as, in perspective, to behold his face in heaven,

and feel that he does smile, while they do meditate on him, and ask themselves, What were the world without a God? A wild, inexplicable, perplexing, and chaotic puzzle. What were existence, not upheld by God? A gloomy, joyless, and contentious scene of strife. And what were this world's grandeur, unsupported by a God? A dwindling into insignificance, a falling-off of all that we have been, a chilling blast, congealing all our enjoyments, an unfruitful, aimless beginning, and a disappointed end. Were we the sport of chance, our calculations would be null and void, each thing that happened would create alarm, if any feature of its face portrayed destruction. What could we gain from chance—on what could we rely? Could anything be confidently expected—could any principles be formed which would conduct us safely in our calculations, thoughts, and actions? No: the idea of a God's existence is so absolutely necessary to our very nature, that, did we cast it from us, we should have reason to envy the beasts of the field, that are so much below us, and cannot think.

The faculty of thinking, the ability to scrutinise events, to trace causes and effects, and scan the deep designs contained within the glorious systems that surround us in the heavens, would be a torment to us; and our longings after something that would lead us unto truth, guide our understandings, and pervade our hearts with love, would render life itself a burden to us—unsupported by a God. How necessary, then, to

think, to hope, and to believe there is a God, a perfect God, rejoicing in his perfect attributes, the father, the fond father of us all, the parent of the universal family, in heaven and earth. Small as we may appear, in comparison with the vast creation, we are yet as much his creatures as suns and worlds are so; and more, though sinners, we are his loved and valued offspring, ransomed by his dearest gift, his only Son; as certainly are we his offspring as the most exalted spirits that dwell on high. In the view of him, the Eternal, the Infinite, all are alike his own, both great and small, the works of his own hands, the expression of his power, of his greatness and glory; each endowed with its own peculiar perfections, adapted to its use; each esteemed by him as worthy of the ransom, if it be accepted faithfully and believed.

Can anything that chance affords give compensation for the loss of such a God? What meek serenity and satisfaction reign within those who feel that nothing can supply the place of God; they intimately know and feel on whom their belief is fixed determinedly, from whom they derive their origin, by whom their several wants are bounteously supplied, in whom their hearts may glory and rejoice, on whom they may rely when sorrow is their portion, and in adoring whom they change sorrow for supreme felicity. Oh! what a pitiable thing for any man to be denied these privileges for his unbelief. Can such a thing exist as sceptical delusion, that can doubt that we are every moment of our lives dependent on the

Creator for our continuance, just as much as at the instant when we started into life? Have we obtained sufficient knowledge of ourselves, of our structure, to perceive how we do think, how we subsist, or why we are; or do we any better understand the inconceivable mysteries that have peopled the heavens and earth, on whose expanse and surface the feeble eyesight surveys but little, the heart and mind comprehend but few? To God alone all things present themselves as they really are—to him alone the visible and invisible, the intellectual and corporeal world, are perfectly submissive. When he speaks, it is done; when he commands, it stands fast. He does his will with all the hosts of heaven and all the dwellers on the earth; and none can stop his hand, or dare say unto him, What doest thou? So surely as God possesses consummate wisdom, power, goodness, mercy, skill, and truth, so surely is he God; so surely are all things controlled by his power, all things designed by his wisdom; as certainly do all our joys proceed from his judgment, goodness, and mercy; his skill poising all things in an equal balance; and undoubtedly are all his revelations truths, that unbelievers try in vain to refute. Can we then, so certainly dependent as we are, ever become independent and subsist of ourselves? The source that feeds the stream must ever feed it, or the stream's channel will become dry. Can feeble infants dispense with a mother? Must not our Creator constantly uphold our life, or we return to our former nullity? These words of scripture are as beautiful as

they are true, “All creatures wait upon thee; if thou take away their breath, they die, and return to their dust; if thou quickenest them, they revive; thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with good.”

What are we to understand from the undeviating order that reigns throughout all nature, at all times? What do we not learn from the undeviating and perfectly harmonising movements of the heavenly bodies—never disturbing or interrupting each other, though so different in their several magnitudes and gravity, and so multitudinous—the inexhaustible, invisible, mysterious, and constantly fructifying energies of nature—the proportionate, ceaseless, infallible succession—the ceaseless, judicious, and all-bountiful relations between all kinds, and all classes, that constitute the animal and the vegetable kingdoms? Look again at the admirable equilibrium maintained between life and death, destruction and generation, means and end. If the production of all this cannot be the work of hazard, so neither can its continuance and preservation be owing to such an absurd origin. Such order, to continue, must depend on the controlling and sustaining agency of a consummately intellectual, all-embracing, all-active, beneficent, and celestial mind; and this mind is to be found alone in the eternal, perfect God, that made us, and is father of us all.

Then let us all bow down in humble prostration of soul, and adore the mighty God—the eternal Sovereign

and Creator ; all nature speaks aloud to tell us of his power.

But how much more intimately and explicitly has he revealed himself to us by sending down his only Son, to teach, guide, console, and lead us in the road to heaven ; while here he gives us life, and love, and all things that sustain our life, assigning unto each a place in his vast empire, and to the numbered days we have to live designs according to his pleasure. He knows our needful wants — supplies them all — grants every wish that does not militate against the weal of others, or insult his majesty and justice :—yes, grants them all, with wisdom and parental tenderness. Shall man then dare to question his authority, and tremble not to think he knows his thoughts, hears every sigh, looks down upon and judges every action ; not even the smallest wish the heart can feel escapes his notice ; an act that is concealed from every living soul, a hidden secret in the heart, is clear as the noon-day light to Him ; around him and before him all is light ; and though our deeds be done in darkness like the tomb, to Him they show like the splendour of the sun.

Then let his name be glorified throughout all space, for he is everywhere ; he works within the heavens and the earth, within the bosom of the ocean, and in the depths of burning mountains, when they erupt their fires. He works in every faculty, in every mind, and heart ; from him, and through him, everything comes, and to him, everything is due. Then let us glorify his name.

Nothing is exempt from God's providence and control; the small, the great, the part, the whole, all are present to him, inseparably combined, all perfect in its kind, equally dependent on his will and wisdom to live or perish—all imperceptibly progressing to the highest possible perfection and happiness. And yet, can scepticism and atheists be found?

Can any atheist behold the flowers that spring spontaneously, in field or dyke, and doubt they owe their little honours to the forming hand of God, and spring at his command? Who feeds the feathered songsters, notes the single sparrow's fall, preserves the little worm that crawls upon the ground? Who transfixed the sun, and gave it power to nurture every seed ordained to feed frail nature's child, the child of man, the son of clay, redeemed by his beloved, and loved by Him as well as the most exalted messenger of heaven? And why? Because he is a loving father, and we are his children, under his inspection and control—the lowest as well beloved as the highest link in the chain of rational beings. Can anything befall us, unknown, unordered, or unwilled by him? He brings one low, exalts another high in place, enriches one and makes another poor; he wounds, he heals, he strikes, he raises up; he conducts us to the grave, and calls us out again. Our hairs are numbered, and our destinies are no less fixed by him than the destinies of worlds and systems.

To man alone has choice been given in the good and evil placed before him; and on his choice depends

his destiny: that is, the good or evil results that follow from his choice. And all believers know and feel that whatever God commands is right and fit, and is, in every case, the best; and though so vast the plans and sublime the ends of God's administration, most assuredly will the first be executed and the last attained. Earthly rulers sometimes neglect the government of their countries and people, and, with the best intentions, make great mistakes, sometimes defective in their understanding or sagacity, or in their power, benevolence, humanity, or judgment. Sometimes deceived by impulse, yielding to blind passion, or decoyed by cunning, artful men, they sink beneath a burden much too heavy for their limited, unequal powers. But who, believing in a God, will dare to say that God can ever err in judgment, design, or execution, however nature's forces may appear to thwart each other, however the desires, endeavours, inclinations, views, and schemes of men may cross and counteract each other, producing discord? Unlike to man's, God's counsels ever stand; his will is love and law; all must promote his views, and ultimately every dissonance dissolve in harmony.

Were I to write down every argument that whispers or proclaims a God, this Essay would be lengthened into volumes; so I will conclude with an appeal to unbelieving, doubting men, and pray to God to pardon them. Oh! unbelieving, doubting men, have ye no aching void within your hearts, that makes you pine and groan for something of a gentle, soft, and soothing nature, to fill

up the space?—a something that your minds can rest upon, with confident anticipation of relief and ultimate cure? Can you elude or dash away affliction's cup, or drink less deeply than an unseen hand compels? No, no! nor can you stop the hand that strikes you down in sickness, sorrow, anguish, or despair, by anything but heartfelt sighs and prayers to God, who portions out the amount of woe designed to bring you to himself.

Nor can you stop the tyrant hand of death, if bid to mow the flowers that flourish at your fireside, and take all earthly props away. You cannot limit God's all-powerful sway, if he decrees to mow down rank and fortune, friends, home, and every earthly blessing you possess; then seek for heavenly blessings—seek both the soul's and body's health, and make them both subservient to the accomplishment of every other heavenly joy: the one will cleanse you from all fleshly lusts, fill up your heart's deep void, and spread before you an inviting couch on which you may recline, confiding in God's love, and mercy, and protection: the other will invigorate your mental energies; and in proportion as the case is cleansed and kept in order, you will have a clearer view of its internal construction, and know that all its movements are ordained by God. Then worship God, cast down your hazard, and believe, and know, and feel the gameful chance is hazardous indeed, that speculates in doubts, denials, and defiance to God—that dares to question his beatitude, the soul's immortal

essence, and the visions held before our view of everlasting peace and happiness, for those who die in faith, and in the arms of God.

Oh Thou who dost give promise to the sons of men that all heaven's angels shall rejoice when sinners do repent, pour down the blessings of repentance on the soul of every man that dares to doubt, deny, or scoff thy majesty, thy dignity, and truth; smite thou his heart, and draw the tear drop from his eye; and when repentance' tear is shed, then as a loving father clasp him to thine heart, and say, I pardon all thy sins. Oh thou who dost the sparrow feed, shall not the sons of men more certainly be fed by thee? Give Thou the doubting sinner food that will destroy his relish for the things that cloy with their uncertainty of taste; and make him eager to obtain the genuine, sweet, contenting, certain flavour flowing from, mixed up with love, peace, joy, serenity, and truth. These viands give, O Lord, to all repentant atheists, and make them feel the joy of having overcome the gross, consuming, vague absurdities that robbed them of the joys of life, and shut out every blissful feeling that invited anticipation of a future, bright eternity. Oh God, have mercy on their souls, and when they die, forgive, receive, and save them from the burning gulph, of which they must have tasted here, before they could in enmity deny thee!

The Atheist.

I 've been told that Atheists believe there 's no God,
None! who made the high heavens, the stars, sun,
and moon,
Who so powerfully rules with a merciful rod?
Was 't not God that said, Let there be light, and
't was done?

Let them look on the varied and blue summer sky;
Say, could art produce shades of such beauteous hue?
Who dares on the firmament, star-lit, cast his eye,
And deny the Supreme the acknowledgment due?

Who created all creatures that dwell on the earth?
Can they doubt that those creatures ne'er fashioned
themselves?
Who each product of nature in season brings forth?
Who surrounded the ocean with rocks and deep
shelves?

Oh, can any one look on that ocean, and think
 'T was called forth by one earthly, or rose without
 aid?

Can a reasoner stand on the precipice' brink,
 And believe such declivity not by God made?

Can he dive for the treasures contained in the deep,
 And believe they created themselves without aid?
 Could the mariner float on its surface and sleep,
 Were his sailing bark not by the hand of God
 stayed?

Can he look on the mountain-like billows and foam,
 And not dread the great power which has caused
 them to rise?

Can philosopher, pilot, or artisan roam,
 Finding aught self-created beneath earth or skies?

Could the monsters that glide through the fathomless
 deep,
 And excite in the bravest a transient fear,
 Have received from a mortal the instinct to keep
 The straight line in pursuit of the prey that is near?

Would a mortal display so much love to his kind,
 By collecting in season each bright finny race?
 Uninstructed by God, could the fishermen find
 The extensive broad shoals they so anxiously chase?

Though, oft, cruel ferocity marks the pursuit,
 God created such creatures for mankind to use ;
 Thus distinguishing man above fish, fowl, or brute,
 Will man dare to reject whom such love doth diffuse ?

Let him rather give praise for the bounty bestowed
 Upon sinners so little deserving of care :
 For no breath but our heavenly Father's endowed
 Us with minds to partake of the bounties we share.

Oh, can any one look on the plants which surround
 The green ivy-clad mansion I dwell in just now,
 And believe that, self-springing, they rose from the
 ground ?

Say, how could they, unless the great God taught
 them how ?

An Atheist would tell us that man strewed the seed,
 But, pray, whither procured he the seed that was
 sown ?

Who will dare to believe in his impious creed,
 That has gathered the seed when the flowers have
 flown.

Can they look on the flowers that spontaneously rise,
 And believe them unbid by their Maker to grow ?
 If unnurtured by Sol's brightest beam from the skies,
 Could aught be produced by the seeds the winds
 sow ?

Who that takes a survey of the gay feathered tribes,
 And makes notes of their various plumage and song,
 The contrivance perceives not, that he thus describes,
 Can alone to Omniscient judgment belong?

Ye sweet little warblers, can atheists believe
 That a creature but earthly has tuned your young
 throats?

Can they look on, and listen, and think you receive
 From any but God your bright plumage and notes?

Loud to him be the praise you put forth in your song,
 May each thrill from your pipings ascend to his
 throne.

Oh, could any your rapturous warblings prolong
 But your Maker, to whom your sweet language is
 known?

Could the beautiful trees ye do flutter among
 Bud and blossom in season, unaided by One,
 Who has taught us frail mortals to list to your song,
 And to own that his works are exceeded by none?

Could the frolicsome lambkins, that sport round about,
 Have been yeaned by their dams without aid from
 above?

Who can think on their use, and their fleece, and still
 doubt

Them a gift sent from God to mankind by his love?

Look again on the smallest of all the gay tribes
 That so frolic and float on their zephyr-like wing,
 Say, can any philosopher, while he describes
 The diminutive insects that flutter and sting,

Bring forth aught which can prove they were formed
 without aid?

Need God's creatures with reasoning senses be told,
 That the hand which created their own souls hath
 made

Their most wonderful forms, too minute to behold

By a vision less perfect than his that surveys
 Every creature, in darkness, in daylight, or shade ;
 His eye piercing with power, like the sun's brightest
 rays,

The most hidden retreat of each heart he has made.

Though our mental endowments great wonders attain,
 Place our Maker's productions beside works of art,
 E'en the brightest achievements of arts that remain,
 Cannot rouse up the feelings his wonders impart.

Can the mountains, the landscapes, the forests infuse
 No deep feeling, that dwells on mysterious power?
 Can they think that a mortal with threatening endues
 The loud thunder, the lightning, the hail, and the
 shower?

Animation created by God must infuse,
 In the mind of reflection, religion and awe.
 Thus while nature so pleads, there is nought can excuse
 The bold man that presumes to dispute nature's law.

Omnipresence, omniscience, omnipotence
 Must the being possess that gave life unto all.
 Can the atheist prove, or on any pretence
 Call, himself self-created? or shun the dread call

Of his all-powerful Maker, when called on to die,
 To return to the ashes from which he was made?
 When eternity's brink shall burst on his dim eye,
 Who so much as the atheist will be dismayed?

He will then surely shrink from eternity's brink,
 And appeal to the great Omnipresent for aid;
 He will then surely cry, "For me Jesus did die;
 Thou great God, I acknowledge by thee I was made.

"Oh forgive the bold sinner, that dared to dispute
 That all heavenly and earthly was formed by thy hand,
 All I see, both above and below, doth refute
 The vague, absurd system we atheists have planned.

"Oh teach mortals to shun the bold falsehoods I sped,
 And remind them that Jesus proclaimeth aloud,
 When he reigns on the earth, and shall judge quick
 and dead,
 The despised unbeliever is cast from the crowd

“Of the blest who have, faithful in spirit, served God,
 By contrition and faith, unto Jesus made known;
 Who have wept at his shrine, who have bowed to his rod,
 He will freely receive, and acknowledge his own.”

FRAGMENT.

To the Birds at Halewood.

Ye little birds, that chirp and sing,
 And flutter on throughout the day,
 Raise high your notes to God your king,
 And bless and praise him while ye may.

Come hither, warblers, list my lay,
 And join with me to God in praise;
 And while ye hop from spray to spray,
 Give thanks to him for happy days.

Aye, warble still those mellow notes,
 The shining sun invites you forth;
 And may each cadence from your throats
 Proclaim to all your Maker's worth.

The Roasting of the Bible;

OR, THE ATHEIST'S DEATH.

THERE are few circumstances so calculated to rouse sleepers in religion as the terrible judgments that God inflicts, when he is boldly and licentiously defied. The following narrative of a fact, that occurred within my own knowledge, may serve to warn the sinner, (who contemplates seceding from the precepts taught him in his early youth, to take the Deist for his guide,) not to fall into the snare, lest he should go beyond his first design, and plunge into a deeper chasm than he can find means to escape from.

It is now between nineteen and twenty years since a great sensation was excited, in the good old seaport town of Liverpool, by a very shocking occurrence attendant on the death of a profligate character, who scrupled not to boast himself an Atheist, believing it the best excuse for his licentiousness, to proclaim his disbelief in the God whose name he constantly invoked in blasphemy and drunken riot.

I will first present my readers with a narrative of his early life, and then relate the circumstances of his awful, unexpected, unprepared for death. For his family's sake, I suppress his real name, and call him Frederick Thomason, his christian name being like it; born not many hundred miles from Liverpool, and the child of honest, respectable parents. His form was fair to look upon as youthful bloom could make it; full of life, good promise of conscientious rectitude, kind affections, happy jovial spirits, intelligence, and common sense; and very proud his parents were that they had such a son. His father claimed the sea for his career of action; and the boy, preferring his father's calling to any other, chose the same. His father, being much respected as the mate of a ship, had it in his power advantageously to place the young Frederick, who, being now a clever, well-educated boy, soon acquired such a knowledge of navigation as procured for him all the advantages of his profession; and, long before he was out of his apprenticeship, he had attained his father's rank, and made his parents proud to own him.

His mother was a pious woman, who loved to read the Bible to him, and, in all his early lessons, taught him how to worship God. In all respects the boy was fortunate; and, when he grew to manhood, he was even still more fortunate, in the lovely, amiable, pious wife he chose and won; and he was worthy of her at the time they linked their fates together, but she *did not* deserve that he should ever change so fearfully. His manly

beauty, frank and open manners, cheerful spirit, sparkling intelligence, courageous bearing, sobriety, and honourable dealings, won his Mary's love. She gave him her affections unrestrictedly, and seemed the very partner formed for him; most sincerely they appeared to love each other. Several years rolled on, and they continued childless; at length a son was born—both parents hailed it as a blessing, and the father gloried in the idea of a little sailor.

Frederick Thomason had now attained the age of twenty-six, and, in virtue of his capabilities as a seaman, was promoted to the rank of Captain. After he became commander of a ship, and, by his prosperous ventures, gained sufficient money to become three-parts owner of the same, his character was from thence considerably changed; his manners became more pompous, his temper quite tyrannical, compared with what it had been; even the wife he loved too often felt the difference. She little thought what next would come to shake her happiness, but still went on trusting, hoping, and believing him a perfect creature. Sometimes she was wont to check him, when he offended her ears with an oath—a bad habit which, he told her, he had acquired by being *obliged* to use it to his men. Thus Satan ever furnishes excuses to those whom he intends to vanquish. In vain the good wife pleaded that his early instruction should have taught him better, and that his old mother, dead and gone, would have wept to hear him use such words. And she, poor Mary, wept in secret, with a fearful sense

of what might be the next step in his change of life ; for she beheld, in dull presentiment, that the scene was fast becoming clouded.

About this period they had resided for two years in the vicinity of my home ; their house was not far distant from my own back door, and, when I sometimes went to visit the poor people in the cottages hard by, whom myself and family assisted, Mrs. Thomason would open her door and invite me to rest awhile. I thus became acquainted with her, and, in a short time, with her misgivings, as she called them, of her husband's conduct. About a year after they came to live in our neighbourhood, a little girl was born ; the boy was three years old, and, even at this early age, the wicked father taught the child to swear.

The next step in his career of sin was inebriety. This vice became habitual ; yet Mary still loved on, anxiously and tenderly watching for a moment to reclaim the blaspheming drunkard. But no such moment came. Each time that he returned from sea, the pious lessons that the mother had bestowed upon her children during his short voyage were almost rendered null and void, by the vile precepts, and worse example, of the father. Even the rosy little cherub girl was taken on his knee and taught to swear.

I several times was present when a better feeling seemed to work within him. His wife would talk to him affectionately of former happy days ; and I, though very young to do so, would reason with him on the folly of his ways. His promises of better con-

duet then once more raised up her hopes of reformation ; but the morrow seldom came without a disappointment of those hopes, and she pined again in secret to think the man she loved so tenderly was not to be reclaimed. Her kind old mother watched the progress of her daughter's misery, and was hastened to her grave while contemplating its quick advances to a dreadful consummation.

Her aged eyes, not destined to behold it, were closed in death before her daughter's husband chose for his companions those who knew no other joy than riot, no other love than that of bacchanalian revelries, obscenities, and gross debasing drunkenness ; and to whose examples he became a slave. The man he copied most, and loved to follow best, declared there was no God, to punish their misdeeds ; no hell, but when their cash was low, the bottle unattainable. The captain's deeds and sayings were always applauded ; for he was rich, and his money helped them all to sin the more. What cared they for his family's impoverishment ? His poor afflicted wife for two long years endured his profligate debauchery and tyrant humour with unrepining fortitude, and only tried by every winning art to soothe him into reason, pleading hard that he would not destroy his soul, but, for the sake of their former happiness, return to former ways.

In vain she pleaded for himself, or even for his son, whom he took delight in teaching to drink and swear, to say there was no God, no devil, heaven, or hell ; and yet he taught the child to bid his mother

go there. To save her son, the anxious, tender mother always interposed, but only got herself abused. The once, the still beloved, in spite of all his crimes, — the once kind, loving husband, without her having any real fault of which he could with truth accuse her, — gave her blows when she attempted to preserve her child from harm; and then he went to meet the gross companions that had drawn his steps aside from virtue, and to put into his mouth “the enemy that steals away men’s brains.”

I often saw her anguish after he was gone, and knelt with her in supplication to the God of mercy, that he would change her husband’s spirit, and debar him of the power to make her son his follower in the path of wickedness. Oh dreadfully too soon the prayer was answered, with a shock that makes my blood turn cold to think upon.

Her Bible was her only solace, as it had been her mother’s constant comfort. I frequently saw her snatch a moment to peruse, and learn by heart, some passage that conveyed a thought to comfort her in her distress. I called on her often, she appeared so grateful for my visits, and said that I soothed her sorrow; I therefore gratified her when I could, believing that it came within the code of charity proposed to us by God in scripture.

Matters went on without a hope of better times until the boy was nearly seven years old, the little girl was not quite four. The father came home each day devoid of reason with the fury of his temper. with unabated

inebriety, and atheistical pretensions of unbelief. I often went to soothe the anguish of the now despairing woman, hoping to hear better news; she still was fond and self-sacrificing, and still clung to him, resolved to watch her opportunity to win him back to virtue; she shared his misery, though not his sin, despite of all that she endured from his depravity.

In all things that concerned her own comfort she was most economical, fearing her children might be reduced to want by his love of drink. Yet all he wanted she provided with much care, and tried most anxiously to win him from the evil converse that corrupted his good morals. In vain she wept, imploring him to kneel to God in prayer, for his assistance to forsake his loose companions, and the poisonous bottle that poured its subtle venom on his drunken soul, and made his reason totter in its cell. "There is no God, thou snivelling fool," he always cried; and then he cursed her, till she brought him port, the wine he always chose. Port, port, still port, which drew him nearer inch by inch into the port where Satan's myriads gnash their teeth in everlasting burning agony; still he drank on, disclaiming God, and sinking deeper into sin, neither wife, misfortune, God, nor man reclaiming him.

One day he came home to dine a little earlier than his usual time; his wife had a piece of roasting beef before the fire. As children and servant were abroad, she sat beside it, with her Bible on the table, which she read while she attended to the roast. The moment that

her husband came and saw the book, he cursed and swore most furiously, declaring he would burn it. In vain she cried for mercy on it, telling him that God might strike him down if he dared to do so foul a deed. "There is no God to do it," cried the dreadful man, and instantly he seized the Bible, dashed the beef upon the hearth, and thrusting the hook into the back part of the book, hung it on end before the fire; then he snatched the ladle, filled it with fat and gravy, and poured it all upon the sacred volume; then filled again, in bold defiance. *That moment he dropped down a corpse; but he exclaimed in fearful accents, while he fell, "Oh God, have mercy on my soul," and then expired.* 'T was thus the Atheist died!

Oh what a hideous gulf he must have seen, just at the moment that his spirit fled its tenement of clay. The horror spread upon his stiffened, blackened, and distorted face, writhed out of all human expression, and most frightful to behold, proclaimed his terror when he died. Ah, what a rush of agonising tortures must the wretch have felt, when he perceived the hand of death had struck him, in the very midst of his blaspheming riot. He surely must have felt remorse for his past misdeeds. The consciousness that he had put the Atheist on, to cover those misdeeds' malignity from his fellow men; the consciousness that he had lived as though there was not any God to punish him; then in one agonising rush of thoughts at his own judgment-

seat deep buried in his heart, he must have stood there self-condemned. At once his doubts dissolved.

What must have been the horror of that anguished moment, when in a tone of heartfelt terror he exclaimed, "Oh God, have mercy on my soul," and instantly sank down to rise no more. Were it not worse than heathenish to believe that any but a just, all-powerful God could make him utter this, or strike him down, while standing, in defiance of all law and rule, to roast a thing so sacred as the Bible—God's own word, and revelations of a Saviour.

His vicious, fallen nature, gloated o'er the mischief he designed to do; in full health's prime, the body stood erect, in wicked purpose resolved to do a deed of horror. Oh that a body, which was once so fair to look upon, should ever hold a soul so destitute of Christian feeling, a heart so unattuned to Christian love, a mind so reckless, so replete with vicious sentiments, with humours so destructive to the peace of others and his own repose. His poor wife standing petrified with horror, vainly holding out her hands to save that book, her only heavenly treasure, presented by a fond and tender mother, long since gone into the tomb, thus saved the anguish of beholding her loved child's hopes annihilated—for still, while he had life, she fondly hoped to save him from destruction—by persuasion, and the grace of God poured on him for her ceaseless, faithful advocacy at the throne of mercy, that the King of kings

would save her husband from destruction. Oh! what a wreck her heart's warm yearnings here sustained.

She sent for me the moment that her reason, which this great calamity that fell upon her house had nearly overthrown, permitted her to think of any one but doctors, who in vain exerted their poor skill to resuscitate the victim of his own depravity, and the Almighty's wrath for his defiance. I hastened to obey her call, and in some minutes, perhaps not more than twenty, after he had fallen down, I saw him where he lay, a blackened, swollen, and disfigured corpse. The scalding fat poured down the arm that had been raised to desecrate and smear the sacred volume; the spasm-pang, with death-grip, clenched the ladle in his hand. It could not be removed, remaining as an emblem of the crime for which he died—struck down, without a moment's warning, by the power of that unseen Almighty hand that he had dared to brave, defy, scorn, doubt, and even to deny.

I saw the Bible there, suspended still upon the hook before the fire. The poor bereaved widow's deep distraction not permitting her to take it down; the feeling that it condemned her lost husband's soul to everlasting torments and burning agony dried up the source of tears; they could not flow; she looked the picture of petrified despair and woe. A kind and pitying spectator took the Bible from the hook, and laid it in a cupboard near, leaving it open, that the leaves might dry. I helped her afterwards to cleanse the book sufficiently that it might be preserved, to warn her son of what he

might expect, if ever he became an atheist, or in any way defied the Lord.

Alternately I looked upon the Bible and the corpse. When I surveyed the horrors of the latter, I instinctively knelt down, and prayed that I might never see the like again; and then I shut my eyes in vain, to take away the horrid picture, but it had struck upon my eyeballs with such a forceful feeling that it left the impression on their orbs, and I could see as plainly with them shut as when they stood quite open, gazing on the dead man's ugliness. The feeling haunted me for many a day that I had seen a real atheist, a thing that, girl as I then was, my reason told me never had been known.

I write 'the dead man's ugliness.' Oh, he was so deformed and black; the face drawn out of shape, quite hideous to behold. The dreadful curses he was uttering, when the death-pang seized his frame, appeared to me to spread themselves in print upon his face; each misshaped feature looked like nothing but a curse, so bloated, black, and bursting; the eyes stood goggling out, projecting so that the lids could not be closed upon them, to shut out the dread expression that exhibited how sin could gleam in fixed and terrible lustre after the soul was sold to Satan. Even from the orbs so lovely while reflecting the Creator's image and the moral impulses lodged within the happy Christian's mind, foul sin had given the power to Satan to send forth a brutal and ferocious gleam, which pierced the beholder with horror. His body was swollen with the stag-

nant current, so suddenly stopped in its circulation through his frame, congealing near the hardened heart that nothing could dissolve.

I left this scene of woe, after having in some degree persuaded the unhappy widow to resume her reason for her children's sakes, and have the corpse laid out in decency before they and the servant could return. She did so; and, as I and all her neighbouring friends advised, hushed the tale as much as possible. But it had spread like wildfire in the surrounding neighbourhood, and as I, sick and faint, walked home, I put a stop to many, going to enquire the tale out at the afflicted mourner's house. The voice of each that met and spoke to me seemed like the sound of a sepulchre, a sound of thrilling horror, so hollow, cold, and tremulous, so grave and fearful, as each with an inquiring look of solemn import accosted me with, Have you heard?—Oh, is it not a dreadful tale, this sudden death of the Atheist?—Did the wretch really roast the Bible?—How shocking thus to be cut off while glorying in his foul iniquity!—The tale cannot be true? I told them I could pledge myself it was: I had seen the corpse. Oh then what anxious faces met my view! and I could only save the poor widow's heart the pang of seeing them, by briefly answering their enquiries myself. I persuaded them to be as silent as they could, on her account, till she could leave the town—a thing that all her friends advised.

As soon as she could settle her affairs she did, and

I received her grateful kind adieus in two months after the event above related, when she left the town to dwell with distant relatives in another. I never since have seen the atheist's widow, but I never can forget the roasting of the Bible, and the awful death that followed as a just condemnation of the deed. Who shall escape the vengeance of the Lord if he be mocked? Let not any man deny God, lest God deny him. Where then shall he find a resting place for his soul? Where, and to what horrors, shall he be doomed throughout eternity! that fearfully immeasurable space Eternity!

There is a Heaven.

OH, yes! there 's a heaven;
 Its bliss will be given
 To the souls that believe
 There 's a God to receive
 Holy saints that aspire
 To join in heaven's choir.
 Oh, yes! there 's a heaven.
 A seat will be given,
 And within its expanse,
 To the soul freed from trance,

That hath led holy life,
 Undefined by guilt's strife;
 Exempt not from the sin
 That weak mortal's born in.
 Escape not by crying
 For heaven, but by trying
 Renewed grace to win,
 A new heart, free from sin,
 And a faithful belief
 In the sinner's relief,
 In the life Jesus gave,
 Sinners' souls to save.
 This ransom was given
 To take them to heaven.
 He resigned his own blood
 For the faithful and good,
 To reclaim and make fit
 At his footstool to sit
 In the regions above
 With the great God of love,
 The regenerate soul,
 By his pure faith made whole.
 Oh, yes, there's a heaven
 To all will be given,
 Who have conquered the snares
 Which bold Satan prepares
 While on earth we do dwell,
 Though invited to hell

By his legions, who try
 Our weak souls to destroy.
 We may find out the way
 To the regions of day,
 If each step that we tread
 Is within, or is led
 By, Religion's bright train,
 Where our God is the main
 And the only support
 Which a Christian can court,
 While he hastes to retrieve
 Each false step, and believe
 In the law and the word
 Which God's writings afford.
 By believing in these,
 We gain joys that ne'er cease,
 And eternally dwell
 Where no mortal can tell
 How much joy is given.
 Oh, yes ! there 's a heaven,
 To the faithful is given !
 And the faithful will find
 More bliss than the mind
 Of mankind can conceive.
 Then let all men believe,
 And with gladness receive
 The assurance given,
 That there is a heaven,

A retreat from all woe ;
 And the freed soul may go
 Soaring gladly above,
 As on wings of the dove,
 To the joys free from leaven
 In this promised heaven,
 So sure to be given :
 Oh yes ! there 's a heaven.

A FRAGMENT.

The Attributes of the Saviour.

He gave his precious life to save,
 And shades the terrors of the grave ;
 He washes blackest sins quite white,
 And watches over death's dark night ;
 He lays all sins on his own back,
 And breaks the pangs of conscience' rack ;
 He keeps the heart in equipoise,
 And every carnal thought destroys ;
 He teaches neighbours brother-love,
 And lifts the lingering soul above ;
 He meets the spirit in its flight,
 And gives its day—removes its night ;
 He intercedes for men to rise,
 And hails them when they reach the skies.

Essay iv.

ON SELF-KNOWLEDGE, ITS USES AND APPLICATION.

The means of governing our own temper, and the methods by which we may acquire the power of influencing and controlling the tempers of others, combined with Woman's power throughout the whole.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is one of the most valuable acquisitions that mortals can attain; and, in attaining it, we must climb prouder heights than ever ambition trod or enterprise achieved. It is an acquisition over which the wheel of fortune has no control, being wholly dependent on the efforts of the human heart and mind, with which alone we have to struggle, seeking the divine assistance. The obstacles which we must not only overleap, but crush and bury, are the frailties of human nature, and its fond yieldings to the subtle and external influences that surround it. And what so frail and unstable, so tortuous, versatile, and inflexible, yet so variable, as the human heart and mind.

I draw this great distinction between the heart and mind, making the heart the seat of all our feelings, desires, and sentiments—the mind the spirit that overlooks and governs them; for nothing can descend into the heart that has not previously visited the mind. Yet the mind, through the organ of speech, is capable of expressing feelings with which the heart has no communion, reserving to itself the power of exhibiting the heart as judgment or imagination may dictate, and, unfortunately for us, the judgment only too often compels the will to act in opposition to the heart's best feelings and dictates. Thus, while the imagination wanders forth in speculations for the future, interested motives, combined with conventional customs, make it ever play the tyrant with the heart, to check its generous impulses, to shadow over its genuine sentiments, to blunt its better feelings, and conceal them from the vulgar and licentious eye, lest they should be derided.

But, lest this should be deemed a slight digression from the subject, I will at once proceed to ask, What is Self-knowledge? As I understand it, it is a thorough dissection, examination, calculation, and appreciation of all the thoughts, feelings, inclinations, motives, and passions by which we ourselves are incited to action; a candid survey and mental acknowledgment of our own imperfections—not simply admitting that we have faults in common with all mankind, but candidly allowing that we have such faults as are peculiarly and individually our own.

Without endeavouring to palliate or conceal our faults from ourselves, we should resolutely try to examine and dissect them internally, treating them with more severity than even an enemy would externally exhibit towards them. But the dissection and examination of our own imperfections is rendered extremely difficult, by the natural love of self implanted in the heart of all mankind, making us all disposed to be much more lenient to ourselves than to others; except in instances where deep affection marks the difference or contrast, then, sometimes, the error leans the other way, and imperfections are augmented by encouragement, when a little just severity and discipline would at once subdue them.

The next question that I shall ask is, How and when should the acquisition of self-knowledge commence? The first part of the business belongs to our mother, in our infancy; consequently, she should be a woman of mild, enduring temper, strong reasoning faculties, and fine moral attributes, both practically and theoretically; or she should provide herself with one, for the tuition of her children, who may be properly so denominated. Under such superintendence the children will be taught, from books and conversation, the various feelings, motives, and inclinations which may, with propriety, be called moral and religious. During the period of its tuition, the temper of the child should be particularly attended to, and every care taken to discover, disarm, and suppress the first indications of anger, malice,

revenge, or any other bad passion that may appear to influence its little petulances. These must be mildly corrected, by appealing to the reason of the child; and punishment must never be inflicted until reasoning and persuasion have failed.

In finishing the education, care should be taken to give solid, rather than superficial acquirements; for, by too great solicitude to attain excellence in artificial accomplishments, vanity is too frequently engendered; and this foolish vice is alone sufficient to poison the enjoyments of its possessor's life, by drawing down frequent disappointment.

When school days are no longer a pleasure or a pain, the next step that we take is too frequently a plunge into the vortex of gaiety, dissipation, worldly pleasures, and all the allurements that captivate the senses and beguile the reason. How necessary, then, to be most cautious in our choice of recreations and society. The maintenance of the religion and morality imbibed in our earlier years now depends much upon the society into which we are thrown, and the use we make of the examples there set before us. Here we have a most extensive field for self improvement, and self formation of mind and principles of action, as far as we are permitted by the Almighty to act according to the will which he has given us. In an intimate commerce with the world, both good and evil are constantly before us, are alike presented for our choice. I do believe that, by God's mercy, the good

considerably predominates, (except among the lowest bands of untaught mortals, who breathe alone the atmosphere of vice.) The good predominating, it is easy then to attach it to ourselves, unless our nature leans to evil so conspicuously as to attract its votaries, who may try to draw us into fellowship.

But how are we to make the actions of others a foundation for self formation? By carefully examining those actions, their good or evil tendency and properties; by ascertaining the results which follow from them; by impartially comparing them with our own, and reflecting upon the probable motives which might induce those actions. Our own self love will naturally impute a fairer and more elevated motive to ourselves than to others. But let us question that self love, by asking, What would be my feelings on the occasion of an evil motive being assigned to my proceedings? What cause have I to believe that another man or woman is less likely to be actuated by a sense of honour, humanity, or neighbourly love than myself? Unless the tenor of the action palpably discloses it, we should never suspect evil incautiously, and only admit its existence in another, when the evidence is clear and indisputable.

In all intimate acquaintance, we may ascertain the results that proceed from conspicuous actions; and as a silent observer has a better view of the game than the actors therein, we may, by silent observation and free exercise of thought, frame our minds so as pretty generally to form a correct estimate of their motives,

and in general a liberal and just one, provided we are in amity with the actors, or at least not at variance with them.

But it is of infinitely greater importance, for the correct regulation of our heart and mind, that we should carefully examine the incentives to our own actions, and the laws by which they are governed. This cannot better be done than by framing a short concise chapter of laws for self examination and rule, in the shape of a few questions, to ask ourselves each night on retiring, before we kneel down to our ordinary devotions. Let us suppose them such as the following:

1st. Did I commence the duties of the day by imploring Divine aid, to prompt my knowledge and control my actions, feeling that the aid of God alone could be efficient?

2nd. Have my actions throughout the day been in conformity with the strict laws of honour, truth, religion, and morality?

3rd. Have I augmented the petty vexations of the day by petulance, sullenness, contradiction, or an inflexibility of humour?

4th. Have I resigned my own wishes to gratify those of any other person?

5th. Have I judged the motives of others as liberally as I wish mine to be judged?

6th. In any flash of wit or satire, have I disregarded the feelings of a fellow worm, or prided myself on my wit or personal endowments? If so, how mean to be

proud of that which a greater than myself bestowed on me.

7th. Have I placed my blessings in review before my troubles and vexations, and, comparing them with the lot of other less favoured individuals, blessed God for having dealt so leniently with me?

8th. Have I demanded from another anything which in similar circumstances I would not willingly have granted to them, and yet presume to call myself not selfish?

9th. Did I lose my temper, on being refused that which I would not willingly have granted, and yet presume to call myself not unjust?

10th. Shall I lie down at peace with the whole world?—Let not the sun set on a feeling of enmity, for he who refuses to forgive breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass; we all have need to be forgiven.

Let every man and woman ask themselves such questions as these on retiring; at the same time, by reflecting on the pleasures of internal peace, inciting themselves to a feeling of delight when they can conscientiously answer affirmatively to the good, and negatively to the evil, feelings; inciting themselves, on the contrary, to a feeling of remorse, and reflecting on the dreadful consequences of continual sin. They may rest assured that this practice will have a most salutary influence on their conduct and morals, and teach them to acquire self-knowledge.

Having said so much on the acquisition of self-knowledge, I have now to expatiate on its uses; and I feel no scruple in asserting, that we do by its pervading influence, even when only partially acquired, enjoy many essential benefits, which must have a tendency to promote our own happiness, and that of others, in an eminent degree.

Its first use is as a stepping-stone to Religion; for by endeavouring to attain self-knowledge, we bring into use the study of the finest work of the Creator. Consequently, we must be led to contemplate and admire the infinite goodness, mercy, wisdom, science, ingenuity, and judgment of God, as displayed in the construction of such a complicated work of wonder, and magnitude, and overpowering sublimity, as the human frame, combined with the mental powers co-operating with the physical.

It would take a dozen essays to dilate upon the construction of the human mind; I will, therefore, content myself with speaking of its powers in connexion with the uses of self-knowledge. Next to religion, its second use is Truth, which is the most difficult thing in nature to arrive at. The construction of the attributes which form the human mind is so versatile, possessing such an infinitude of shapes and variations, that each mind seems endowed with a different sense of mental vision. Though numbers may agree in some points, how rarely, if ever, do we see a general similitude of mind in any two persons; each one judging and colouring objects,

things, events, results, and theories, according to his own sense of mental vision, without reference to that of any other. Consequently, when we seek for truth, we find it only in unimpeachable facts, that admit of ocular demonstration. Yet I assert, that self-knowledge teaches truth. It teaches us that we may err in speaking even the conviction of our own minds; that, appearances being deceitful, the mind may be deluded by them. This serves to shew us that in simple matters of opinion, one mind is as likely to be correct as another, if we take into consideration that circumstances alter cases.

What folly, then, to take offence at anything like a contradictory opinion. What right have we to demand from others that they should relinquish their opinions, when we maintain our own? Ought we not in justice to allow others to enjoy the same privilege? Self-knowledge teaches us this justice, for it makes us know our own imperfectness, and pleads for lenity to others.

Honour comes next; a theme so hackneyed, that I will say but little more than that it belongs to truth, and, like the parasitic verdant ivy, twines its orient leaves and tendrils round about our every virtue; and any tottering souls, that want its prop, become so foul, decayed, impure, and struck with mental palsy, that they should never dare to breathe the atmosphere of virtue. A being wholly destitute of honour, seems to me more poisonous than the Upas, destroying with his pestilential breath

each virtue, that makes effort to take root within his sphere of action, alike its birth-place and its burial-ground.

Mercy comes next. Self-knowledge teaches this ennobling virtue, and much we need its benefits ourselves. In delineating mercy, I cannot do better than quote from Shakspeare, who, in his *Merchant of Venice*, causes Shylock to be thus addressed :

“The quality of mercy is not strained,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 ’T is mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
 The attribute of awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings.
 It is an attribute of God himself.
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God’s,
 When mercy seasons justice.”

And now to shew that the merciful must needs be just. True mercy forms a just estimate of others’ weaknesses, bending over them with a lenient eye. And by this very lenity the mental vision is improved, and rendered powerful to detect all error, reproving which with a gentle force, the depraved heart alone can feel aggrieved at its enactment. True self-knowledge, by teaching us to form a just estimate of our own motives of action, plants, at the same time, a rectitude

of judgment and of justice towards our neighbour. Who that knows himself, his natural tendency to evil, and all the varied struggles encountered to attain a better feeling, and the non-solidity and instability of that feeling when attained, can look upon the deeds of another, and not make allowance for the sullying influence of the shoals and quicksands over which he must have passed, in his career to the position in which he may then stand. Himself, man knows not, unless the knowledge teaches him to be lenient, just, and true to others.

Self-knowledge teaches next Humility. This delicate and graceful quality is seldom seen amongst the haunts of men, and therefore, it is not easy to expound it. But as it is seen in woman, it is of such delicate and fragile texture, that if it gaze but once admiringly upon its own perfection, that instant it is gone; and any one who ventures to believe she hath it, proves by that single thought she hath it not. Humility is a flower of such a soothing, chaste, and pleasant odour, so sensitive and so refined, that it in Eden only ever bloomed, and there it died. Since then it has but seldom blossomed in a mortal soil.* Though we may often feel most deeply humbled, this feeling rather springs

* Humility ! the sweetest, loveliest flower
That bloomed in Paradise, and the first that died,
Has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'T is gone if it but gaze upon itself,
And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
Proves by that single thought she has it not.

Caroline Fry.

from pride, than from a tender consciousness of non-desert, and wounds our self-esteem without destroying it. The very sense that we are humble makes us proud, ambitious, and competitors with those who are esteemed superior to us. Yet we may be so humble as to feel that any deed we do may be surpassed by others, and feel no wish to rob them of their merit, or to make it less by emulating to outdo them. And if we learn to know ourselves, and all our frailties, it will teach us to subdue our expectations of successful self-achievement.

If Self-knowledge teaches Religion, Justice, Mercy, Lenity, and Truth, it also teaches Charity. And not alone the charity that vaunts itself by ostentatious distribution of the rich metallic balsam, but that which doth array itself in soft and tender feeling for the woes of others, and stretches out the ready hand to soothe and heal them. A cup of water, given with pitying eye and softly tender tone, to one who has no earthly friend, is more refreshing than the dew of heaven, unless descending on a heart prepared to melt beneath that dew's impression.

The charity that springs from knowledge of ourselves, climbs not ambition's dangerous hill, but creeps into a hiding place, where it may see the passers-by, itself unseen; and thus concealed, discovering all their various wants, it stretches out the helping hand, without requiring them to ask for aid, and burn their hearts to save the suffering frame.

True Charity deceives not; it is as open as the day,

and candidly reveals its thoughts, unless they militate against the fame of those who have it, not; and even then, reluctant to expose them, though it would scorn to lie, it keeps a silent tongue, except where it is needful to reveal, in order to warn friends from evil contact, or to vindicate one's self; it is then a charity to tell the tale, since it may save both parties from a fall.

The noble-minded donor never wounds the hand he fills, and scorns to gall the spirit of the poor receiver. A gift may be so graciously bestowed, that the recipient shall feel the one conferring the favour. There is a delicacy in the art of giving that makes the poor dependents feel they have no want which is not well supplied, since they have got a real friend. Oh, it is cruel to depress the souls of those who ask for aid, and let them measure out their wants in speech, which you can understand without requiring such an effort. And if their wants require not money's aid, how easy to award your time, your pity, sympathy, good counsel, or generous influence with others to amend their state, and do it all without a murmur at mankind's ingratitude. Our God commands us to beguile the sorrows of our fellows, and do it to his glory. So let us all obey, and seek no other recompense than his approval, conveyed by feeling that we have conferred much happiness on others, to the expansion of our own.

Since we cannot relieve our fellow-creatures without infusing happiness into ourselves, even selfishness should teach us charity; for, when not commencing at home,

it takes a turn, and, travelling homeward, enters there, if but to rest awhile. Therefore, for self, for home, for others, for the love of man, and, more than all, the love of God, let us be charitable.

We now come to the application of self-knowledge. Its application is to disseminate throughout our conduct the many virtues it will teach us; for precept is of little worth, unless accompanied by practice. It is only by the force of practice that a precept ever becomes deeply rooted. By practice we alone can shew what we have learned, and know the value of that learning; and every one that feels and sees must know that, if we practise virtue, the results that follow are naturally good; and, if we practise vice, that the results are evil. How necessary, then, to shun the path of vice, and travel on the road to virtue.

The application of self-knowledge draws a line between the two, carefully noting the signs and tokens of each, and taking its own path on the side of virtue, plodding on with even pace, unseen for aught that renders it conspicuous, till jostled to the other side by human frailty. It is seen with pleasure by the loitering fools that travel in the path of sin, and none stretch out the helping hand to save it from the trip. But, happily for its own self, recovering, it feels the chilling atmosphere of vice so uncongenial to its nature, that it redoubles all its efforts to regain the path it lost; and, treading it with a firmer, more determined step, is then

less prone to swerve. Inviting others to walk with them, all those who really have acquired self-knowledge, and practise it in truth, apply it for the benefit of all who come in contact with them, and give such bright examples, that none but the malignant and envious will dare to blame, though few may emulate their virtues.

The next point to be discussed is the government of the temper, an accomplishment much more difficult to attain than self-knowledge, one equally valuable, and more necessary to the promotion of happiness. A person who has only a very moderate stock of self-knowledge may possess a clear judgment, and very acute penetration, in discovering a knowledge of others. By using these qualities cleverly, they may avail themselves of many opportunities to render those discoveries (every one of which may vary in its tone and character,) beneficial, both to themselves and others. If possessed, likewise, of self-government, what an unbounded influence they may obtain over others. What an expanse to wander over, if we trace the variations comprised in the mixture of mental and animal properties combined which form what is called temper. How indelibly do these numberless variations mark the Omniscience and Omnipotence of the Great Creator of all mankind!

In such a multiplicity of forms does temper shew itself, that it is almost impossible to find two persons tempered alike; consequently, how necessary it is for all persons, in their dealings with others, to adopt the

spirit of "bear and forbear." Those parties particularly who dwell together should live in peace; but is it so? Too oft, indeed, it is the contrary.

Though every temper differs, yet agreeable contrasts may be found that can dwell together in unity, by each party cultivating a spirit of forbearance, to use whenever the contrast is glaringly and contradictorily exhibited. It is only by the cultivation of this valuable talent, called forbearance, and a due appreciation of, and regard for, the feelings of others, with mild and gentle reasoning in all points wherein we differ or desire to dictate, that we can hope to gain this power of influencing and controlling the tempers of others, or prove successful in the government of our own and our reasoning faculties. How necessary, then, for those who unite for life, before they tie the indissoluble band, to study the temper, views, and inclinations of each other, and ascertain whether the contrast of the chosen one will brighten or sully their own, or, combining peacefully, render the two an agreeable whole.

How much of misery and strife would be spared the married life, if this point were made the chief consideration before making the selection. What a stimulant, if it were, both to man and woman, to cultivate the graces of a social, cheerful, and contented temper. What a fearful amount of misery arises from the neglect of this study. How much more common it is for men to calculate how much money may be gained by their selection of a wife. How much more frequently do they allow

themselves to be entrapped by the external graces of the woman, rather than by a just estimate of the culture of her mind, too often vainly thinking that they can mould her to their own, forgetting that she is just as likely to mould them.

Woman receives from nature an unbounded influence over man, which, with a little penetration, enables her to perceive the various points in which she has him at advantage; and a very little skill will enable her to use those advantages so well, that she may turn his will according to her own pleasure, without his having power to check the current, so that, with only a very little art, most innocently practised, he shall not perceive that he is led, but think himself the leader. Yet this can only be accomplished by a woman of sound temper and good humour; wherever these are found, domestic comfort is most likely to exist.

A thoroughly ill-tempered woman is the greatest curse that can be placed at the head of a house; for, if its mistress is ill-tempered, she has it in her power to destroy the comfort of every inmate. Domestic comfort is composed of innumerable insignificant trifles, which, taken individually, are almost unworthy of notice, but, when amalgamated into one great whole, comprise all the ingredients that constitute our earthly happiness, independent of the means and appliances by which the house is sustained.

How necessary, then, to choose a wise, a merciful, and a liberal regulator for the household. How great

the power reposed in woman, when she is placed at the head of an establishment—the comfort of every individual in the house dependent on her humour, as much, nay more, than on that of her husband.

Woman's smiles alone can conciliate, when man feels disposed to frown; and sometimes it is even better than words, however humble the words she uses may be, for the spirit of man is naturally so proud and combative, that meek submission even in a woman excites his contempt. A woman may use such a dignified tone, while complying for peace's sake, as will greatly enhance the value of her concession, and cause any feeling-minded man to love her better, for yielding up her own proud spirit to accommodate his mightier one. Man in general is so nobly profuse, when he really is generous, that he will yield ten times for one concession nobly offered; he treasures each compliance as a debt, to be repaid with interest; therefore a woman gains by yielding, if the man demands nought that requires her to forget the laws of God.

In every lawful point, all prudent wives obey their husbands, and none but foolish or licentious husbands fear their wives. A woman's best mode of honouring her husband, and governing her household, is to set a good example in all she does; to reward or punish with impartial justice; and to avoid, by every prudent means, any communication of her little vexations to him. To do this would be to rob him of the smiles, good humour, dalliance, and cheerful converse, that should

reward his day of toilsome duties; for every one has duties to perform, however high his station, and his wife should render his evenings at home the most joyous part of his existence, and light up a smile of approbation on his face, calculated to augment the happiness of both. The man over whom this prudent woman exercises her sway, will award to her a higher meed of praise even than she deserves.

But let any woman strenuously aim at excellence, and she is sure to advance many steps beyond mediocrity; and any generous man, who watches her advancement, feels her power too strong not to love and cherish her the better for it.

All persons, in all circumstances, gain by cultivating equanimity of temper, and considerably lessen the calamities of life (which usually fall to the lot of every one, in a greater or less degree,) by cultivating this virtue.

Notwithstanding the many complaints uttered against the afflictions of life and its petty vexations, and the unjust observation that God could have made us perfectly happy, and more equally divided the benefits and sorrows of life, had he loved the happiness of his creatures better; it is certain that misery more frequently arises from ill temper than from ill fortune. In vain does providence bestow upon us beauty, health, and all the external blessings that wealth can purchase, if care has not been taken by ourselves to subdue the asperities of the temper. By temper we feel and form our esti-

mate of everything that occurs to us. Every petty vexation is felt either deeply or otherwise, according to the value which a good or bad temper gives to it. A bad temper embitters every sweet, and mingles worm-wood with our choicest morsels; it darkens the domestic home, weighs down the heart, converts our blessings into woes, and renders that which ought to be a paradise a place of torment.

The government of the temper, then, on which the happiness of human life so much depends, can never be too frequently made a subject of attention, study, and strenuous endeavour; nor can it be too forcibly recommended, especially to young ladies who hope to become wives, and perhaps mothers. If they should not possess self-government, how can they be expected to train their children for the maintenance of a peaceful life, or hope that their own pernicious example will not be followed, rather than the precepts that their better reason teaches them at times to endeavour to inculcate. Experience must convince them that they are much more frequently copied than listened to, while preaching that which they seldom practise.

Is it likely that children will try to check their disposition to be insolent, when they hear their mamma contending with her husband about trifles, replying vexatiously,—perchance with little reason and much petulance,—to all that he advances, and unscrupulously exercising ill-timed and improper severity in their presence. The man may have the spirit of a donkey, yet,

being tied to him for life, it is better always to recline on his smooth side. When he is rageful, she may sometimes thus effect her purpose. Let her preserve a studied silence while he raves, and watch her opportunity to catch his eye when he is most extravagant, and fix it with a smile of such an archly cunning sort, that, seeing it, he fain must laugh for sympathy. Then if she speaks, let her remonstrance be as firm as mild, and he may probably regard it.

I once was present at a matrimonial racket, where the husband was a furious man, and most despotic father ; but he loved his wife, and with much reason, for she could tame him in his lion mood with one endearing smile.

On the occasion of which I write, he thought proper to accuse his eldest daughter of a spirit of levity, which greatly displeased him. He appealed to me. In vain did I explain to him that her conduct had been otherwise than he supposed ; he thought I wished to screen her ; and she, being really wrongfully accused, met the accusation with the spirit of her father.

Some remonstrance from a younger daughter lashed him into fury. The lady of the house maintained a silent tongue, but not a silent eye ; for some time she vainly endeavoured to catch the eye of either child or husband,—until the mad man (for he was mad with rage,) rose, to dash upon the ground, and break, what stood before him on the supper table. A plain white china butter cooler was demolished first ; his eye was

then directed to a splendid china plate belonging to the supper service. The lady of the house then rose, with three plain white ones in her hand.—“Break these, my love,” said she, presenting one as he stretched out his hand to seize the gorgeous gilded prey, “you ’ll spoil the set if you break that, and I must have it matched; and then you know—” She smiled so sweetly on him, while she gently tapped the money in his waistcoat-pocket, that he returned her smile most lovingly, and with a fervent “Pardon me, my love, I would not willingly destroy what you may wish to keep; I almost forgot your presence,” he sat down, silent and ashamed, but fondly clasped her hand in his.

Her time now came to speak, and she did do it well; not once did she upbraid him with improper conduct, but simply stated all the truth, and that she knew her daughter was correct. Then she hinted that the *amende honourable* was due to her; on which he kindly sought his daughter’s pardon for having accused her wrongfully; and in the end proposed to gild the matter over with what she had long desired, a new gold watch, presented as a token of reconciliation. I was very young when this occurred, but it taught me how much a man may lose by ill-timed and unreasonable anger, and how much may be saved and gained by reason and good temper.

I have often observed, when present at a matrimonial *tête a tête*, that the contending parties carefully avoided looking on each other; an act of folly in both,

for by so doing they trampled on the olive branch, instead of holding out the hand to take it. A husband, when disposed to scold his wife, should look upon her; she should look directly in his eyes; and I will stake my life upon the chance, that reading her's disarms his anger. Supposing that she loves her husband,—which every honest woman does, since none can take one that she does not love and not act criminally,—I recommend an observance of the eye, because 't is through the eye the heart peeps out. When angry people utter things the heart disclaims, the eye reveals its struggles, so let them read each other's eyes, and end the quarrel. All my life I have loved to study human nature, in its varied characters, keenly observing each new study that presents itself within my sphere of action; and I feel pleased to find that, on a general review, the virtuous and good preponderates; and when cynics, misanthropes, and cavillers declaim against human nature, its debasement, crime, depravity, and love of worldly pleasures, they forget, when calculating the amount of crimes, to note the vast amount of persons, the increasing population; they forget that evil deeds are always brought to light, and blazoned forth to warn the multitude, while good ones often hide themselves beneath the wings of modesty, and holy law; for scripture tells us, not to let the left hand know the workings of the right. Do none comply with this command? Aye thousands, and tens of thousands, in our own dear British Isles. The human mind is

prone to love the marvellous, and the very circumstance that evil deeds are looked upon as marvellous and wonder-should teach us to believe that the good preponderates.

The most uncultivated have sometimes the temper to do good, and keep the peace; the mode and manner are not fastidious or refined, but still they do much good. I could enumerate and pourtray many instances that have come under my own observation, of unbounded gratitude, and self-sacrificing, deep, devoted love, in those who knew not how to read or write: yet they could think and feel and see, and their nature being naturally kind, with much capacity to learn, it taught them to copy actions that were worthy. All persons who cannot read are not quite ignorant; illiterate they are, but the Almighty endows them sometimes with natural ability to such a high degree, that they imbibe knowledge from all they see and hear, and would have excelled in many things, had their good fortune given them opportunity and instructors. I once resided in the lodgings of a poor old country woman, who could not even read her alphabet, yet her principles and sentiments would have done honour to the most enlightened mind. Her temper in affliction, too, was that of pious resignation; and by conversing with her freely, I learned many moral lessons, which might not otherwise have ever fallen to my lot.

I have often been told by the fastidious, that I am too easily won to converse with persons below me in

station; but I never yet talked to a mechanic or artificer, man or woman, especially if on their trade, that I did not add an item to my stock of knowledge, and felt no cause to disapprove my freedom. The most uncouth in their manner, or the lowest orders, are not the most contentious; we often hear their quarrels, because they disregard appearances, carrying their brawls abroad, thereby distressing their more refined or peaceful neighbours; yet let them vomit forth their spleen in boisterous words, they will forgive the sooner.

The most distressing quarrel that I ever heard was carried on by three enlightened ladies, in the dulcet tones of *politesse*, that servants might not hear them; and they became the most inveterate, unforgiving foes, nor scrupled anything to injure or defame each other. I sat in perfect silence while they quarrelled, and learned the characters of the three by doing so, admiring most the one who spoke with greatest vehemence, for she was generous and just in all she said, and yet was the ill-used person. I had previously believed this one to be ill tempered, from the representation, or rather misrepresentation, of the other two; but I changed my opinion during the quarrel. One of the others proved herself malignant, unjust, and spiteful; the third was vindictive, prejudiced, and supercilious, a quality of all others most destructive to a peaceful feeling. The dictionarian has misformed the word; he should have made it super-silly-ass, for man or woman that displays it must possess an ass-like spirit.

Ill tempered men, if vain, will often call their want of temper energy, their turbulence enthusiasm; and we all do know that ladies claim the privilege to call it nervousness.

Many persons apply the term ill tempered unto those who, being independent of them, choose not to succumb to their ill humours and unreasonable exactions. To illustrate this, I will relate a little anecdote.

I once took lodgings in the country, from an old woman of a most ungovernable temper. Her servants often proved too much for her, therefore she generally dropped her spleen upon a modest, meek, and unoffending girl, her stepdaughter. Passing her one day, on going to my own apartment, she stepped forward to salute and chat with me, yet holding in her hand a pan of cold pease soup which she intended to warm, desiring me in the most obsequious accents to accept a bowl. I said, to please her, I would take a little at my lunch, requesting her to put it down, and I would wait for her. Still she held it in her hand while we talked, during which period her servant disobeyed her orders, and she commanded her step-daughter to follow her, and make her do as she desired. "Oh no, I dare not," exclaimed the girl, "I shall get myself insulted." "I'll I dare n't you, madam," said the woman, in a tone of fury, "go, I say!" "I can 't, I dare n't," said Eleanor. On this, the woman hastily stepped forward, pan in hand, and aimed a blow at the young girl. Raising the pan to strike her head, the handle being tubular,

it swivelled round, and tossed upon her head, just like a cap,—the pease soup, pouring down her person, deluged her from crown to foot. Oh, what a spectacle it made of her! I felt grieved for the poor girl, yet, laughing immoderately at her calamity, hastily stepped forward to wipe it from her eyes, when the old woman exclaimed, “Do n’t help her, Miss ——. A vile, ill tempered, wicked girl, to put me in a passion, and spoil my soup.” “More wicked you, ma’am,” answered I, “to give way to that passion, and waste good food, surrounded as we are by those who nearly starve.” “Do you encourage her to be insolent?” said she. “Well, well; I took you for a sweet tempered lady till to-day, but now I know you are not.”

I left her in possession of this charitable opinion, and tried to soothe the daughter. After the row subsided, the old dame came to me, requesting that, as I had great influence with her daughter, I would use it to induce her to beg pardon for offending her. I candidly told her that I would not; and at the same time declared, that she could only restore herself to my good graces by asking pardon of her step-daughter, whom she had decidedly ill used. This roused her up to fury; she again proclaimed me most ill tempered, and left me to myself.

Her next door neighbour soon came in, to chat awhile with her. I heard her tell the visiter that her step-daughter was most insolent, and that Miss C., a cankered, vile, ill tempered thing, encouraged her. “I found her

out to-day," said she. "And did you never find her out before to-day, and she has lived six months in your house?" said her neighbour. "She must be very clever not to shew it long before now. I guess you could not do as much yourself." I felt myself avenged by this reply, so let the slanderer alone, except when, passing to the garden for my usual airing, she asked me, Was I any better? And I told her that I should be so, only she had set me a longing for pease soup.

I could relate many instances, to shew how common it is for such ungovernable persons to call all those ill tempered who will not tamely submit to their capricious humour, and comply with their unreasonable demands. And it is only by acting very decidedly that an influence can be gained over such people. Let them know that their humour does not distress you, and steadily maintain your own course, independent of their opinion, and they will soon perceive the uselessness of attacking you, and perhaps endeavour to copy your example. What an influence is then obtained.

We all know that example is much more readily received than precept, especially in matters ruled by temper or impulse. How necessary, then, to cultivate such a temper as will have a tendency to refine, rather than degrade, the scenes in which we take a part, and poison and embitter them by turbulence, repining, and unreasonable humours.

To what purpose do we powerless mortals murmur? If it be at the dispensations of the Almighty, how

vain and frivolous it is, knowing that they are, and ever must be, inevitable. Let us rather peacefully and minutely examine into their nature, consequences, and influence. Depend upon it, we shall then discover some bright spots in their arrangement and necessity, that will convince us of the wisdom, and at the same time of the mercy, of the munificent Dispenser of all benefits.

Least of all, on any disappointment arising from the evil humours of others, should we feel disposed to entertain a spirit of revenge towards them; for this base passion is the foulest sullier that can taint the human mind. Vengeance belongs not unto man, but unto God.

The noblest, and the only, vengeance we can take of those who injure us is to despise the deed, but to pardon the aggressors, declining further notice of them, and, walking another way, leaving them in the hands of God. But if the man that injures you possess a son more worthy than himself, acknowledge his acquaintance, and pour upon him such a shower of high-souled charity and love, that he who hath begot him, having human feelings, must kneel down to bless you, and feel himself unworthy to have known you. Then you refuse his gratitude, till he repents his former worthlessness, that robbed him of your notice.

Thus acting, you will prove a noble, philosophic lover of your enemy. It is unjust, dishonourable, mean to disown or brand with infamy a race or family because

one member of it has abused you ; and he who inflicts on innocence the punishment that he should make the guilty feel, deserves to suffer that punishment himself. There is no rancour half so mean and cowardly as that which wreaks its vengeance on the unoffending head. The coward that uplifts the hand to innocence becomes unjust, dishonoured, mean, dishonest, and destitute of every claim to hold communion with the feeling-minded ; for he acts not either by the laws of God, humanity, common sense, or custom. Yet let me pause—I greatly fear that common custom is too lenient to this debasing sin, degrading to ourselves and those on whom it is practised. Reflection, and a strict observance of the results which follow, ought to teach us that we put it in the power of all, on whom this unjust wrath descends, to cite us as an enemy devoid of justice, truth, or charity ; and when we feel in want of sympathy, relief, or succour, what a character on which to rest our claim, and what a cord to tighten our afflictions if we feel that we deserve it.

Oh let me, while I shew you this degrading view of human nature, rob you of the spleen that loves to vent itself upon the timid, trembling innocent ; that robs yourself of happiness, by consciousness of doing wrong, when brought to reason on the subject by that innocent's defence. The steady, meek, determined spirit with which innocence defends itself can even make the tyrant quail beneath its eye of power, and own a conqueror. Then let the spirit that is galled and humbled by

another's want of temper or misconduct vent itself in prayer to God for succour and restraint, and a milder spirit will ensue, that will disdain to lash the innocent. Let us all determine to correct ourselves with the same severity with which we reprove and censure others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that we show to ourselves; we shall then feel little temptation to oppress and chide the unoffending; for those who combat with themselves will be much happier than those who combat with others.

Far be it from me to propose to any one, or man or woman, a tame submission to injustice, insult, injury, or imposition; but anger may be firmly and not violently expressed, and proper punishments awarded to the guilty; and let forgiveness always come in at the conclusion of the contest, simply afterwards avoiding dealings with the aggressors. But if by circumstances compelled to come in contact with them, then prove that you do really forgive, by serving them, and you will feel the happier for it. Remember that our daily prayer contains, "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;" therefore let us act by its dictates, and faithfully believe in and emulate the source from which it sprung; we require no other guide for our conduct.

We now come to the powerful influence of woman, or woman's power throughout the whole. Nature has endowed woman with such powerful influence over man, that I may say the entire happiness or misery of his

life depends upon whether his choice of female society be among the modest, virtuous, good, intelligent, and wise, or among those whose sinful habits dishonour and degrade our sex. Few men forsake good morals, or prolong their dereliction from the paths of honourable rectitude, who allow themselves to be governed by the counsels of a wise and virtuous woman.

Woman, when once imbued with fixed and honourable principles, is so stedfast in her faith, so unchangeable in her love of all that is divine and good, that any man who trusts to her may rely on her endeavours to persuade him into high souled purpose, and to act the better part. What folly, then, to seek the vicious of our sex, thereby imbibing from this baneful influence a mistrustful feeling towards the sex in general.

I have often discovered that those men who judge unfavourably of women have either been deceived and disappointed in their early affections, or have associated only with the degraded and lowest orders of women. How much of the relish of human life they lose by this vile association. They forget how much they are dependent upon woman's love, as they approach manhood, and from manhood till they sink into the grave. Every external earthly comfort man enjoys—even though he provides the means—is enhanced under the guidance and adorning mind and hand of woman. She alone can show them to advantage, and secure their durability and tendency to promote his happiness.

In infancy, who so loves the son as his fond mother? Who so trembles at his tottering footsteps? Who so tries to lead him into the path of honour, rectitude, and fame? Who so anxious that the world should love and praise him? Who so devotedly endeavours to render his life easy, free from cares, happy and prosperous as the lot of mortals can be? Can any love surpass a tender mother's love, or any watchful care surpass a mother's, in the hours of sickness, sorrow, or decline? In transgression, can any lenity surpass a mother's? If adversity comes on, who shares it with more willing fortitude, and in prosperity who more joyful, or more devoted to his interest in whatever may befall him, either for his weal or woe, in infancy or manhood?

When manhood comes, and he looks on the little world around him, filled with bright anticipations of the future, building castles for the queen of beauty and perfection that his fond imagination pictures to adorn them, while he and his queen of beauty thus glide on the stream of life in bliss unchangeable, and free from sordid care or struggles for pre-eminence—a thing their own by right—what light is half so brilliant as the light that shines in woman's eye? whose smile so soothing as the smile of probation on a virtuous woman's lip? or what so soft and tender as the pressure of that lip, if virtuous affection actuates that pressure? Can any man, endowed with natural feelings, frown upon an influence so replete with ecstasy, and so congenial to his nature, or fail to profit

by its power to soften and refine his impulses and passions, and take up the spirit of a better man, while virtuous and confiding woman sways his soul?

When manhood's strength and beauty fall into decay, how helpless, sad, and frail, unless propped up by woman's helping hand, and tender, kind, solicitude to sooth the anguish of the tottering old frame. How much more suitable her gentle, kind support, than that of powerful, vigorous man, to drag along impatiently the feeble laggard, whose uneven steps are felt a bane upon his own elastic movements. A woman suits her pace to his, and adds the tear of pity to her care of his decline, imparting thus a feeling of reliance that upholds the spirit of her feeble partner, and leads him to forgetfulness of pain and sorrow, or an unrepining fortitude and resignation.

And what so fit to shake the pillow on the bed of death as gentle woman's hand? From her we hear no loud anathema against a life of sin; if man has erred, she tries to soothe the accusing spirit,* while the recording angel writes down his transgressions at the chancery of heaven. And as she lets the tear of pity fall, she gently leads him on to penitence and prayer—mingling her drops with his repentant sigh. Man feels ashamed to weep, but sighs when he repents, and tender

* "The accusing spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, and the recording angel, on writing it down, dropped a tear upon the word, that blotted it out for ever."—*Sterne*.

woman, catching up the sigh, kneels down in prayer, and wafts it into heaven.

Then what is man without dear woman's influential power, to soften his asperities, and moderate his evil passions? To have a virtuous woman always tending near his footsteps, is to keep a living copy of religious statutes always in his view, to warn him not to swerve from its bright paths of pleasantness. It is not in the nature of any woman of just and holy principles to think, to feel, to care, to live for self alone. No separating self from her soul's anxieties, she wanders over fields of love and usefulness to others. If she is married to a virtuous man, then indeed all is joint interest with her partner, for everything belonging to her she divides with him. With him she shares all satisfactions, smooths down every trouble of his life, lifts up her fortitude to give a share to him; her heart is always open to his view, her tongue communicates all her feelings, observations, and opinions; unshrinkingly, to him her faults are all disclosed, confiding in his lenity and love. To him displaying freely all she knows, and all that she can do, she asks no other plaudit than his loved, approving smile. Then she alleviates all his toils, soothes every sorrow, lessens every care, strives to remove whatever displeases him. While he, beholding all she feels and does, seeks to remove each stone of stumbling from her path; each cause that can create uneasiness, displeasure, or a sense of fear; and participates freely in her hopes and

joys. In no sense can either of a virtuous conjugal pair ever be contented or discontented, pleased or displeased, without the other being consequently more or less affected likewise.

If man, deriding woman's power, should disown and shrink from it, disclaiming its refining influence upon his rugged, sterner nature, he but plays the robber to himself, purloining half his joys. If he be wedded to science or a profession, and debarred the time for dalliance, what so fit to aid him as the powers of woman's mind, if that be cultivated? It is only in the abstruse intricacies of science that women are surpassed by men. Their mathematical process is more adapted to his profounder brain; therein we yield the palm to man, and own him our superior, but not in anything that renders life agreeable.

Women are by nature more reflective than men—their sedentary and domestic employments, occupying only the hands, leave the mind free to wander in the varied images of thought; and while men are studiously poring over books to cull the thoughts of others, and laboriously separating the chaff from the solid sustenance, woman, by reflection, educates herself, and intuitively, or by inspiration, coupled with comparison and calculation, arrives at more evidences of truth in an hour, than man, the poor plodding drone, can come at in a day. Then let him seek her aid to brighten, shorten, and improve his studies, and she will lead him on to

higher aims, especially if his reward is to possess her when his projects are achieved.

Nature has given so much nobility of soul unto mankind, that neither man nor woman puts forth his or her highest powers, save when tempted by a noble object; for the consciousness of seeking little depresses vigour. An aspiring spirit must be allured by a prize worthy of its native grandeur, in order that it may be induced to put forth the energy required for the attainment of sufficient excellence, whether the aim be religion, virtue, science, or philosophy. And for rewards, what noble ones are held out to view. Religion has a Saviour; for virtue there is man's and woman's love; for science, monuments and gold; and for philosophy, its unrestricted wanderings through the varied fields of nature, to explore its latent treasures, and proclaim them to the world.

Oh! what a glorious world were this, if all man's better feelings were on foot, resolved to war with, chase down, and destroy each gross antagonist contained within himself. Let each resolve to check the vice arising in himself. No man will then have cause to stigmatise his brother-worm. It is man's duty to persuade, exhort, communicate his struggles with himself, and put us in the way to gain the height that he has trod, but not to kick and cuff us if we lag behind. Thus only should he deal with self, until he has beat out his tendency to evil, root and branch, and left the solid trunk to stand before the eyes of men full worthy of their gaze and admiration. His

example should lead them to emulate his fame—not he imperatively charge them to it. His call should be as dulcet as the pipe of nightingale, to enthrall and lead the soul to heaven. Coercion rouses up the stubborn souls of men and women too. They disregard denunciation and rebuke, but yield to soft persuasion's tone; therefore, it should be used by all. While reasoning on the folly of a sinful course, our preachers should take up this tone, and mingle it with every phrase they utter, to allure us out of sin. Thus their allurements would be stronger than the wiles of Satan, to direct our course the other way.

Oh, let me then persuade some few to know themselves, to aim at this great thing, self-knowledge, which I have herein set down as teaching mercy, honour, truth, religion, faith, and charity—a lenient and unmagnifying telescope, to scan a brother's mote and bring to view his hidden imperfections; not to chide, but to soften down their virulence, and to suavisely allure all to aim at perfect virtue.

It is in vain for either man or woman to hope to stand upon the pinnacle of ambition, unless they hope, expect, attempt, and compass lofty things. Herbert tells us, that the man will shoot higher who points to the moon, than he who threatens trees. Though not having license to expect perfection, we should always aim at it, in all we undertake. The poet says well, who says that

“High endeavours are an inward light,
To make the path before us always bright.”

Then let us aim at this high effort, an enduring knowledge of ourselves, the highest attribute the human mind can gain. Let us learn by it self-government, a deity, to rule the temper, arresting it in all its multiplicity of forms; and this will teach us to forbear with others, who are less reformed than we: to pity their infirmities, and heal them; to correct their errors, not to punish them, unless beyond all rule; to soothe the drooping mind, to strengthen feebleness, to conquer stubborn disregard, by neighbour love and fair example; to try to crush and bury human nature's frailties in ourselves, and to help our sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbours to the same effect. Let us distinguish between the heart and mind, not imputing to the heart an error that springs from the mind's delusion, but gently sifting both, and leniently judging all. Let us reflect well before we act, strictly trying all our thoughts both by the laws of God and man, to ascertain their truth, before we choose our course of action, in all things that concern ourselves and others; and when we have adjusted this, let us show such decided purpose, that obstacles shall fall away before a spirit so resolved.

In all things that require mathematical certainty, woman may yield to man's profounder mind, and he should yield to her superior excellence in things of taste and feeling, chastity and truth. She can compete with him in eloquence, in ingenuity, in social elegance, in graceful ease. If great things rule her mind, she does them well; if little, gracefully; in this she far surpasses man. When he

attempts the little, then his grace departs; he stumbles over his pride. No high-souled woman is content with moderate excellence; but men are often drones, or trammelled with the one pursuit in which they would be perfect, while women study all the arts that render life agreeable, excelling in them all. Man's courage is in battle; her's in fortitude. He prides himself in honours and distinctions; she in love, fidelity, and usefulness. He likes to see the culprit tremble; she to save him. He looks on human frailty with compassion, or as oft disdain; while she lets fall the tear of pity, or reclaims by soft entreaty and a bright example. Man loves to exercise his own bold will, and govern all beneath him or within his power; while woman asks permission of the man she loves, content to govern him alone, without his knowing that he has a fetter on. Woman feels proud of man's authority; while he disdains to own that her sweet influence leads him on to higher aims.

Thus men and women differ, each possessing excellence the other aims not to attain. But woman ever shines the brightest; and that home only that doth contain a virtuous one, or more, can boast of any share of human happiness.

The natural docility of woman makes her easily restrained, if she has received a moral and religious education. In this quality, more than in any other, has God ordained her fit to be the companion of man, who, being more inflexible in his nature, requires her milder attributes to blend and mingle with his own to make a perfect

creature. By this blending she maintains her power throughout the whole. And I conclude mine Essay as I began, believing woman to be the brightest, most influential, most perfect, and most beautiful creature that the hand of God has formed.

A Recipe to make a Good Delife.

TAKE religion and good morals for your foundation; diffuse them through every action and sentiment, uniting them to an unmitigated perseverance in the performance of duty. Take a pound of sincerity, and an equal quantity of prudence—mix them all up with cheerfulness, good humour, and about a dozen grains of wit, free from satire; let the wit be native, which is fifty degrees better than that which is borrowed. Those ladies who prepare and taste the above ingredients may truly be said to partake of solid enjoyments. To the preceding you must add at least one quart of the milk of human kindness, and a whole pound of love; one ounce of gossip, free from scandal, and five scruples of French frippery; add thereto a sufficient quantity of proper spirit, to punish or deter slanderers from evil speaking.

Whipping the whole together with a branch of moral courage and fortitude, add good sense, elegant manners, and an agreeable, but not pedantic portion of literature; sweeten with affection to your taste, and when the whole is united, add thereto such a portion of beauty as will render the lady pleasing and agreeable to look upon, but

not sufficient to excite a spirit of vanity, or a love of admiration. Adorned with such a combination of native and acquired virtues, she is then endowed with all that heaven and earth can give to make her a desirable and good wife. And blessed is the man that obtains her; for in winning such a treasure, he is twice blessed — blessed both spiritually and temporally.

Let every man study to render himself worthy of such a wife, and there will be no difficulty in obtaining one. She will naturally spring up under the benign influence of his own government; and if he be such a woman's counterpart, and wedded to her, his daughters will become like treasures for the rising generation of men, and the world have less cause to repine that the matrimonial cup contains more of the bitter than the sweet, and two frequently edges the tongue more than the teeth with its acids. It is necessary that both the man and the woman should strive to cast into the cup such ingredients as will render the combination agreeable to the taste of both; then may they drink freely, but not a sufficient quantity to cloy the appetite, or give it a desire for change.

Epithalamic Acrostic.

PRESENTED TO A YOUNG FRIEND ON HER WEDDING DAY.

To thee, with whom in youthful golden days
O'er many a gay parterre I wandered,

Eager to eapture pleasure's fitful rays ;
Led on by hopes o'er which we vainly pondered ;
I would address a joyous marriage lay,
Zealous to add some pleasure to the day ;
And wishful to adorn the happy bride.

Accept the simple token I provide.
Never may day less happy meet thy view ;
Never forget thy promise to be true.

To Edward, loving partner of thy life ;
Yield joyfully the duties of a wife.
Remember always to preside with care
O'er household happiness, and husband's fare ;
Remember the first quarrel to avoid ;

Nor ever wander but when side by side.
Oh may strife never to your dwelling come ;
Regard his house your dearest earthly home.

Turn I to God, and humbly ask in prayer,
 O'er life's rough hill that you may be his care ;
 Never may'st thou forget the power divine.

Fear not, though some afflictions may be thine,
 Religion teaches, all proceeds from God :
 Oh meekly bow, and humbly kiss the rod.
 May all the bliss on mortals e'er bestowed

Edward, with his and thine, be all endowed :
 Loved faithfully, since manhood marked his life,
 It would be sin to wish thee not his wife.
 Zeal for a friend, whom I regard as brother,
 Anxious makes me to give thee to no other.

Confide each worldly care to his kind zeal,
 Over each other's faults cast secret seal ;
 Religion guide each bliss you seek, and then
 Forget not that Eliza says, Amen.

Journey from Cork to Killarney.

A journey from Cork to Killarney, thence to the Gap of Dunloe.—St. Patrick's last conversation with the last Snake that he banished from Ireland.—A White Squall on the Lower Lake of Killarney.

TRAVELLING for a short time with a party of ladies, they, like myself, were desirous of surveying some of the beautiful, romantic, and interesting scenes of Ireland, which is, indeed, most truly called the Green Isle of beauty, for nowhere does verdure display itself in more varied, chaste, and brilliant shades than in the foliage that shrouds and adorns the bases and glens of the mountains and valleys of this favoured isle, so much indebted to providential culture for its luxuriance and fertility, without the aid of man, exhibiting such splendours of cultivation as art could not achieve.

Thus accompanied, though in an infirm state of health, I gladly consented to traverse the lovely scenes of Killarney. We travelled from Cork to Killarney in a long open jaunting car, which held as many as ten on each side, and was peopled with English and Irish travellers of various descriptions. Among the Irish were five or six young gentlemen, who were as lively specimens of animated natural history as ever played tricks

upon travellers; and many were the tricks played off upon those whom we passed, while we surveyed landscapes and scenery that struck me as most sublime, the mountains were so numerous, so stupendous in height and size, and their varied hues so changeful, as the light or shade passed over or lingered on them. The mists that floated over them were painted with the varied hues of purple, blue, and every tint of green and yellow, seeming thus to partake the colour of all from which they rose, or upon which they descended. The mountains were fantastic in their forms. Some, thickly studded at the base with verdant woods, were indebted to the hand of nature for this adorning beauty; others were deep purple masses of rock, towering height upon height, as though inclined to reach mid heaven; and in the distance were, pile upon pile that reached the clouds and mingled with them.

The whole country became more and more sublime as we travelled onward, rendering it quite impossible for a feeling, contemplative, or religious mind to view the wonders of the scenes around without adoring the hand that caused them to rise.

Never shall I forget the feelings that took possession of me on first beholding the sublimities of Killarney. They struck me speechless for awhile, then I began to exclaim, much to the amusement of our merry fellow-travellers, who were familiar with these scenes. These saucy wags put more than one alphabet into their manufacturing mill, to create new names for the ruins

and castles that we rapidly passed on the way; this I told them, and they laughed heartily, when I asked them if they replied to my questions as men of honour and gentlemen, men of business, or blarney men; as they all wished to be thought men of honour and gentlemen, they invariably in conclusion gave me the real name. Their pleasantries were so inoffensively offered, that they only added to the life of the scene.

Thus we went on, and at last arrived at the comfortable and respectable abode of Mrs. O'Connor, Main Street, Killarney, a lady deservedly celebrated for her amiable manners, and for the kind usage and good entertainment she gives to her lodgers.

There, after remaining some time viewing the scenes around, we took advantage of one of the fine mornings which, after a few threatening showers, became such as to give glory and sunshine to the lovely landscapes dispersed all over Killarney.

The Gap of Dunloe was decided on for our day's excursion, and we hired a car to convey us to the entrance, beyond which we could not go in a wheeled conveyance, the remainder of the road being narrow, intricate, and only trod by pedestrians. At the commencement of our journey, we rode through scenes of the most varied and enchanting character, through glens, valleys, and mountain passes, beautified with innumerable cascades, lakes, and waterfalls, all combining to give magic touches to scenes of the most romantic grandeur and sublimity, festooned and decorated with the

graceful alpine fir, mingled with spruce, larch, and Scotch firs, the juniper and the smooth-leaved olives and laurel, interspersed at frequent intervals with the fruitful arbutus, which grows in great abundance among the rocky scenes of Killarney, contrasting its varied colours with solid rocks of the deepest purple; others were of the most verdant green; and here and there, when the sun shone on a lofty range, a glittering yellow intermingled or peeped through the openings in the woods that have spontaneously risen on their ridges, combining every shade of foliage that can please the eye or vary the scene.

But to describe all, I must write a volume, and yet fail in calling up its beauties to the mind's eye; therefore, I will proceed on our journey to the Gap of Dunloe. We had arrived at the entrance, through which we had to walk, first hiring a guide to conduct us safely through the intricacies of Dunloe; this we traversed to the first remarkable point—the turnpike, as it is called. Not a toll bar, but two huge overhanging rocks, which appeared to threaten the destruction of all who should pass under them.

We here entered the valley of the dark lake, whose waters were clear and pure, yet looked as black as ink, from the black rocks and stones around it; the scene here was more barren and sublime than beautiful. The guide who led us on, after passing the enchanted spot in the gap with lighter footsteps, telling me to look at the rock in a hollow glen of the mountain, to which he directed my attention in fearful and subdued

accents; as though he thought that the petrified inhabitant of the glen could awake, and coil its wily folds around us, to stop our daring intrusion on its preeinets, with a very grave face gave me the following legend of St. Patrick, and the last snake that he banished. As he gave it in dialogue, I will do the same, repeating his words verbatim.

“ St. Patrick jist taking a walk for his own pleasure, and coming into the midst of the gap, halted on perceiv- ing a wontherful big snake coming along in a very care- less manner, niver thinking of or heeding of St. Patrick at all at all, untel accosted by him in this away:—

St. Patrick.—Och sure and is it here that I find you Mr. Snake, having the great assurance to come into the Gap of Dunloe? Och but it is I that will make you get out of this, for divil a snake of ye shall dwell in all Ireland.

Snake.—No but you wont, says the snake, says he, make me get out of this, and plase your honour's worship.

St. Patrick.—But I will, says he, so be off wid ye.

Snake.—Be aisey now, St. Patrick, and jist let me have this bit of a gap to myself.

St. Patrick.—Divil a taste; did n't I banish ye all, and I niver expicted to find ye here.

Snake.—I bet ye a pottle of porter at ye did n't banish me, St. Patrick (thinking to make him drunk, ye see). No but ye did n't, and there 's for ye, your worship.

St. Patrick. — I 'll bet ye a pottle of porter that I 'll banish ye now, says he, says St. Patrick.

Snake.—Done, says Mr. Snake.

St. Patrick.—Well then, says St. Patrick, says he, we will jist step into this box, says he, and drink it together; but ye shall step in first, says he, too purlite to take advantage of his saintship's prehiminence to get in first.

Whereupon the snake began to git in, and soon cried out that the box was too small to hold his body; but St. Patrick says, Thry, says he. No I can't, says the snake. Thry again, says St. Patrick. An he did thry, and got further an further, thryin agin and agin, till he got all but his tail in the box. Then St. Patrick give the lid a thondering clap down, which, coming on the tail, squooz it so that Mr. Snake was glad to draw it in, and St. Patrick having him quite secure kept him there; although the snake promised he should have all the porter to himself if he 'd jist let him out for a bit. But St. Patrick says, says he, Sure hav'nt I got it and you in the box? And sure enough he had him in the box, and there he lift him, in the gap, and the snake and the box turned to stone."

Thus he shewed to a demonstration, as he thought, that the last lingering snake which struggled to maintain its ground in the Emerald Isle remains to this day, safely lodged in the stony monument of its folly, for thrusting itself in, while the still more wily St. Patrick stood there, to annihilate it and to petrify its coiled-up folds, and render them a fixture in the stony box, to the nature of which he transformed it, leaving them both in the

celebrated Gap of Dunloe, to perpetuate its fame and his own.

And indeed the huge thick slab of stone looked so like a large box, so chiselled into shape, so like a thing of which the lid could be raised, though the hand of nature alone had touched it, that I was not surprised at the credulity of the man, or his expectation that others should be as credulous as himself, when he exclaimed, "Och sure, and if ye could go to the other side, ye would jist see the stone henges and all." To go to the other side he knew was impossible, even at the risk of life.

We continued our journey through the Gap, which hangs its giant blocks of granite over head in such a threatening form, that it seems almost presumptuous for any one to creep beneath, and hope for anything but destruction from the dropping of their ponderous weight upon them.

Many were the little mishaps that we encountered while crossing the bog that divides the Gap from the upper Lake of Killarney. The accustomed path was so trodden that we could easily perceive it, and though lame, yet, with the help of my crutch and two guides, I managed to escape its traps and snares better than my companions, who were always too timid and cautious to venture on the path that I did, which generally seemed reckless to them. Thus they often fell into snares that I escaped, by allowing myself to be carried by those who could leap; and truly an Irish mountain

man understands how to use his athletic frame to perfection; hardy both from habit and necessity, he leaps from bog sod to rock, and from rock to bog sod, without a seeming effort, and carries a weight along with him that would founder any other man. To this great strength of muscle, and the native chivahric politeness of the untaught Irish peasant, I was much indebted, in one dangerous portion of the path I chose.

Bending over the side of the mountain on which I stood, to take a survey, I saw at the foot the path into which we must enter and travel before we came to the end of our journey, and which we had to gain by a serpentine road, winding over the ridges of Mc Gilycuddy's Reeks and down the sides of the blue hills. I thought it would cut a mile or two off my way if I went down the side of the mountain on which I stood, called by the guide who stood near me the gay Carrymene; but I found it more sorrowful than gay.

I instantly proposed to the friend who had accompanied me, and had left her sisters to proceed with a guide through a more rocky way, to go down the side of the mountain with me, but she declined; most fortunately both for me and herself, her timidity preferred the long winding path to the dangerous one. Therefore I set off alone; deceived by the height on which I stood, I took the rocks for little more than stepping stones, not dreaming that when I got near the distant ones they would prove taller than myself. For about thirty feet they were near enough to step upon, and I passed from

one to another very comfortably; but I had only got thus far when I discovered the folly of my course, alike unable to retrace my steps or advance without peril. A huge bog stood before me, and an inaccessible height above me; danger stared me in the face; and my friend went winding on above me, I could see her all the while in the windings of the glens.

A few moments previous to my descent, I had reproved a young guide for following me, saying we had two already attached to our party, and would pay no more. So why do you follow me, said I? "Och sure, mam, to see a lame lady thravel a road that never was trod by man or woman before; and sure I'd like to thravel it myself." On we went, and presently came to a long flat, where between huge elevated sods little pits of water intervened. I planted my better leg firmly on one of the sods, and, standing there, tried the soundness of the intervening small space with my crutch, which on very little pressure plunged up to the hilt.

On seeing this the young guide exclaimed, "Och, sure, mam, and I think it is help you'll be afther wanting by and bye." No sooner had he said the words than it was help indeed that I wanted, for suddenly the sod, which I had chosen as likely to prove my best friend, tilted from under my heels, and down I came into the bog, wedged between two aspiring sods, the one supporting my upturned heels and the other my depressed head.

I felt at once that my case was not hopeless, and, perceiving in an instant my ludicrous position, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The guide, when he saw

me vanish, bounded like a stag from sod to sod till he reached me, and, standing for a moment incredulous at my laughter, said, "Sure ye 're not hurt, wid the smile on yer face a that a way?" No, no, said I, but I am rather comically lodged. He helped me out of the hollow, and oh for an Hogarth to paint the young hero, when, after he had placed the lady in a standing position, he slid up to her ear, and in a modest half whisper said, "Sure, mam, the bog wather from out of your coats would not be amiss, it would make yer ladyship lighter by odds." I thanked him, and accepted his assistance; whereupon he seized the hind part of my garments, wringing and twisting them in true washerwoman style, until the bog stream entirely exuded; and then he fluttered and spread them out to dry, which was easily effected by the heat of the sun, which broiled me severely, as, with the guide's help, I struggled out of the various mishaps I had to contend with, in my passage from the top of the mountain; but after I gained a companion in the strife, my task became more easy.

Often, when I had no rock to cling to, I was glad of the youth's kindly offer of his arm, or neck, to grasp, while he looked out for a likely sod to lift me upon. When I was safely lodged upon one, he would travel on a little, stretching his long legs to try the strength of each sod, by pressing his foot upon it; then he returned for me, and whenever the space from one sod to another was too great for me to stride, he gallantly shortened the distance by planting his own leg

in the water, and presenting his dry knee for me to step upon.

Who but an Irishman would have had the ingenuity thus to shorten the space, who but a warm-hearted Irishman, the gallantry so to sacrifice self for the comfort of a stranger? And who but an Irishman untaught by schools, having no lettered advantages, would have spontaneously adopted the refined spirit of courtesy and respect that this poor guide exhibited to me, with only native culture to assist his judgment? O Erin, thy sons and daughters would have been too perfect, if fortune and religion had smiled on them as nature has done.

My gallant guide and I were obliged to separate sometimes, there not being standing room for us both on the same ridge or sod; and in other places my crutch sank so deep, that I was obliged to leave it for him to bring. At last we arrived safely in the common foot-path; and here his anxious countenance subsided into a smile of triumph, and he uttered a gentle Hurra.

My friend, who had wandered the serpentine road, soon joined me here, and looked dismayed, as I held up my overall-boots rent from the soles. Fortunately, I had shoes underneath, none the worse for my bog exploits.

We now traversed the Garrymene valley to a cottage, as they presumptuously misnamed a desolate cabin, where we took shelter from the rain, which suddenly began to descend in torrents. The cabin was a

most wretched abode. It had neither chimney nor window, only holes to admit the light, unnecessarily accompanied by the wind and rain; a hole in the roof as an outlet for the smoke; a poor shake-down of heather, in one corner, for the children to lie upon, and in another a place for the pig. The upper story consisted of a shelf, about a yard broad, propped up with branches, the notches of which formed stairs to ascend by. On this shelf there was a shake-down of heather, for the parents to lie upon. No sign of coverlet, or anything to keep them warm, but the rags they wore in the day. Dirt, rags, and this wretched accommodation, prevail among the peasantry of Ireland, for we saw hundreds of houses in the same hopeless condition. And yet, in the midst of all, we often saw sparkling eyes, cheerful countenances, and ruddy cheeks. The children, black as dirt could make them, were often fat and chubby, living upon potatoes and water, and scantily clothed with the aid of chance pennies given by strangers.

When the rain subsided, we left the cabin, and proceeded to Lord Brandon's cottage, a place of entertainment for travellers who visit the Gap of Dunloe, and return to Killarney through the Lakes.

The road from Garrymene to the cottage, which is on the borders of the upper lake, is one of great difficulty, winding in all directions over rocks and bogs, where stepping-stones have been placed, and where some have providentially fallen, as if to assist strangers. Here I

should have found it impossible to proceed, had not another guide stepped up, and joined my own in dragging me over. Sometimes I lost my crutch, at others a shoe, and I had to stand on one leg till it was recovered ; nevertheless I accomplished the feat. We rested at his lordship's cottage, the weather, so sudden in its changes, for some time rendering it impossible for us to proceed.

Again we had sunshine, and proceeded to the boat, in which sat the master himself, bugle in hand, to awake the mountain echoes for us. No traveller, who understands the business, thinks of sailing on the Lakes of Killarney unattended by a bugleman. Fortunately for us, the weather-wise master, apprehending a storm, disobeyed orders, and brought us a four-oared instead of a two-oared boat, for the two-oared one could not have outlived the storm.

But, not to anticipate, I proceed. The sail down the upper lake was most delightful, and not a little amusing. The bugle was answered from every side, as it appeared, by other men similarly employed, the echoes reverberating from rock to rock, taking up each note to convey it to a distance immeasurable. The master of the boat explained all the wonders that we saw, giving them their legendary names ; but, while he was talking to us, the young man or boy, as he called him at the helm, carelessly ran us upon a rock. Up started the master in a rage, stretching out his hand for an oar to strike him with. This I quickly seized, and held with both hands, smilingly

telling him that he was not the Irishman I took him for, if he could not get us off a rock like that in safety, and no injury to the boat either. This suspended the riot, which must have inevitably overturned the boat. Glancing a fiery look at me as I firmly held the oar, and of vengeance at the boy, he, without a word, plied his strength and skill to get us off; and when we plunged like a duck into the deep water again, he spoke and said to me, Lady, you have done what no mortal man or woman ever did before—arrest the blow that I was determined to strike; but it is well, for it has made our safety.

On we went; we sailed through the upper lake and the long range, as it is called, of five miles in extent, which comprises a number of small lakes, that divide the upper from the lower lake. Throughout this sail, the romantic diversity, in size and form, of innumerable small islands and rocks, the widely-extended woods planted by nature at the base of the mountains, and the numerous small water-falls and cascades, render the scene most enchanting to look upon—words are inadequate to describe its beauties.

Our boatman resumed his pleasantry, and humourously invited us to partake of the cold collation prepared for us by dame Nature among the rocks, one being called the round of beef, others the leg of mutton, the sandwiches, the fowls and chickens. All these rocks bear a striking resemblance to the articles named. The hen and chicken rocks are wonderfully like a huge hen, with spread wings, collecting her brood beneath them; and

one rock, which they call a man-of-war, is exactly like the hull of a large ship, with a holly tree growing out at the head, where no vestige of soil can be seen in the solid rock. This the boatman called Captain Holly, the commander of the ship.

We landed for a while at Dynah's Island, but did not enter the cottage, where strangers go to eat steaks of the salmon, taken alive out of the lake before it. But we went into a beautiful glen, and to the wicker bridge that is erected for strangers to have a view of the middle lake and the celebrated Turk mountain, which is divided from the mountain by a deep ravine, in a hollow of which the old eagle's nest is built. There is little danger of this kingly bird ever being disturbed in his lofty abode, for the mountain in which he resides is quite perpendicular; and, the base being washed by the waters of the lake, it is impossible to reach it.

After leaving Dynah's Island, the weather became so stormy that we declined visiting the next points of attraction, which are Glenna Cottage, and another beautiful cottage of the Lady Kenmare's, on the same island, which afford much to admire, and which strangers generally visit.

During our sail from Dynah's Isle, past Glenna, our boatman amused us with the various legends of the small islands and rocks that we passed. One, of O'Donoghue, the island huntsman and fisherman, was very amusing; and our intelligent boat master very politely told the elder lady of our party that, if she

would only wear a cock-and-pinched hat, and carry a fishing basket on her back, she would exactly resemble O'Donoghue, whose ghost still plays the hunter on the island, and gives power to the wild deer that he designs for his own sport to escape the toils of every other huntsman, reserving certain walks for himself that no other can track; and, sure, he would have nothing to say to us. I told him that I would shake hands with this great man; if he would only tell me when and where he walked out, I would meet him. Sure and so *you* might, said he; for you carry a four-leaved shamrock about you, and can accomplish all that you undertake. He appeared able to accomplish difficulties, and, I suppose, thought of my arresting his blow, when he paid me the shamrock compliment. It is a general superstition and adage, that those who find a four-leaved shamrock can do anything they please to undertake. I often searched among shamrock, and only found one with a fourth leaf, detached from the other three, but on the same stem.

We had much reason to feel pleased that we did not land at Glenna; for, had we delayed much longer, it would have been impossible to cross the lower lake in such a storm. From some hidden cause beneath, the water of this lake is always more troubled than that of the others; but, in a storm, it is quite terrific to behold, bubbling among the dangerous rocks.

We had not long passed the Cottage Island when our boat began to toss and heave tremendously, sometimes elevated mountains high, and anon sunk between

two uplifted waves that appeared ready to overwhelm it, when again we were suddenly raised above them.

The friends who accompanied me buried their faces in their cloaks, while the grandeur of the strife around me so absorbed every sensation of fear, that, in the admiration, awe, and adoration which I felt, I could only exclaim, "Oh, look! How grand, how sublime! Do look!"

Presently the countenance of the master at the helm became much troubled, and at last he exclaimed in fearful accents, horror depicted on his face, "Row, boys, row for your lives, within an inch of that rock, and through the Grip. Through the Grip," he shrieked. "The white squall, the white squall."

I immediately directed my regards to where he looked in such fearful alarm, and there I saw the white squall riding majestically on the waves, in the direction that our boat should pass. It appeared like an immense volume or mountain of white mist, if possible more than snowy white, it was so brilliant and dazzling in its whiteness, its towering height, and its lightning velocity, as it burst along, rolling round, and round, in cloud-like volumes, till it reached the whirlpool. Here it took another form, as, mingling with the whirlpool at the base that dashed its foaming spray in all directions, it divided itself into lofty pillars, majestically rising at the summit, till they mingled with the mountain mists of various hues, defacing their own pure whiteness by mingling with these and the dark clouds above. Never shall I forget the magnificence of this scene.

I could not help standing up to look at it, and exclaiming, "How grand, how sublime!" but the boatman said, "Brave lady, sit down; you add to our danger by impeding my view." I instantly obeyed, rapt in adoration of the Almighty power who thus proclaimed his energy.

Our boat was compelled to pass at some distance from the whirlpool, just as the white squall mingled with its waters, and the earthquake shock that it received made me look down, expecting to see us floating on the water, or engulfed in its foam, with the splinters around us. But, much to my wonder and admiration, it lived, and, as the boatman said, swam like a fairy through the dangerous Devil's Grip, as it is called, and within an inch of the rock, to have dashed against which must have riven the boat in pieces on its projecting spikes. No boat had ever lived before, he said, that entered the Grip in a storm; but swiftness and skill in braving this great danger saved us from a worse.

During the whole of these wonderful movements in nature, I greatly displeased the ladies that accompanied me, by exclaiming—"Oh, do look here, how sublime—do look there, how grand!" Sometimes I felt so lost in wonder, admiration, and worship, that I was speechless; then again it gave me relief to exclaim, "How noble, how sublime!" Only one of them could I induce sometimes to look up, and view the fearful majesty of the storm. I displeased them all; I wondering at their want of trust in God's providence and mercy, they at what they

were pleased to term my presumptuous daring and defiance of God, to admire and stare in the face a thing so awful—presumptuously not fearing it. I certainly felt no fear, unless wonder, awe, and admiration can be called such. Great was my danger, great was my trust in Providence, and great was my resolute determination to resign myself submissively, if my numbered days were designed by the Almighty to end here; but he providentially held us up, and we landed safely on Ross Island, thence walking to our temporary home a mile distant.

We were drenched with rain and waves, and, sinking with fatigue, were glad to retire, grateful for our preservation; and I for one would willingly encounter an equal danger, to see the power of my Creator so magnificently displayed in any other form or place.

Sportive Stanzas,

ON KILLARNEY AND ITS ECHOES.

In thy vales, Killarney, I wander alone ;
No need of a guide to direct
To thy native wild scenes so powerfully thrown,
Round the lakes' blue deeps that reflect.

If we touch but a cord, or let fall a stone,
An echo replies to the sound ;
And in every inch of landscape is shewn
The finger of God on the ground.

Oh, Killarney ! thy mountains exceed the sublime,
Transcending all beauty thy vales,
And defying the ravage of old father Time
The grandeur that through thee prevails.

I could chaunt of thy lakes, squalls, echoes, and groves,
Resounding thy praise far and wide,
Till every heart's pulse, that wild scenery loves,
Should vibrate on Mangerton's side.

Thy deer hunt so echoes through woodland and vale,
 Inviting all Britain to sport;
 Gully, mountain, and glen might carry the tale,
 Conveying thy message to court.

Oh, Killarney! thy echoes reply so clear,
 No distance too great to convey
 The tale thou design'st for the listening ear,
 Or tradition of olden day.

Thy legends surpass all the tales ever told,
 Bringing miracles forth like a root,
 And, adding a charm to the scenes we behold,
 Are received without check or dispute.

I would traverse once more thy rich teeming vales,
 Replete with so many bright charms;
 But fickle dame Nature to change so prevails,
 My latent desire she disarms.

Never more shall I see thee, to float on thy lakes,
 When, aroused by the bugleman's horn,
 From each ravine and cranny an echo awakes,
 Over scenes that thy mountains adorn.

Farewell, then, Killarney! poor tribute I pay,
 Thy beauties so far transcend praise;
 A poetess only contributes a lay,
 Expressing not half she essays.

Burning of the Ceylon,

ON THE OHIO RIVER,

On board of which the Authoress had a friend, who was saved, but lost
his all in preserving the young lady mentioned in the piece.

'T WAS just such a sweet zephyred eve as this,
When trees gently bend, and leaves softly kiss,
And every sigh that is heard in the breeze
Breathes a sweet lay to the clother of trees,
And every heart clasped in Sorrow's embrace
Finds a soothing charm its sorrows to chase,
Inhaling relief from the eve's warm glow,
And opening its valves, that sorrow may flow
Away from its source to a stream more gay,
Concealed in some glen where turtle-doves play :
Where the balmy fragrance of myrtle grove
Embalms both the tear and the tale of love ;
Where the lily wide opes its pearly cup,
That the wandering bee may sweetly sup,
And every creature is hushed and still
But the murmuring brook and the rippling rill,
Where honey dew falls on the dappled leaves,
And the breast of the skylark gently heaves

As it trills with a sweeter note its lay,
 And warbles the dirge of departing day,
 Soaring aloft in sweet cadence divine,
 To pierce the ether, where stars brightly shine ;
 Or sinking anon, with a quivering shake,
 That in woods and glens sweet echoes awake,
 And startle the nymphs that softly recline,
 And listen to music that seems divine.
 On just such an evening the nightingale sang,
 The groves and the forests with melody rang,
 And every listening ear hopped on
 For a note more heavenly than the one gone.
 The wild glens re-echoed, the groves stood mute,
 And volumes of tones 't were vain to compute
 Rang far and near, when a tempest drew nigh,
 Of startling effect, both on ear and eye ;
 And the harrowing scene, revealed to light,
 Gave to the struck heart a sickening blight.

'T was just such a night, and the revel ran high
 In steam boat that rode on the river hard by.
 Pale Cynthia rose, clouds shrouded her light
 As though she were startled by some foul sprite.
 The revel went on, and each heart was gay,
 Nor did any suspect the lurking prey.
 The dance and the song went merrily round ;
 Each effort pleased best that was the last sound.
 The hours move swiftly when spirits are gay,
 And none are to fear or mistrust a prey.

More social, more pleased, or happy were none,
 Than the few assembled on board the Ceylon,
 For every heart beat responsive to joy,
 And little they dreamed of the coming alloy.

The evening declined, the party retired,
 Fraught with the feelings the revel inspired.
 The mother retired to love and repose,
 And hushed on her bosom her infant's woes;
 Lover, sister, husband, father, and wife
 Sank in sweet sleep, full of pleasure and life;
 And little they recked of the horrid fear
 That creepingly, creepingly, came more near,
 Till sensations of heat beyond compare
 Caused one of the crew to think fire was there.
 He roused up his mates, and they searched below—
 The wild rushing ruin confirmed their woe.
 Fire! fire! madly shrieked the unhappy crew—
 The heart-rending notes like wild-fire flew—
 And all there reposing on Morpheus' breast
 In deadly alarm sprung forth from their rest,
 And paused in their berth with listening ear,
 For a shadow of hope, to check their fear;
 But the vessel reeked in wild flames below,
 And none the hid source of the burning know.
 It gains on the ceiling, the floor, and the deck,
 No time or effort its fury can check.
 In vain they ply pumps, and struggle and rave,
 The ruin extends to the river's wave.

It boils, it hisses, the sparkling wood
 In splinters leaps off into the deep flood ;
 And every loud crack that the vessel gives
 Throws a startling shock to each soul that lives.
 It boils, it hisses, in furious foam ;
 Each half-clad wretch bids farewell to home,
 And utters a heartfelt prayer to God
 To wield with a merciful hand his rod.
 The vessel burns with the river's blue wave,
 Its fierce flaming timbers in vain they lave.
 Save ! oh save ! what a fearful crash was there !
 The mast is fallen—they cry in despair !
 All essay to drown the ship's raging flame,
 And their reckless heed of fortune proclaim.
 The boats were untackled, to save dear life, '
 Urged by father, son, mother, friend, and wife ;
 And every young man in the steamer flew,
 In breathless haste, to assist the crew ;
 And a transient hope, that clung to each breast,
 Soon discovered an anchor on which to rest.

'Mid clash of the elements, the shriek and howl,
 A young seaman descried a water fowl,
 Announcing near land the hovering quail.
 One joyous shout ; but whence that fearful wail ?
 A father rushes forth, with transport wild,
 And cries, Save ! save ! oh, save my drowning child !
 A boiling wave, resolved its prey to claim,
 Too great its force, too levelling its aim,

Had seized the trembling form of one fair maid
 In vain she tried its horrors to evade ;
 It overwhelmed her tender form, too weak,
 And, as she sank, she heard her father's shriek.
 That shriek was heard by one who, standing by,
 Tried hastily some treasured deeds to tie,
 In order that the now-engulphing deep
 Might not entire his future fortunes sweep,
 But in the ready boats take off a few
 Loose treasures with the passengers and crew.
 He heard the shriek, and, true to nature's call,
 To save dear woman's life forsaking all,
 He fearless plunged into the boiling deep,
 And caught her form before the waves could sweep
 Her soul into eternity's dread space.
 He, panting, swam, and won the dangerous race ;
 The steamer sank, o'erwhelmed with flame and flood,
 While he bore up the prize, the waves withstood.
 Clasped tenderly the maid in fond alarm,
 Secure in safety every living charm,
 And gained the boat, that lingering stood to save
 The bold, the beautiful, the fond, the brave ;
 Who, while he rushed into the whelming wave,
 Resolved to win her back, or meet his grave ;
 Clasped firmly in a resolute embrace,
 They mount together on the resting place.

But none had the thought or kindness to save
 The youth's effects from the swallowing wave ;

And the brave bold man, that had rushed for life,
 To support a fair form in the waters' strife,
 And left all his worldly treasures, to save
 Her fragile charms from a watery grave,
 Stood by her side, his looks beaming delight,
 Nor cast one thought on his penniless plight ;
 But fondly gazing on her he had saved,
 Felt he could dare to do more than he braved.
 Well pleased he led to her father's embrace,
 The soft trembling form, and love beaming face ;
 The father received, in gratitude clasped,—
 The hand of her bold preserver he grasped ;
 And swore that he had but to ask a meed,
 'The half that he had should be his in need.

False hearted and feeble the promise made—
 If you need to swear it shall be well paid !
 Ere I finish my tale, I wot we shall see
 That the father forgot the promised fee ;
 And fearfully swerved from the honest pride
 That should ever in grateful hearts reside.
 The boats speed on, while bewildered they stand,
 Who can tell their joy as they leap on land !
 Rescued from death, they make heaven's azure ring
 With joyous shouts to God, their friend and king ;
 And joining voice and hands, with one glad peal,
 Shake from their hearts the overflow they feel ;
 Then sighing, with the spent exhausting shout,
 Mixed tears of joy and sorrow trickled out ;

For life, though treasured, without means to live,
 Has lost one half the joys that life can give ;
 Though wrecked their fortunes, still they clasp with life
 A father, mother, sisters, brothers, wife,
 And faithful friends, long tried in word and deed ;
 Self-sacrificing, one brave friend in need
 Stood there, bereaved of all the wealth he had,
 But the frail shirt in which his limbs were clad,
 His spirit, soaring far too high to weep,
 'Though all his wealth was swallowed by the deep,
 Stood lost in thankfulness that all were saved,
 While blessings on their future life he craved :
 All safe, where once but savage foot had trod,
 They bend the knee in heartfelt prayer to God.

Rising with hope and spirit more resolved,
 Their future prospects one and all revolved ;
 They journey on, the wealthy find a friend,—
 Show that you 've money, many will attend :
 The mercenary ever seek their gain
 By toiling for the prodigal and vain :
 But none were here to tempt to this foul sin,
 'Mong those who nothing have, they nothing win :
 And he, self-dooming, that had wrecked his all,
 Had not one friend on whom to make a call ;
 The wretch that caused the youth his all to stake,
 Did not one offer of assistance make.
 'Though landed on his own, his native strand,
 And wallowing in houses, gold, and land.

Devoid of feeling, though his child was saved,
 All thought of honour to her saviour waved,
 Refused his dross till he applied to friends :
 Nor for his swallowed treasures made amends,
 Nor offered him a sheltering home, till he
 Received the forward funds to set him free.
 No ! he discovered that the man was poor,
 And reckless drove him from his lofty door ;
 Depending all on genius and mind,
 And the fair fame his authorship could find,
 Made him unfit to wed the heiress proud ;
 The father bade him jostle with the crowd ;
 And left the youth to wander as he could,
 And take relief from passengers that would ;
 Nor clothing, food, nor money would he give
 From out his wealth, to help the youth to live.

Unfeeling wretch ! so dead to every tie,
 That teaches man to dread and scorn a lie ;
 So buried in his love of glittering gains,
 That every fresh amount binds fast his chains,
 And steels his soul against another's woe,
 If it require or wish him to forego
 A single ounce of what he treasures most ;
 For which he wanders like a starving ghost,
 Reckless alike of all that others need,
 And lost to all the tender ties that plead
 A purer feeling for another's woe,
 Such as the miser's heart can never know.

Oh for the power to change the stony heart,
 A power the stings of conscience to impart,
 To make the monster miser prone to steal
 A little from his hoards for others' weal ;
 To make him feel that every coin he gains
 Shall clench a link to fasten him in chains ;
 To teach his heart, disposed to slide from woe,
 That nothing earthly can to heaven go :
 To make the hoary headed miser feel,
 That Satan one day shall his hoards reveal ;
 And when he goes, his hidden God to find,
 When near his feast, I suddenly would bind
 A troop of stinging scorpions on his eyes—
 When he surveyed his only treasured prize ;
 And he should feel their fiery darts, till he
 Could see them one by one for ever flee ;
 Nor stretch a hand to save them from the palms
 Of those who gave them to the poor in alms.
 I 'd tie him to a triple-headed stake ;
 Each head should be a vice-consuming snake,
 To plant a sting in every sin that grew,
 And make the venom fester, and renew.
 Whene'er it dared to stand to view revealed,
 I 'd have the sting re-venomed and unhealed ;
 I would have the heart-burning stake to prove
 A cleanser from sin, and a rod of love ;
 And the bands that girt the wretch to its arm
 Hot cords the recreant's heart to alarm,
 To toss and heave it with sorrow and fear,
 Until he shed repentant sinner's tear ;

With humble heart stepped forth to kiss the rod,
 And felt forgiven by an offended God.
 Then would I take the serpent stake away,
 And bid him rise to never ending day ;
 By influence divine thus healed and whole,
 Regenerate alike in heart and soul.

Vines

ADDRESSED TO MISS P——, ON HER DEPARTURE FROM LIVERPOOL,
 TO HER NATIVE LAND, IRELAND.

Since I must now for ever yield
 The pleasing hope to see thee more,
 May angels' wings surround and shield,
 And guide thee safe to Erin's shore.
 I know thou canst not love my home,
 It has no cherished charms for thee,
 But when thy thoughts in absence roam,
 In kindness sometimes think of me.
 Dear though I love my native land,
 And proudly think upon its fame,
 Its soulless pomp cannot command
 From Erin's brighter sons the same.
 Go, get thee home ; that dear loved sound
 Hath bright and heaven-born charms for thee ;
 But yet, when dearer friends surround,
 Think of thy friend, Eliza C——.

The Gipsy's Stolen Bride.

It is now some twenty years or more since a merry, licentious, and wily troop of gipsies encamped in one of the broad, flat, shady lanes that so frequently occur in a country that borders one side of the river Mersey; generally forming a broad line of separation between two or more extensive farms, and the plantations and residences of wealthy gentlemen. This encampment were of a superior class to the generality of wandering vagrants, and the tents were constructed in a style that did credit to the taste of the gang. Some of those, occupied by the upper class, (for even among these tribes there are upper and lower grades,) were carpeted, and even tastefully and elegantly furnished, exhibiting to no small extent both taste and refinement.

Many of the men were artisans, and craftsmen, of no mean order. The women, without exception, one and all, were beautiful, or at least pretty; and their style of dress gave a witching wildness to their appearance, truly original and interesting. All had tinged their skins deeply with the juice of the walnut, but their colour was rosy, brilliant, soft, and natural. Eyes of

every hue were to be found among them; and hair of every colour that gives beauty to the face; this they all platted in very small plats, from the crown to the neck and forehead, which, descending in full length over their shoulders and bust, hung down on some far below the waist; one broad loop was threaded together, and twisted up at each side of the forehead, fastened with a small knot or bow of ribbon to the longer plats at the side, which were allowed to hang over the bosom. This adornment, surrounding the finely chiselled and ruddy features, and the pearly whiteness of their teeth, contrasted with the rich ruby of their lips, the nut brown skin, and sparkling intelligence of countenance, gave an irresistible charm to them all.

Their dress was equally romantic and singular; they wore the little musle-shell bonnets, which shape was then in fashion among ladies, made of straw, and trimmed with ribbon or flowers, or both, according to the taste of the wearer. But the gipsy style of putting it on was more fanciful and gay; placed on one side with an impudent sort of leer, like the hat of a coxcomb or ignoramus, this only gave shantiness to their style. Each wore a small round mantle, with a little hood, which was gracefully thrown over the left shoulder; beneath this was concealed the pack of cards, always carried when abroad, to tell fortunes with; the right arm sustained a small basket of pedlery; the gown was of cotton, muslin, or printed stuff; the superiors wore silk; and a quilted red, black, purple, or yellow petticoat

completed the dress,—the gown being looped up at each side to show it. The men wore short jackets of the sailor kind, except that at the back there was a sort of long frill hanging down, such as is called a jacket when pendent on a ladies riding habit; they wore the pantaloons called tight slacks, grey, black, or brown, according to the taste of the wearer; the waistcoats were purple, scarlet, or yellow plush, in all their shades; with frills round their necks low enough to expose their throat, and descend to the waist; ruffles at the wrists; round slouched hats put on one side, the lowered side flapping over the shoulder, and the other side turned up to show their cluster curls. Such was their holiday, visiting, or gala dress; they all had besides what they called their working rigg.

Among this merry troop of vagabonds, as a matter of course, the most talented, licentious, and jovial was chosen for king or ruler. Unfortunately, he possessed withal a degree of manly beauty most charming to behold; and a suavity of manners that few could resist, when he preferred a petition, either for a donation or permission to ply his magic arts to look into futurity, or rather to turn the brains of young maidens hunting for sweethearts, or excite the various fiery passions of swains who were courting and struggling for fortune, love, or renown. This wily seducer was tall, well formed, athletic, and graceful. He was remarkably handsome, had a large style of Grecian features, deep brown but brilliant complexion, full black eyes, curling

black hair, which he allowed to fall in graceful ringlets over a lace frill of snowy whiteness, put on so as to show his pillar-like throat. His dress, too, in other respects, was neat and trim, yet identifying the gipsy character, and like that of the other men of the tribe, only of superior materials; and he wore a silver star on the left breast. His manners were winning in the extreme, added to a native eloquence of speech, and a bold, commanding address, that made him the idol of his tribe, many of whom were very handsome; indeed, all had some pretensions, but none were to be compared with him; and he was alike the favourite of both men and women. A native politician, he knew how to win the heart of each, and make that heart subservient to his own ambition. Such was the ruler of the tribe.

A short time before the occurrences took place which I am about to relate, and a few days after the first part of the shocking catastrophe had been enacted, I saw this encampment such as I have described it; but going on the last day of their sojourn in the country, they were in one part preparing to unfurl their tents for removal. I saw them to great advantage in their gala dress, partaking their last summer feast in the open air, and conversed with several on their mode of life. They were eloquent in praise of it. One witching sunny beauty, with bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, olive skin, yet ruddy lip and cheek, wearing a scarlet mantle and petticoat, with a deep blue gown, and a wreath of flowers on her hat, exclaimed very pathetically against

the wickedness of people, who, taking advantage of their presence, committed nuisance and robbery, unjustly laying the blame upon them.

I was much struck with the varied beauty of the women, and the graceful deportment of the men, quite as striking as their features and general beauty. The king was pointed out to me. I thought him splendidly handsome, but felt as though the eye of a basilisk was on me while he gazed, for to my mind he looked like a handsome and accomplished villain. He spoke to me most courteously, inviting to the feast; his voice was clear, sweet, and deeply thrilling, but it made my blood run cold. Little did I think he had committed murder but five nights before. One of the women said to me, "Young lady, you turn pale, come this way, you need not fear the men, they will never harm you, for they harm no one. I stayed too short a time to know much of their habits in general, except from the report of others, on whom I could depend; and some of the following incidents were communicated to me, some years after, by a friend of the wretched, broken-hearted father, and a spectator of the last catastrophe related in the poem which accompanies this narrative; the others I knew.

There was among the residences of the surrounding gentry, one which contained a lovely young girl, as rich in beauty and romance, as she was in fortune. She was an only child, and the only treasure of a fond, indulgent, widowed father, who anticipated every wish, and only asked for filial love and confidence in return. Happy

would it have been for this simple minded girl, if the latter had been freely given by her to this fond parent; but no, she did not give it, and was destined to be punished for her want of filial duty.

This lovely girl was seen one day, by the Chief of the gipsy tribe, encamped in the neighbourhood, while taking a solitary walk to meet her father; he was struck with the soft and delicate beauty of her face and form, her graceful carriage, and the timid yet admiring glance that she cast upon him as he passed. He turned and followed till she joined her father, then went another way, but kept them in his eye till they reached their home; this satisfied him for the present.

This was the day on which I saw her first; and as I saw her then, I will describe her. She wore the little gipsy or muscle-shell straw hat; her hair streamed down in graceful and long ringlets, the style being what was called an opera crop; its colour was a bright and glittering chesnut. Her pencilled eyebrow was quite dark; so were her eyelashes; and underneath, such speaking eyes, the deepest shade of the brown hazle. Their penetrating, tender look and vivid lustre was softened by the long and up-turned lash. Her cheeks were rosy; her mouth was like a little opening rosebud; and the teeth were seen as white as snow. Her skin was clear as alabaster, marbled with the pale blue veins meandering beneath; and when she smiled, it was most witching to behold her. Her figure was tall and elegant; her movements graceful, rather light and modish, like her

dress, which was an embroidered satin; and her shawl was tastefully disposed. We moved, and said, Good morning—what a lovely day; a custom then in country lanes, even with strangers. I thought, What a lovely girl!

So thought the gipsy, too. The next day he was at her father's house, to tell the servant maids their fortunes. Young Miss was told that he was there, and she encouraged them. Her maid persuaded her to go, and shew the lines in her own hand. She did: the gipsy trembled while he held it. They were a handsome pair; and both drank deeply of love while they conversed together. Most heartily she laughed, when he told her that the ruler of a little kingdom loved her; and he said that her life would flow in one uninterrupted stream of joy, if she would link her fate with the next handsome man that offered; but, if she dared to refuse, her evil star would gain the ascendancy, and many woes would follow which she might escape, if she would take the next that offered. He was in humble life at present, but born of wealthy parents, who had died while he was yet a child; and fortune had so frowned that he was rather poor, but yet a Commander; and he was honest, good, and handsome. As handsome as yourself? said she. Quite so, my lady. Then I am sure to take him, said the thoughtless girl. These giddy words, so lightly spoken, sealed her doom. He swore within himself that he would live but to subdue her scruples, if her pride should interfere to make her shun him. But, unfor-

tunately for her peace, romance had got the better of her judgment, and almost before she knew who was the handsome lover, she had resolved to give herself, and the independence that an uncle had bequeathed to her; and, by wedding him, restore him to his father's rank—forgetting that, in doing so, she lost her own, by making him her head.

That night denied her any sleep—she thought of this first offer so unceasingly—and, wearied, thought with vain conjectures of who, and how, and when he would appear, to claim his almost willing bride, before his face was known. Then she wondered if he really could be quite as handsome as the gipsy man. She almost wished that he was in disguise, and would turn out to be this ruler; for she hardly dared to own, even to herself, that he lodged in her heart, and so made no effort to dispossess it of its improper inmate. Having led a secluded life, her father being her chief lover, and introduced only to his old friends, she never had been asked in marriage, though lovely, and attractive for her virtues as much as her beauty.

Parents often err in keeping girls too much secluded, instead of allowing them to mingle with the world, and teaching them to use their eyes, and always to reflect on what they see; persuading them to look on men with quite as much composure as on women, yet to keep them at a distance, making this the only difference between them, except what native modesty suggests. The girl, thus tutored, will maintain a steady eye when

men regard her, will look them in the face when she is speaking to them, and rather feel ashamed to blush, than not to blush when in their presence. Thus, having reason always at her elbow to subdue the senses, or conceal them from the vicious eye, no man then, who is not a confirmed libertine and profligate, will daré approach her with a view to taint either her mind or person. She may walk abroad alone, the men she meets will clear a passage for her, and admire her the more that she commands it by her steady grace, without authority, and, smiling on them all, accepts it as her due.

But such was not the tutelage of young Clarinda Malville; motherless from infancy, her kind, fond, widowed father rather fed than restrained her fondness for romances, by teaching her to love his own poetical ideas, and every thing in nature that was gentle, fond, and tender; without an effort to invigorate her mind with firmness, patience, fortitude, and justice. Not a touch of anything that could give sternness to her tone or features did he for a moment try to instil; he never taught her to command—not even gently; in this alone he proved her enemy, for she could not defend herself from evil when he wandered from her side, and she had nothing to shield her from each trifling ill. Poor man, he little anticipated the consequences of his tender folly, or thought his child would ever stain his aged eyes with the briny drops of killing sorrow, that so frequently bedimmed his vision, on account of her folly, disobedience, and base ingratitude.

Such as I have described them were the parent and child, when the gipsies encamped in their neighbourhood, and, by their general good conduct, clever artisan-ship, and comely persons, gained much admiration and employment among the surrounding farmers and gentry; who often came to see their tents and chat among them, and sometimes to contribute and partake their galas, on the eve of any saint's day that they thought propitious. But Mr. Malville never went amongst them; from the first he took a great dislike to them; and had his power been such, he would have had them all removed. He might have had a foresight of the injury that they would do him, from the tremulous anxiety that he evinced to shun them, and to keep his daughter from the scene of action.

Matters went on as usual, except that every day the young Clarinda felt a feverish anxiety to see the handsome gipsy, and succeeded to elude her father's eye, who, nothing suspecting, thought it sufficient to forbid her going near them, lest she might receive some insult. This she thought uncharitable of her father, they being all so kind and gentle. Her father should have known, or remembered, that human nature always craves forbidden fruit; and much better would it have been, when he perceived her childish desire to see more of them, and know something of the gipsy habits, if he had taken her to their encampment, explained their mode of life, as other fathers did, pointed out the specious appearances that cheat and deceive, and explained that

a bright exterior can conceal iniquities from those unread in the deceits of human nature, or too young and inexperienced to know the world. But he neglected or disdained to do so, and thus he lost his child.

Clarinda saw the handsome gipsy every day, and her maid at last, being bribed by him, persuaded her to go one gala night and join the gipsy feast, held at the illumined camp, to celebrate the chief's birthday. She went and saw him,—the king or ruler of the tribe; at once her eyes were opened, and she saw the man she was to choose, thus escaping the fancied ills of life, to rush on real misery. Her heart was lost, and she went on. She danced with him, and loved the fond and tender pressure of his hand. At last he grew so bold as to declare his love. He wooed and won her promise to become his bride, and to conceal the scheme until he could conveniently steal her from her father's home. He kissed her cheek, her brow, her lips, his hand fondly pressing hers.

That very night, the self-same hand let fly the shaft that scattered life, and sank his soul into perdition; while his lips were breathing blasphemy. Oh could she but have seen him, five hours after she retired, her heart would then have spurned its tenant, and ejected it for ever. She would not then have been induced to poison her life, destroy her fame, and rob her fond, kind father of his peace for ever, in this vain world, where it is so much wanted, by eloping with the handsome villain.

Poor man, he little thought she saw the beautiful

enslaver of her heart beneath his roof each night, when he had gone to rest—that he had wooed, and won her promise to elope with him—that his loved child would marry such a man—that he, each night, imprinted kisses on the lips and brow that he had fondly pressed in kind parental feeling, when he retired, believing that his child loved him the dearest. But, alas, her heart was changed, or so divided, that she had not one half to give to filial love. This he could have borne, rejoicing in her love and happiness, had the object been a worthy one; but he was not. What tongue could tell, what pen could write, the woe he felt, when he discovered her elopement. Had she but half confided in her father, as he did in her, she would have told him when the bold gipsy first addressed her, and he might have saved her from such utter ruin. She would then have been spared the pain of seeing the shadowy form, into which her father's once robust, athletic frame, had dwindled; the woe worn look of utter, helpless wretchedness, that had spread itself over a face that once was chiselled into manly beauty, and animated with all the lively, brilliant touches that hope, enjoyment, and internal peace can cause to sparkle in the eyes, rest on the smiling lips, and spread themselves upon the open brow, alas, now wrinkled by the furrowing hand of woe before its time. The once firm tread, that tried to imitate her own elastic youthful spring, when they enjoyed the open air together, now sunk into

a feeble totter, proclaiming that the body shared the mind's unhealthy state, and quailed beneath the burden of its inward strife. And there was such a deep-toned pensiveness and melancholy cadence in his voice, whenever he addressed himself in speech, that nothing but a stony heart could hear it and not feel its depth acutely.

He wandered all alone, avoiding every creature that had life; he even shunned the grove, lest he should hear the nightingale, or spring the warbling lark which they had heard together. Her parrot and canary bird were banished from her neat boudoir, in which he always breakfasted in former happy times. The birds were cherished more than ever, though he did not see them, such were his orders. He walked into the little room where they had breakfasted each day, then in an instant gently crept away, the tear drop in his eye; he could not bear to sit there, when its living light was gone; such was the fond and tender father. Yet she could leave him there, a wreck upon the rocks of shame and woe; and in the whirl of youthful, giddy passion, forget that one, well tried, and not the impassioned lover of an hour, might break his heart, if she forsook him for a man unworthy of her.

Yes, reckless of her rank and fortune, and the great disparity between herself and her lover; forgetting, too, obedience, filial love, and duty, she left her home, to sink into the arms of him, whose life was one of degradation;

though wild, romantic, free, and joyous. But was it holy, pure, and free from fear, or from the scorpion stings of conscience? No.

Her life had hitherto been pure and happy, blessed with loving, kind, indulgent friends, with a father that too fondly loved her, endowed with beauty, fortune, and a settled home enriched with every comfort, where she ruled and wandered free as any bird that carolled in the grove, or picked the crumbs she scattered tenderly abroad, to give them food. Her nature was most gentle, fond, and true, full of sentimental feeling, piety, and hope—a pattern of kind charity. The benefits that she bestowed were graciously awarded, and endeared her to the poor.

The servants loved her too, except the maid that took a bribe to lead her to the gipsy camp. She envied her, because she owned such beauty, rank, and fortune; and, as envy always shelters malice, and the slightest thing provokes it to creep from its hiding-place, to sting all those who see its errors and reprove them, the young should therefore take up caution sooner than they do, and reprove less severely; for malice carries out a sting which, though it may be insignificant, can always do some harm, and should not be provoked; the absence of all good feeling, in the envious and malicious, is in itself a mischief, which spreads whenever it may be called into action. Such an envious creature was the waiting-maid; and she gave ear to a scheme to take her young lady from her happy home, the lady much too

willing to dwell with one who, with an angel's form, possessed in the extreme each attribute that led to the Archangel's fall—ambition, pride, and rivalry.

The villain loved the beauteous girl most ardently; never had such a pure flame possessed his breast. He truly felt that he could leave the world and all his tribe, to dwell with her in some lone dell secure, where rumours of the world had never been, and could not with ease approach. They found this dell, and, except for short excursions, dwelt in it in peace and love two years. But he forgot to change his name.

A jealous rival, left among the tribe that he forsook when he obtained his bride, owed him a grudge, and, after having discovered his retreat, betrayed him to the hands of justice. He had, two years before, and five nights previous to the one on which he stole his beauteous bride, and on the very night that he declared his love and won her promise to be his, and not five hours after he had pressed her lips in ecstasy and love, attacked some travellers on the high road, one of whom resisted bravely, and defended his small property till, in a sudden rage, the gipsy murdered him—the most reckless, though not the first deed of the kind with which his life was stained. This was seen by many of his tribe. The other travellers escaped with only loss of money; and all his fellows were too faithful to their chief and tutor in iniquity to be tempted by the rewards offered for detection.

But this man did, for revenge and jealousy, what his

thief like honour would not let him do. What tongue can tell or pen describe one-half the misery and shame the poor wife's wounded spirit felt, when she thus beheld the man whose beauty, suavity, and manly graces had so captivated and enslaved her young, romantic heart, that she believed him nothing less than angel? What must have been the feelings of that anguished hour, when he was torn from her arms and home, shackled as a felon, and branded with the degrading, fearful name of murderer? Those fond eyes, that formerly had only beamed forth love, beheld him taken from her, to meet the felon's doom which he had so often provoked and yet escaped. In vain she shrieked, implored, protested he was innocent; that she could prove it; he was in her father's house five hours before. Alas! he left her father's house, and printed kisses on her rosy lips, five hours before he did the deed—some fifteen miles or more beyond her house—and *she was in this murderer's embrace, a loving wife, before the week was out.*

How cautious, then, young maids should be, lest specious villainy deceive their inexperienced minds, and cheat them out of purity and virtue. Far better tell their parents all they think and feel, and all the little incidents that happen in their walks. And parents should be cautious never to reprove, but reason with them, on the accidents that may transpire, not quite according to the strictest rule; for, if reproved as though the fault were all their own, they may conceal the next thing that occurs, and thus deprive them of the power

to shield their children from the hidden dangers that assail. This did Clarinda, when her father had reproved her young desire to see more of the gipsies: hence she concealed the whole that henceforth occurred, and broke her father's heart, by leaving him, to dwell with one so *infamous*.

But, when the dreadful event above-related transpired, she wrote to this neglected father, to entreat him to receive his fallen child, and said she now disdained the gipsy's name. She might; but did her heart disdain the man? No: she believed him innocent, and loved him still the more that he was persecuted and belied.

Her father hastened to his child's relief, removed her to her former home, forgave the lovely, cherished penitent, and tried, by fond, indulgent care, to soothe her sorrows. In vain he tried to save her from the horrors of her husband's trial. She persisted, and would go to hear it. There she saw him, chained and handcuffed, and her strength then nearly failed her. She listened to the trial; alternately flushed and pallid, her cheek bespoke the tumult that internally pervaded her. The evidence convicted him. She heard the verdict. I did, too; and never, oh never, shall I forget the fearful shrieks, the peal on peal, that crushed my brain, and rang around, enough to make the court walls totter, when she, in breathless eagerness, enlarged her ear, and bent it to receive the verdict,—*which was, guilty of the murder*. Oh! her shrieks rang through the court, the heart, the

brain of every pitying listener. The killing sentence was pronounced amid the buzz of those who deeply sympathised, and sprang to help the stricken-hearted wife. The last cord that sustained her reason and her life had snapped asunder, and she fell down to the ground quite senseless, yet alive, and only so. I will not any more anticipate, but leave the poem to relate the last catastrophe, and conclude by advising young people always to rely upon their parents for advice and instruction, confidently revealing every thought and hope to them, and carefully avoiding every path in which they cannot invite their parents to join them; and recommending parents to remember that they once were young themselves, and thoughtless, so should lend a patient, lenient ear to their children's little hopes and wishes, and gratify them as far as innocence permits.

The Gipsy's Stolen Bride.

A gay gipsy tribe
Once offered a bribe
To her maid, a lady to bring
To the lumined tents,
To see their events,
And to dance with the gipsy king.

The lady complied,
To the camp she hied,
Well prepared was the gala scene ;
The tents were so gay,
'T was the chief's birthday,
And the lady played gipsy queen.

She danced with the chief ;
To make the tale brief,—
The story at once I'll unfold ;
Ere she could depart,
She had lost her heart,
It was stole by the gipsy bold.

He had seen her before,
 When he went to explore,
 Her father's lands and residence ;
 From the moment he saw—
 Disdaining all law—
 He resolved to steal her from thence.

Her soft ruby lip,
 He felt tempted to sip,
 But he feared—so he pressed her arm ;
 The tender embrace
 She felt no disgrace,
 Nor fled, as she ought, in alarm.

He saw at a glance
 That she felt love's trance ;
 When he gave her his hand to lead,
 And guide her to where
 The dancers prepare,
 He saw fortune smiling indeed.

Before she resumed
 Her seat, he presumed
 To offer his hand and heart ;
 His court was repaid,
 Before he obeyed.
 To allow the maid to depart.

Her words the next day,
 Cause her father to say,
 " My dear, shun the gipsy camp :
 Your beauty might snare
 The men that are there,
 Or take from your path its lamp.

While virtue is thine,
 It will brightly shine ;
 But a breath can sully its flame ;
 Avoid then the snare,
 Nor evil prepare,
 Nor tarnish your father's bright name."

Oh, had she obeyed,
 The fortunate maid
 Had been spared the anguish and pain,
 Of a dreary cot,
 Where honour was not,
 And hope lost, she could never regain

Or had she but told
 Her father, the bold
 Love address of the gipsy man,
 His fondness and care,
 Explaining the snare,
 Would have taught her the risk she ran.

But young Miss was smit,
 With a love lorn fit,
 For a handsome, swart gipsy face ;
 The flame was revealed,
 And the lovers sealed
 Their contract, with lovers' embrace.

They loved each as well,
 For an equal spell
 Enchained him, when first he perceived,
 From the maid's fond glance,
 His love-suit's fair chance ;
 And with transport his bosom heaved.

The treaty was made ;
 They tried to evade
 The vigilant care of her sire ;
 Succeeding so well,
 The tale I shall tell
 Proves vigilance less than desire.

The last gala night,
 She took her bold flight
 From her innocent, happy home ;
 Forgot her sire's prayer,
 Forsook his fond care,
 With vagrants and cheats to roam.

Eloped from this home,
 For some time to roam,
 A rude, wandering gipsy life ;
 Her father declares,
 While he raves and swears,
 He will banish the gipsy wife.

But he cannot deprive,
 Or dead or alive,
 The maid of her uncle's great wealth ;
 And she gave the whole,
 With body and soul,
 To the man she married by stealth.

Then travelling o'er
 Wide lands, to explore
 For a cottage, where love could repose,
 They find a sweet dell,
 Where in peace they dwell ;
 Neither care nor strife to it goes.

Thence sometimes they roam,
 Anon dwell at home,
 And he calls her his day-light star ;
 And thus he would sing,
 As their flight they wing
 To the regions from home afar :

" Thus I wander far,
 With my Daylight Star,
 Beaming full brightly beside me ;
 And no tongue can tell
 My fond heart's proud swell ;
 Now no sorrow can betide me.

" Sipping love at will,
 Joy's bright cup I fill,
 And quaff' its nectar daily ;
 The eyes of my lass
 Are my looking-glass ;
 While I dance the hornpipe gaily.

" And then, I embrace,
 At my table place,
 The loveliest girl in the town ;
 And there we enjoy
 No viands that cloy,
 To the simplest fare we sit down.

" And the eye's bright beam,
 With its holy gleam,
 From the smiling face before me,
 Gives a sweeter grace
 To that happy face,
 And throws a warm sunshine o'er me.

“ In vain they decry,
 And declare that I
 Deserve not the treasure I stole;
 How can words disclose
 My fond love, she knows
 She ’s my life, my love, and my soul.

“ And we wade through life,
 Void of care or strife;
 Nor envy man, or his mother;
 Divide with each man,
 As far as we can,
 And welcome him like a brother.

“ I know not a care,
 Whilst I clasp my fair,
 And soothe her to gentle repose.
 When gone my last sigh,
 May her soul reply,
 And together our eyelids close.

“ Not alone could we live,
 Earth nor heaven could give
 To either, a charm to bind us;
 One in heaven alone,
 The other would groan
 Till death room for both should find us.

" When time to live there,
 We both will prepare,
 To dwell in the same holy spot.
 When one shall expire,
 The other's desire,
 By heaven, shall not be forgot.

" And there when we dwell,
 No language can tell
 The fervour of love we shall feel :
 Our essence divine,
 As stars we will shine,
 In unison ring the same peal.

" In unison bend,
 Through time, without end ;
 Immortal our love and our soul :
 To sing and to dance
 Over heaven's expanse,
 And love, without check or control."

Vain boasting ! as though
 F'rail mortals could know
 The intentions decreed above.
 More bold to provoke
 The terrible stroke,
 That robbed him of life, and of love.

Ah, little they dreamed,
 While happiness beamed,
 Of the cloud that was gathering near;
 He changed not his name,
 Though degraded by fame,
 He a stranger to honour and fear.

So misfortune came,
 Then disgrace and shame,
 The gipsy was tried for his life;
 He had raised his hand,
 When with his fierce band,
 The first murderer in the strife.

His retreat was sought,
 The gipsy was caught,
 By a villain, resolved to snare;
 By the chief was seen,
 Who disdained to screen;
 This lion was tracked to his lair.

He lurked near the dell,
 Where he saw them dwell,
 In tranquillity, love, and joy;
 And went to betray
 The following day,
 For he swore their peace to destroy.

And succeeded too well,
 The sequel will tell,
 It discloses Clarinda's woe ;
 Nor her lovely face,
 Her virtues and grace,
 Could soften the heart of their foe.

The villain betrayed ;
 With revenge he paid
 This chief, for a hasty blow ;
 Though he scorned a bribe,
 Was true to his tribe,
 Revenge he would not forego.

No, he loved her too,
 And swore she should rue
 The day she became a fond bride
 To his rival foe ;
 He laughed at her woe,
 When her love was torn from her side.

Oh, fearful the woe,
 When the officers go,
 To the home of the gipsy wife ;
 For the maid ne'er sped,
 Of the life he led,
 Before she became his for life.

The shock was profound,
 She fell to the ground,
 And her heart strings then snapp'd in twain,
 That bound her to life,
 Had made her the wife
 Of her vagabond gipsy swain.

And misery now
 Clouds the fond wife's brow ;
 Her folly is fully revealed ;
 She sees at a glance
 That love is a trance,
 That degrades, if it need be concealed.

But what words can tell
 The wonderful spell,
 That gives blindness to love-lorn maids ;
 Unless it can be,
 That Cupid can see,
 And cool reason always evades.

Then, maidens, beware,
 And for ever take care,
 To shun all clandestine amours :
 On parents rely,
 The best friends to try,
 When any perplexity 's yours.

If orphans—beware,
 And for ever take care,
 To call on your reason to guide ;
 And then you may see,
 To shun, or to flee,
 Whatever misfortune betide.

Had Clara revealed,
 And nothing concealed
 Of the bold entreaties she had ;
 Her father might then
 Have shielded her, when
 She was choosing a fate so sad.

She never need then
 Have taken her pen,
 To write of her shame, and implore—
 That if he were dead,
 From the scaffold led,
 Her father would open his door,—

To take her once more,
 And throw a veil o'er
 The folly that brought her to shame ;
 Nor speak of the love,
 All others above,
 Now she scorned the gipsy's name.

Her father made haste,
 And with pity embraced,
 His poor penitent, fallen child ;
 Though feeling her shame,
 Was too fond to blame
 Her, for choosing a life so wild.

To shelter her woe,
 His pride could forego
 The punishment due to her crime ;
 He hoped that his care,
 And a life of prayer,
 Might soften her sorrows in time.

Her father received,
 And fondly believed,
 She no longer loved the vile man ;
 But the sequel told,
 To all will unfold
 That love's flame requires not a fan.

Oh, pitiful case,
 To read in her face
 The deep woe her fond heart could feel ;
 She thought, love had fled ;
 That she felt only dread
 Of the trial, and law appeal.

It lingers in spite,
 Of disgrace and blight,
 And clings to the fond one ever ;
 No sorrow can drench,
 No dishonour quench,
 Forgetting the feeling never.

'T was so with the wife,
 She, not for dear life,
 Could forsake the one she adored :
 'T was in vain to strive
 His image to drive,
 Reason, sire, shame, vainly implored.

In vain she applies,
 To heaven's Ruler flies,
 To petition his aid, and care :
 But no hope ensnares,
 Or omen declares,
 If he hears, and answers her prayer.

The spirit not right,
 The prayer to indite,
 No answer descends from above ;
 Till the spirit range,
 And make an exchange,
 Of heavenly, for earthly love.

The sad hour draws nigh,
 And friends in vain try
 To persuade her the trial to shun ;
 But her heart beat still
 With memory's thrill,
 And a hope that his hand had not done

The terrible stain,
 For which they arraign.
 The still loved one, that claimed her breast,
 Before her he stands,
 The chains on those hands,
 That erst she so tenderly pressed.

Oh, fearful to think,
 That he stands on the brink
 Of a felon's unhallowed grave.
 The trial all done,
 Death, the verdict gone ;
 No evidence there to save.

Oh, that fearful shriek,
 No tongue can speak ;
 Astounding the court with its sound.
 Or the peal on peal,
 The stagger, the reel,
 Before she fell down to the ground.

Her friends raised her up,
 But the poisoned cup
 O'erwhelmed, with its torturing smart ;
 They convey her home,
 But her thoughts still roam
 To the verdict, that broke her heart.

There speechless she lay,
 Day following day,
 Few signs of breath, reason, or life ;
 Till that to decide
 How the gipsy died,
 Then uprose the pale gipsy wife.

To the scaffold sped,
 Her reason had fled ;
 There she beheld him suspended.
 Her reason returned,
 Her anguish so burned,
 Her sorrows on earth there ended.

She caught his last sigh,
 And, prepared to die,
 Her spirit responded his call.
 One fond tender glance,
 The last of love's trance,
 She expired, as the drop let fall.

Their spirits advance,
 Her's loses love's trance,
 And receding, flies up to heaven ;
 And Christians can tell,
 His descending to hell,
 To see her far off, had power given.

'T was thus they expired,
 As he had desired,
 The eyes of both closing together ;
 But if *he* might dwell,
 In heaven or hell,
 The bold villain asked not whether.

Her father declined,
 For no longer shined
 The bright beam of joy on his home.
 He shunned every walk,
 Where they loved to talk,
 And in evening's soft twilight roam.

The neighbours all sigh,
 When they meet his eye,
 And they drop the pitying tear :
 But none e'er presume
 To speak of the doom,
 That had made his mansion so drear.

But one month was gone,
 When his soul sped on,
 To dwell with the child of his love ;
 He sank in his grave,
 No fond hand to lave,
 'The fevered brain, flying above.

'The mind's eye may see,
 The state of the three,—
 Re-united father and child ;
 'The gipsy afar
 From his Daylight Star,
 In endless flames, frantic and wild.

MORAL.

Young ladies, believe,
 'This warning receive,
 Fly from love that cannot be told.
 Disclose every snare
 To parents' fond care,
 Lest your life, and life's peace, be sold.

Avoid all you can
 The siren-tongued man,
 For such in this world oft appear.
 Should fortune not smile,
 The heart free from guile
 Has no shame, nor dishonour, to fear.

Introductory to Pines,

Written after dreaming that a young lady had swerved from propriety and integrity; the first six lines a part of the dream.

It will perhaps not be uninteresting to the reader to state one little incident in the dream, and a few circumstances which preceded, and followed it. I thought that after my young friend, with whom I had been intimate from childhood, had swerved from the modesty and sanctity of her virtue, I had, in the fever of my anger, grief, and disgust at her disregard of honour, fame, family, morality, and all the bright precepts inculcated by her education, flown to her album, which was then in my possession, and tearing out the leaves upon which, at her request, I had written several poems, I then wrote upon the next blank leaf the first six lines of the poem, which I now present for the benefit of my young readers. When I awoke in the morning, I wrote these six lines, from the recollection of my dream; the first word "farewell" in very large letters, as I supposed I had written it in the book belonging to her.

During that day I continued the piece to the length that it now is, in order that I might lay it before her,

as a landmark to preserve her footsteps from this gloomy path of sin; for I feared, from many circumstances that were then in existence, that the vision in my dream was, perchance, only too prophetic of what might happen.

She had only a short time before, in confidence, communicated to me, that the passion she had conceived for the gentleman in question was so uncontrollable, that if he did not make her an offer of marriage, she was determined to offer herself to him. I earnestly remonstrated on the danger, folly, and impropriety of such a scheme. Though many years older than myself, she asked my advice invariably on all important occasions, and particularly on this. How should she act? Wait, said I, till he asks you to marry him; he pays you great attention, and seems inclined to offer to you. In the meantime, avoid even the most transient glance, or indication that you love him. I have seen enough of the man to believe it would only excite his vanity, and make him tantalise you; or perhaps it might induce him to insult you. We long argued, she for the scheme, I against it; she had hoped for my assistance, I told her that it never should be her's in such a course of action. But, fearing that she might commit the indelicacy she premeditated, I promised, the first opportunity, to speak of her to him, and try to ascertain if he had any real *penchant* for her; and, in the conclusion of our argument, I candidly declared to her, that if she let me

know the day on which she made her own indiscreet and indelicate overture, I would make it the date on which our intimacy should subside for ever; and again I exhorted her to wait patiently, hoping that her personal attractions, lively spirit, real natural talents, and accomplishments might win him in the end for a husband. His rank and talents were certainly greater than hers; but, as he was very intimate with her family, I did hope she might obtain him; though he knew that she was a desperate coquette. Time rolled on, and for some time I saw neither of them. When I next saw her, I had dreamed, and written the lines which follow. I told her all my dream and vision, presenting her with the writing. She read, and wept most bitterly over it,—acknowledged her first step in iniquity and folly, just about the time of my dream. She knelt down, and made a solemn vow to resist all repetition of her crime; and demanded my pledged word to conceal all that I knew of it from her confession. This was readily granted; for I both loved her for her redeeming qualities, and pitied her; and I believe she faithfully kept her vow. She married another, who was worthy of a better wife. Our intimacy, some time after her marriage, subsided for ever, because I doubted her again; I fear with truth. Her death was a most lamentable one, and her afflictions great, before the hand of death had mowed her down in penitence, I hope. I never saw her by any chance, after our acquaintance once ended.

FAREWELL, from heretofore thy friend.
 But our long friendship now must end :
 While virtue stood, the gift was mine
 To overlook each fault of thine ;
 While virtue stood, I thought all fair,
 That flown, adieu to thee for e'er.

Yet not so rash, but let me pause,
 My heart's warm feelings plead thy cause ;
 Ere yet I bid adieu to thee,
 Some friendly hints receive from me.
 Though now, misled by selfish man,
 Thy downward course is but began,
 Arrest that course, nor dare to run
 A race, 't were madness not to shun,
 Though steep the hill to re-ascend ;
 Make one bold start to gain thy end ;
 What though thou stumble in the way,
 There 's One will raise thee, if thou 'lt pray
 With heart to him, to give thee grace,
 To make retreat from such foul race.
 Ah, when the summit thou hast won,
 What joy to think thy task is done ;
 It will be done, if thou wilt try
 To gain that summit, though so high ;
 Oh let me hope that you will seek,
 From Him who doth sustain the weak,

The aid which he will give to thee,
 If contrite when thou makest thy plea ;
 Repentance' tear present to one,
 To whom all secret thoughts are known ;
 Depend that his acceptance will
 Thy contrite heart with gladness fill ;
 He will assist thee to forbear
 To sink still deeper in the snare ;
 What though his wrath your wounds may probe,
 When you put on religion's robe,
 He will receive you for his own ;
 And well you know, more joy is known
 In heaven, o'er one repentant soul,
 Than thousands righteous in the whole.
 He 'll aid thee to sustain thy part,
 When pointed finger galls thine heart ;
 Humility will teach to thee,
 Nor bid thee from the scoffer flee.

Forbear to shrink from worldlings' scorn,
 Reflect, 't is just, now that thou 'rt shorn
 Of brightest gem, that woman can
 Unthinkingly yield up to man :
 'T will teach thee to look back, and say,
 How much more bright was virtue's way ;
 Though scorned by those who greatly sin,
 The custom rules, that they walk in
 This world's rude customs must be trod ;
 Nor good unto the wicked nod ;

For lofty mind, 't is hard to look,
 Yet who gives more than pity's look,
 To one whom frailty calls her own ;
 Whose inward yearnings are not known ?
 What though thine heart repents of sin,
 Know those who pass thee what 's within ;
 E'en though myself for thee would pray,
 If met by thee, I dare not stay ;
 Lest doing so the contact might,
 Not heart, but reputation blight ;
 For Scripture warns, and by its rule
 All will be governed, but the fool.
 Approach not pitch, lest you should gain
 A filth spot you may e'er retain ;
 For those who evil concert keep,
 Are for lost manners prone to weep.

Thence, shunned by those who might persuade
 Satan's allurements to evade,
 I pray that you yourself will rouse,
 And try your own cause to espouse ;
 Plead unto God for strength, to win
 A heart resolved no more to sin ;
 And let your light so shine 'fore man,
 That he no more will dare to fan
 The hidden flame that lights to sin,
 But let thee smother it within ;
 Nor bid thee longer run a race,
 'To overwhelm thee with disgrace ;

Move on to gain such high degree,
 Then will nought earthly make you flee
 Again from virtue; God's right hand
 Will aid you, when you take your stand
 'Mong those who walk in wisdom's way,
 And unto Him thanksgiving pay;
 Who seek by Jesus' blood to gain
 Redemption from the sins that stain
 Their souls, and render them unfit,
 But for his ransom, e'er to sit
 Within that holy, resting place,
 Ordained for those who seek his face.

May you be one 'mong those who try
 Unto this blessed abode to fly;
 Oh then, dear girl, give sign to me,
 And I will quickly haste to thee;
 With open arms I will receive
 The fallen one—who doth retrieve
 One dark foul sin, by making haste
 Repentance' privilege to taste.
 When cleansed by God's redeeming love,
 The truly good will ne'er reprove;
 But lift thee on a rock to shine,
 Remodelled by the light divine;
 'Then anywhere with thee I 'll stand,
 And every where present my hand.
 Oh let me hope that, tired of sin,
 You will at once new life begin;

Think on the joys that you will lose.
 If you should carnal love still choose ;
 Think on the scoffs, rebuffs, and scourge,
 That foul iniquity doth forge ;
 The consciousness of doing ill,
 I hope, ere long, thy mind will fill ;
 For conscience cannot long lie still ;
 It must awake, then let it now
 Arouse thee unto God to bow ;
 Think on the joy thy life did yield,
 When thou hadst virtue for thy shield ;
 Can you resign the hope to gain
 That joy's renewal—freed from pain
 Of conscious guilt's remorseless sting ?
 Ah no, arouse thee, haste to fling
 Away this vile corroding sin ;
 A welcome from true friends to win.

But lest I urge with little force,
 And thou shouldst still run on thy course,
 I will endeavour to appal,
 By painting life of those who fall ;
 And surely thou wilt shrink from lot,
 Which pleasure, joy, or good hath not.

The frailest fair, men slowly win ;
 To hush the monitor within,
 In vain he tries to make her tread
 In folly's steps, until misled—

By vain desire, to captivate
 The senses, rather than create
 That holy feeling of pure love,
 Which always seeks its strength to prove,
 By drawing off, per gentle force,
 Weak woman's mind from error's course :
 In vain he tries to make her swerve,
 Integrity she will preserve ;
 Till vanity o'erclouds her soul,
 Her virtue she may yet keep whole.

Woman, by vanity misled,
 Will soon on brink of ruin tread ;
 Man flatters, woman to beguile ;
 She feels he loves her all the while,
 And starts not at the flatterer's voice,
 But vainly thinks she 's his soul's choise ;
 Ah, could she look beneath the snare,
 Which his fond wiles for her prepare,
 Her passion sure would pause, nor leap
 Into a stream so foul, so deep ;
 Yet, having rushed into the tide,
 Behold her then, with fallen pride ;
 Her haggard looks bespeak that she
 Would give up worlds, if she could be
 Relieved from burning pangs within,
 Engendered by her life of sin ;
 We see upon her livid face,
 The ravage made by deep disgrace ;

In vain she tries to gain relief
 From those who overlook her grief.
 Wearied of sin, she would forego
 Its once thought joy ; oh did she know
 Of any means, by which she could
 Sustain herself among the good !
 But none will trust, none dare take in,
 A fallen sister—'mersed in sin ;
 Too many think that they display
 Their virtue, if they thrust away
 The poor lorn penitent. For why ?
 They have too delicate an eye
 To let it beam on the impure ;
 Even not internally, too sure
 That they themselves are pure within ;
 Severity they hope will win
 Belief that they are free from sin :
 For this refuse to take her in,
 To shelter, feed, and from sin free
 The heart that bleeds, and yearns to see
 The flowery path again she trod,
 Before she lost faith, hope, and God.

Refused a place among the good,
 She must do something for her food ;
 Now shorn of all her youthful bloom,
 By vainest arts she would resume
 Appearance of a healthful state,
 Which her sunk eyeballs dissipate.

Now loathed by those, who taught her how
 Unto their bold desires to bow ;
 Sunk deeper still, she shuns the pangs
 Inflicted by scorn's poisoned fangs ;
 With liquids, that give sleep to sense,
 But, when awoke, render more dense
 The wounding dart hurled at her pride,
 When spurned from her seducer's side ;
 For boldest Libertine can scorn
 The woman that 's of honour shorn ;
 And leave her to a shameful fate,
 Whom they reduce to loathsome state :
 And such, too oft, weak frail ones own,
 Once among spotless women known ;
 But, falling on the fowler's snare,
 Their liberty and plumage fair
 Are changed for infamy, despair,
 And all the woes attendant on
 The victim, whose pure life is gone.

Behold her then, bereaved of all
 The baubles that bedecked her fall ;
 Lean famine in her sunken eye,
 Pale with disease, and near to die ;
 None to support her aching head,
 None to surround her dying bed,
 No tear of love or pity shed.
 A filthy cellar her retreat,
 No sympathetic friend to greet,

With tender look, her languid eye.
 Alone she lives, alone may die.
 Not she reposed on softest down,
 To her such comfort is not known ;
 On withered straw the lost one lies.
 Offended God but hears her sighs ;
 Forgive her, God, before she dies.

Ah let me hope, now that I 've shewn
 The life of one to Satan known,
 That thou wilt rise above the snare,
 Which thy seducer doth prepare ;
 Spurn from your heart the man who dares
 To trammel you with guilt's rude cares ;
 And let him see that you can shun
 The wretch by whom you were undone.
 Hence be resolved to win pure fame,
 God gives who ask in Jesus' name ;
 Let me not doubt that thou wilt try
 From foul iniquity to fly ;
 Nor doubt that thou wilt quickly haste,
 Repentant sinner's joys to taste ;
 Yon heaven is open to receive
 All those who pray, repent, believe.

Professional Letter

TO A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN, ON A PROFESSIONAL
SUBJECT.

LIVERPOOL, DECEMBER 18TH, 1837.

To Richard P——, Esq.

SIR,—Previous to presenting to your immediate view the subject upon which I wish to consult you, I feel it necessary to entreat that you will not impetuously dismiss or shrink from the perusal of a cause which, perhaps, should rather appear before a Court of Equity, or, at least, before one who understands how to uphold and practise, unremittingly, an equitable distribution of justice.

But I wish to consult a professional man; therefore, can I do better than consult you—you who profess to understand the laws of God, and to govern yourself by His dictates—you who profess to understand the laws of man, and professionally and conscientiously dictate them to others—you who profess to understand the duties of a Christian, and to practise those duties both openly and secretly—you who profess to love your neighbour as yourself, and to withhold from none that which is his or her due—you who profess to love virtue for

virtue's sake, and to cultivate and practise its adorning righteousness, all for the glory of God? Thus being, in every sense of the word, a professional man—and truly as Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man—therefore I appoint thee judge over the following cause, hoping that a reviving principle of justice will wring from thee a verdict like my own.

But, forbearing other preface, let me open the cause. In the 37th year of the 19th century, a certain professional gentleman, whom, for brevity's sake, I shall call Mr. P, obtained an introduction to a young lady of pleasing appearance, agreeable manners, and unquestionable talents. The gentleman himself was not very prepossessing in his appearance; but this amiable young lady (believing him to be really in possession of virtue, and the principles of Christianity which he professed, unadvisedly gave him her warmest affections, and at the same time not doubting, as he protested, that she was fully invested with his unalienable love,) accepted his offered hand.

When he had pledged himself to become her husband, he, like any honourable man, *appeared* to consider himself as firmly bound to the lady and her family as though the church had blessed him, and the nuptial knot were really tied. But, as a drawback on his honour, or rather his respectability, he made her father's house his home, in so much that he nearly obtained the whole of his support gratuitously. Their intended union was confidently and publicly spoken of by the friends of

both parties, and the lovely scenes of Aberystwyth chosen for the witness of their honeymoon felicity.

But let me pause in my tale, and utter such reflections as the subject prompts, and my nature will not suffer me to bury unrevealed. Oh, honour! whither art thou flown? Why is it that thou canst not attain possession of the breast of man, and there eternally hold counsel and preserve thy station? But no! Thou art become as fleeting, variable, and insignificant as the wisest resolves of vacillating and perfidious man; for no sooner has he ingratiated himself into favour, and too confiding, trustful woman surrenders to him her heart, than he, presumptuously forgetting his own unworthiness, feels tempted to resign the boon within his grasp, vainly hoping that, as he has but too easily won the love of one in every respect his superior, another perhaps, more wealthy, but equally worthy and susceptible, may be in reserve for him. But beware, vain man, and dare not to think that, when thy disgraceful dereliction of honour is published, that it will be in thy power to dupe another by thy false idolatry; for rest assured that *meanness, falsehood, ingratitude, and cowardice* are not the attributes which allure and captivate the senses of *too, too* credulous, but virtuous woman.

But I must endeavour to suppress all inclination to digress, and continue a representation of the cause in view. Matters were going on as above displayed, when, lo! the gentleman presents himself, mentioning the receipt of letters from the chief members of his family,

expressing disapprobation of the intended union, because the lady had no fortune—wholly overlooking the little pretension he had to claim the privilege of proposing himself as a suitor to a lady of fortune; a man past the bloom of life, confirmed in the selfish, sordid, and unsocial habits of a bachelor, and not even possessing the equivalent of a handsome revenue from his profession. The wealthy uncle threatened to withdraw his favour, in the shape of money lent as mortgage on his little property; no doubt fearing that, if the nephew married, his mother and sister whom he supported would naturally prefer their claim on him (the uncle.)

But the action most destitute of honour, (that ennobling quality which properly belongs to every moral man,) and of which I most complain, is, that after he had disregarded the remonstrances of his friends, and continued his addresses another year, living the whole time upon the young lady's family, she having consented to await the fulfilment of his matrimonial engagement until, as he termed it, he could see his way clear, or, rather, procure the means of rendering himself independent of his sordid relatives. He, without assigning any other reason than the formerly-expressed disapprobation of his friends, cruelly and abruptly severed himself from the society of his betrothed, intimating to her that he declined all future visits, in a cold, unfeeling, calculating, and I may with truth say, cowardly letter; for he has since declared that the sentiments which he wrote were not his own, but such as were dictated to him by

his female relatives. They were, no doubt, some vinegar-faced, antiquated virgins, who felt a demon-like pleasure in depriving a more amiable one of their sex of those delights which they vainly endeavoured to procure for themselves, their envenomed and illiberal hearts rendering their souls unfit for the pure felicity engendered by domestic duties and enjoyments.

I am partially unacquainted with the nature of what passed between the uncle and nephew, except from his relation of what the uncle said; and refer it to your judgment whether the arguments adduced by the nephew, in the following dialogue, convey not to the mind such sentiments as every honourable and feeling-minded man ought to utter under similar circumstances:—

Uncle.—I feel somewhat uneasy, Nephew, at a report which has recently been communicated to me. I am informed that you still continue your addresses to the portionless young lady of whom we all so much disapprove, and refer myself to you for a confirmation or disapproval of its truth?

Nephew.—Sir, I plead guilty to the accusation; for, having made an unequivocal offer of my hand previous to my knowledge of your disapproval, and the young lady not being willing to resign me, I feel as much bound in honour to fulfil the pledge as though your voice did not dissent. I cannot conscientiously withdraw myself; therefore, I will not.

Uncle.—I presume you are aware of the consequences which must result, of the poverty which you will entail

upon yourselves, if you persist in your foolish determination to marry without our consent, my favour and money withdrawn from you, and the displeasure of your whole family to contend with. Under such circumstances, pray, tell me how you will be able to support a wife, in such style as will maintain your credit in the world, and not derogate from our family respectability?

Nephew.—Sir, when I proposed to marry, I did hope that you would have continued your favour; and then, with it, and the profits of my profession, I might be able to support my mother, sister, and wife respectably. But, if you obstinately persist in withdrawing my capital, though the deeds are very expensive, I must, as my property is equally as valuable now as formerly, procure another mortgage, to refund your money; and, my profession yielding me too little for the support of many, as my brother is much more wealthy than myself, my sister's future maintenance must naturally devolve upon him; and you, my wealthy uncle, can have no objection to support your sister, my mother, until fortune so smiles upon me that I may again enjoy the pleasure of performing my filial and fraternal duties. Rest assured I will never marry a woman who will be likely to object to the performance of those duties, when my finances will permit. Such is not the one whom I have chosen—whom, from the hour that I proposed myself and enjoyed her acceptance, I have looked upon as my own; and remember, sir, that even scripture bids us to leave father and mother, house and home, and cleave unto the wife.

Every law, both of God and man, forbids the desertion that you propose. Had she wealth, she would bestow it upon me; and since she is willing to risk the encounter of poverty with me, I shall marry her, and endeavour, by my laudable exertions in business, to preserve her from it. I shall feel truly sorry to excite displeasure in my family, but hope that their own reflections on the justice of my conduct will appease them. Surely, at my time of life, I may be allowed to distinguish that which is most likely to promote my own happiness.

Uncle.—I have hardly had patience to hear you express such silly, romantic notions. Your most proper line of conduct, at present, is to break off your engagement to marry, and continue the performance of your other duties, which you must not expect any one else to fulfil for you.

Nephew.—Impossible, sir. How can I consent to destroy my own esteem, and forfeit that of every good person? For who would love or respect me, when justly branded with the vile names of coward, false pretender, and deserter?

Uncle.—Nonsense: nothing is more common than for men to break such vows without losing the good opinion of the world; and do you seek your fortune by uniting yourself to wealth, and even ugliness, rather than persist in your intended folly.

Nephew.—Forbear, sir. I owe you much respect, and would not wish to lessen it. I thought you had

more respect for the honour of your family than to propose such unworthy conduct to your nephew.

Uncle.—Well, then, dismiss your intention for the present. You can renew your engagement at some future period, if you remain in the same mind.

Nephew.—And how could I, with any confidence or hope of success, propose myself again to one whom I had so unjustly treated? No! Were I the ill-used lady, I would spurn him as a poisonous reptile, even while a humble suppliant at my feet for pardon, and disdain to link my fate with such a worthless hypoerite. But forgive me, sir, I must beg leave to decline a continuance of this discussion. You know my determination, and I rely upon your generosity to disarm your displeasure.

Now, tell me, sir, whether the nephew, in acting contrary to the sentiments above-inserted, is not as, according to my verdict, guilty of all the debasing qualities which I have imputed to him, and truly deserves the sentence of banishment from the society of the good until he reforms his principles?

*From a Friend to Truth and Honest Integrity, but a Despiser
of Meanness, Falschood, Cowardice, and Hypoerisy.*

Excursion.

A short and interesting excursion to the Killarney tunnel, thence to the Turk Waterfall, and to Mucruss Abbey, concluding with a short history of the penitent hermit, who, for thirty-seven years, lived in solitude there, doing penance for one dreadful crime.

I and the ladies with whom I travelled, to take a survey of the beautiful scenes of Killarney, chose a lovely morning, near the end of July, and set out on an excursion to the Tunnel, intending likewise to visit the Turk Waterfall, and Mucruss Abbey, and to travel a few miles further on the Kenmare road; thus proposing to ourselves a whole day's feast of contemplation, wonder, and delight; and, happily, we succeeded to the full extent of our wishes.

In the early part of our drive we passed the Turk Waterfall, and Mucruss Abbey, but deferred entering the avenue to either until our return; and proceeded to the Tunnel, through scenes of the most beautiful description, charming glens, hills, and dales, planted by the hand of nature, in every variety of form. The spruce, scotch, larch, and alpine firs gave grace and beauty to the ridges of the mountains, also the juniper, the smooth leaved olive, and the fruitful arbutus, of which so many finely inlaid ornaments and useful articles are made.

The arbutus wood, in trunk, root, and branch, exhibits so many beautiful grains, that the entire can be used in decorative boxes and furniture; it admits of a splendid polish.

Some of these arbutus trees had here sprung up spontaneously underneath the rocks, piercing the stone with their young fibres, and growing into bulk without any appearance of soil near them; indeed, few of them had earth to rest upon. The bases of the mountains are beautifully planted, and every variety of verdant foliage hangs from towering rocks, which run up the sides of the mountains, and rest there, as it were suspended to threaten those who venture underneath them.

Here and there the road on which we travelled was cut through groves and woods, containing trees of uncommon magnitude and beauty. Our drive on the borders of the Flesk river contained, in its landscapes, innumerable touches of beauty, and much of sublimity in mountain scenery was opened to our view.

In the distance, some of the mountains appeared like solid rocks, of the deepest purple hue, a frequent feature in the charming scenes of Killarney; to describe the majesty and beauty of which I feel my pen inadequate, as it would be impossible to call up their enchantment to the mind's eye, or infuse my own feelings on beholding them, into the heart, without the external visual organ to assist me.

Leaving the scenes of the Flesk river, we proceeded

to the Black Valley—more properly would it be called the Green Valley, only for the black dingy hills at a distance. The valley itself contains not a foot that is not clothed with varied creeping heaths and mosses, verdure of every tint, and foliage of every emerald hue, from the most delicate to the deepest; its innumerable beauties almost stunned me, with their brilliancy and magnitude. The black water range of mountains is seen from various openings in this valley, with views of the middle lake, which is extensive.

Riding about two or three miles further, through scenes of the same character, and equal beauty, we halted, to return; highly pleased with every inch of our excursion, so far. We little expected to see anything more sublime than what we had already beheld, but the Tunnel, which is hewn through a solid rock, of prodigious height and bulk, appears a master-piece of nature, assisted by art, but deriving its greatest advantages and beauty from the position it holds in the landscape, and the extensive views which the summit commands. To my own astonishment, and of my companions, I accomplished the ascent to the top of the Tunnel, at the risk of my neck. I made a slip on one of the sloping rocks, but, fortunately, I had previously planted my crutch in a small hollow of the rock, and holding fast to the carman's arm, the two suspended me, or I must have been precipitated from top to bottom. God spared me this calamity, and I, after viewing the prospects from the

summit, proceeded in safety to the Turk Waterfall, through a lovely glen, into which we could not take our conveyance, therefore we walked through its beautiful windings, almost speechless with admiration.

Here the graceful Alpine fir exhibited a delicacy, in its tints and shades, that I had never seen before; it formed a sort of hedge-row up one side of the glen, hanging in long flowing pendants, or graceful festoons, over a variety of shrubs below, and underneath these the wild strawberry, heaths, and mosses of every description grew; among which the pink and yellow dog-star prevailed. The whole gradually rose in a gentle ascent, until it reached the rock, from which this magnificent waterfall cast its brilliant spray and foam. For a moment, I was absolutely struck dumb, on seeing this fall, never having seen one before. It looked so splendidly wild, so rapidly streaming, in six pillar like currents, down the solid rock, which, nearer the base than the centre, formed a broad shelf, on which the currents mingle: dashing about their spray, and dividing into three streams, they rush down to the bottom, and bubble among the huge stones which form a channel down the glen, and are rendered smooth by the constant friction of the beating waters. We sat for some time, contemplating this small wonderwork of the Almighty, until stunned and dazzled by the noise and spray.

Turning to the other side of the glen, we discovered a small deer-track, which ran up the side of the moun-

tain; and, though it had evidently never been trodden by any but the branchy-headed monarch of the mountain glen, we determined to trace it to the end.

Accordingly we pursued it up the side of the mountain, until we reached a very high shelf, but not the summit, though much higher than the Turk waterfall. The prospects from this point were magnificent. This elevated shelf had evidently never been trod before by any human foot, it being alone the wild deer's territory.

We proceeded a little farther and higher, and discovered another waterfall, with which the people of Killarney appeared, on inquiry, to be quite unacquainted. It dashed from a great height in the mountain, and flowed along a deep ledge towards the Turk fall. We conjectured it to be the source of this large fall; but our fatigue was so great that we did not explore beyond this point, having yet to visit the Abbey, to which we proceeded through a noble park, in the centre of which it is situated.

I believe that Mucruss Abbey is one of the finest ruins in the kingdom. Every remaining portion is in a perfect state of preservation. Some of the monuments are very fine and perfect. The cloisters are entire, and surround the court-yard, in the centre of which stands a noble yew tree, which was planted in the year 1000, we were told, which is the year in which the Abbey was built. The trunk of this tree is nine feet in circumference at the base, and thirteen where the branches begin to

spread from it, which was not till it had towered the height of the court walls—at least the trunk at present stands above the court walls, which are entire, and more than thirty feet high. Its branches, when I saw it, formed a canopy, which entirely covered the court and cloisters. An ash tree grows in the Cemetery attached to the Abbey, of almost equal magnitude, which, we were told, was planted on the same day as the yew tree.

We ascended to the cells above the cloisters, which were used by the monks when under severe penance for real or supposed crimes. In one of these cells there was a small square flag stone, elevated about a foot from the ground. This stone, we were told, had formed a pillow for a penitent hermit for the long period of thirty-seven years, during the whole of which time he had occupied the small cell, leaving it only for the short period that he went for the herbs and water on which he lived. Here he spent his days and nights in solitude, prayer, penances, and inflictions, lashing himself with a whip each day, and at night either kneeling or reclining on the bare flags—no pillow but the elevated stone for his head—no coverlid but his cloak for the body. All this was done in atonement and penitence for the one dreadful crime of parricide.

His early life was marked with much gaiety and dissipation, and a reckless expenditure of fortune; and in order to continue this career of folly and sin, he craved more wealth. His father stood in the way of its attainment, and he determined to destroy him. His mother

dying while he was but a child, he possessed her accumulated fortune, and, having imbibed expensive habits, had dissipated the whole.

His father, weary of his debts, refused to pay any more of them; therefore, he entered his chamber in the night, and smothered him. It was supposed that he had died in a fit; and the wicked son escaped the punishment that the offended laws of his country would have awarded to his crime. Not so did he escape the punishment that an offended God hurls down, on those who violate his commandments, and disregard the laws of nature too.

The child that raises a hand against a parent, even to strike a transient blow in anger, though it may have no killing effect, should expect his arm to wither at his side. This was not the punishment of the young murderer; but the Almighty cast a blight upon his heart, and all its former joyous impulses withered and shrunk into nothing but a trembling palsy.

This feeling pervaded his whole life, and caused his conscience to draw forth his father's shadow, struggling in the convulsive pangs of death, in every corner of the habitation that he had occupied. The park, the grounds, the stable, everywhere the same gloomy spectre followed him, and robbed his life of ease. He could not spend or enjoy the fortune and estates that he had acquired, by the unnatural deed that put him too early in possession of them.

In vain he strove, by penitence and prayer, and

sometimes by an application to the maddening bottle, to drive away the fiend that followed him.

His conduct at last excited suspicion, and he fled from exposure, writing to a priest to whom he made confession, and he bade him to report his death, and allow the next male heir to take possession of the property for which he had sold his soul to Satan, unless, in pity to his human sufferings and penitential prayers, his Maker has ordained it otherwise.

I was told by our conductor, whose little history I have related in my own words, but exactly with the same sense and incidents, that his wanderings ended at Mucruss Abbey. Arriving at the Abbey, he made a solemn vow never to leave it while he lived; and, during a period of thirty-seven years, he resided in the ruins, leading the horrid life that was described to me as I have related it.

How certain it is that the crime of murder never remains entirely undiscovered or unpunished, even in this world. Either conscience, accident, or indisputable evidence is sure to bring it to light. Even be it otherwise, how impossible it is for any one to feel happy for a moment with the terrors of such a crime hanging over them?

In vain they try to fly from its recollection. Conscience is too faithful to its Creator ever to lose sight of its duty, or permit the triumph of Satan without implanting a sting, to warn the sinner not to yield again, however trifling may be the error.

Nevertheless, the sinner yields again, until the sting of conscience becomes so blunted, that flesh sometimes will cease to feel it, until accompanied by the burning pains of everlasting perdition; and then no penitence can change the doom. Though the sentence of the law may be eluded here, hereafter is a certain sentence.

We returned to our temporary abode much pleased with our day's excursion, having nothing to complain of but a drenching that we got, in a sudden change of the weather, which took place a little before the approach of twilight, and hastened our return to Mrs. C'Connor's comfortable and well-conducted lodging-house, Main-street, Killarney.

The Placarded Fop.

OF all the follies that disfigure the fine-wrought proportions of the human form divine, and deck it out in fanciful equipments that distort it out of shape, the appearance of the thorough-bred, fashionable demon-monkey, or double-dandy exquisite, is perhaps the most ludicrously-revolting to intelligence and pitiable to the genuine lover of mankind.

There was a certain over-wrought species of this pug-like kind infesting the metropolis and all popular or fashionable towns, about the thirty-ninth year of the nineteenth century, that might be known by its slender neck, stretched out to the last degree of longitude, and stiffened to the utter annihilation of rotatory movement, by the aid of starch and buckram, eased in an outer bark of spotted black and scarlet satin.

This crane-like neck supported a head thickly studded with crisp and well-pomatumed curls, so much spread out that, at a glance, all expectation of a centre piece containing wit or knowledge vanished. The skull was much too thick and crowded to permit of wisdom creeping in or going out. The face, ye gods, how it was

baboonified, and covered with hair, on some of them, as brilliant, crisp, and cunning as the fox's own.

Each eye contained a note of admiration; but it was admiration of his dandy self. The nose was aquiline, or twisted into Roman, and made for nothing but to snuff up essence. The mouth—how can I possibly describe the mouth—that fund so exquisite of all the creature's fascinations? The moustaches twisted at each smiling corner into crisp, lady-killer curls, which evidently appeared great pets, to judge from the strokings and caresses so incessantly bestowed upon them. The assassin, which he, to all intents and purposes, esteemed irresistibly killing, displayed itself in the centre of the upper lip, in the shape of a little, flat, round curl, oiled, pressed, and patted down to an affectionate adhesiveness, yet pouting conspicuously, for the admiration of all beholders, who were, no doubt, expected to become planet-struck at the first glance at its witcheries. The chin was decorated with a little tuft, to beautify the centre, some short space above the bushy whiskers, that were lengthened out to clasp it underneath, and make the animal look more ferocious, lest he should fascinate too suddenly, and kill his victim at a stroke. The centre point beneath the chin concluded the face's outline, presenting a Lilliputian hair-dagger, the only weapon that this coxcombed biped had the heart or courage to use.

The shoulders were slightly shrugged, and the waist pinched into an appearance of wasp-like divisibility, by tight bandage or lacing; the elbows were pressed into the

sides; and the coat spread out, to shew the gorgeous waistcoat; and sleek continuations, which were lengthened out to the golden spurs, and had delicate white straps to fasten them, requiring tip-toe walking over dirt, to keep the earth from spoiling them.

The general walk of this animal was a mixture of the strut, mince, shuffle, prance, and stride; and, when upon the rapid go, a sort of spasmodic shake between each change of locomotion. The sight was not defective, yet the thing required an eye-glass; and, lest the even teeth should not be seen, it played the tat-too on them with a golden-headed cane, unless the creature was better occupied by frapping his gilded spurs, pets that must be noticed either by spectators or the dainty wearer.

Enough of his description. I must now announce to my kind readers that I came in contact with an exquisite one day, the very model of the one above-described—a regular infallible baboon of fashion—decked out in all the trickery of fops and fribbles—one of the Liverpool thorough-bred species; and I did use him handsomely, as shall be shewn anon.

Calling on a lady of my acquaintance one day, I had not sat long in conversation with her, when the outer door was assailed by a quaking, shaking, continuous ratta-tatta, tatta-tatta, tantan-tan of the real exquisite order, which was played upon the knocker, and immediately was ushered in a modern whiskerando dandy popinjay—a gem of the first water, according to its kind.

This creature possessed the organs of speech without

impediment, yet preferred adopting an artificial mode of utterance, rather than speak distinctly, or condescend to make himself intelligible to general hearers. He therefore maintained the true yaw-haw style of articulation. With quizzing glass in eye, imposing air of conscious self-importance, and, like the general species as before-described, a most gorgeous attire, flaming scarlet in the buckramised stock that kept his crane-like neck on the full stretch, and obliged him to wheel round whenever he wished to view a thing not fixed exactly straight before him; and a party coloured, embossed waistcoat, glorifying itself in all the varied hues of yellow, green, and blue, evidently much to the admiration of the wearer, who frequently glanced at it with undisguised satisfaction.

After his entrance, and my introduction to him, our former confidential chat diverged into general conversation; and this was interlarded, at the end of every sentence, with his “Yaw-haw — excellent — yaw-haw — that *was* good — yaw-haw — charming — yaw-haw — superlative, ladies — yaw-haw, (wheeling round upon me) — ch-a-a-a-rming creature, pon honour — witty — yaw-haw — M-a-a-a-a-m, a most apropos introduction — yaw-haw-haw — I shall be sorry to leave this excellent society.” This lengthened effort was lisped out with a most lack-a-daisical look of love-lorn imbecility, much to the amusement of the lady of the house, myself, and the lady’s young sister, who sat near me. To amuse her still more, I turned to a little work-table, and asking the son, (a

beautiful, intelligent urchin, of seven years old, and a clever mimic, who was playing the antic at the fop's back, and burlesquing every movement,) for a sheet of writing paper. I wrote impromptu, in true placard-like style, the first word in extra large letters, to provoke attention—

“BEHOLD the happy, strutting varlet,
 Arrayed in new and shining scarlet;
 A glorious vest begirds his waist—
 Blue, green, and yellow. Ye gods, what a taste!”

I held it up against the fop's back, for my young friend to read; instantly the little mimicing imp snatched it out of my hand and ran away with it; presently returning, with four large wet wafers on the corners of it, he swiftly, with stealthy gentleness, fastened the placard on the exquisite's back. I threatened, in whispers, all the vengeance I would do, if he did let the creature go out with it. Methinks I see before me now the lovely urchin's merry face, so redolent of fun, frolic, and humour, the imitative powers distinctly visible in every antic that he played behind the fop's chair in gleeful prank, glancing now and then to quiz mine and his aunt's efforts to restrain the twitching of our risible muscles, occasionally convulsed beyond our control by these two opposite disturbers of our gravity.

Presently the labelled and delighted exquisite, delighted with our courtesy and smiles, arose to take his leave with sundry yaw-haw parting salutations and—
 “Yaw-haw—Madam, I am your slave”—addressed to me.

Assuredly, thought I, (my badge upon your back.) “You claim my badge, sir,” said I; and he, courtier-like, then backed out, too delicately sensitive to politesse to turn his back on ladies, and thus the lady of the house discovered not the trick; and, with his placard on, he sallied forth, cane in hand and glass in eye, striding with a bantam-like strut of importance, occasionally varied by a simpering mince.

He had not gone far before I took my leave, after laughing heartily at his yaw-haw parting compliments of yaw-haw deep regret at leaving my yaw-haw charming society. I, too, had sallied forth, when, on turning the corner of the street, my ears were suddenly assailed with the shouts and hootings of a noisy troop of reckless ragamuffins; and, turning to whence the sounds proceeded, I perceived my victim furiously lashing about him with his cane, he turning teetotum-like, round-and-round, in an ecstasy of passion, the effervescent froth of his saliva dripping from his lady-killer moustaches and his chin-adorning beauty-tuft. In vain he lashed his tormentors. As he spun round, each new arrival caught a glimpse of the writing on his back, and chimed in with the various shouts of Behold him! Strutting varlet! Shining scarlet! Glorious vest! Ye gods, what a taste! The fop thought that his costume was the only incentive to the insults he received, and the uproarious laughter of each passer-by, who, like myself, looked on convulsed, while he, in frantic fury, carried on the battle, until a body of police arrived to know the cause of the tumult. For

a moment they all stood in wonderment, to see and hear the riot's cause, and scan, with mirthful look, the object of its onset. I shot off to a little distance, just as one of the amazed policemen, in an attitude of irresistible comicality, dislodged the mirth-exciting document, and held it up to view, exclaiming, "What better could you expect with this on your back?"

I feared discovery, but, luckily for me, the frantic fop tore it up and trampled it beneath his feet, believing that the troop around him put it on; and then he tore about again, attacking them with, "Yaw-haw—you, you rascal, you did, you, sir, put it on—yaw-haw—but I will yaw-haw all your bones, you villains you; begone." They all denied; but he could find out no way else; and, as his faculties were so obtuse, I escaped detection, and consequently gave no offence. The police dispersed the mob, and I resolved to keep the conclusion of the frolic quite snug and secret, till the proper time to tell the tale, as I now do, to please my gentle readers, hoping that young men will never copy the degraded portrait, and young ladies always shun the conquest of such distorted and disfigured representatives of human nature, alike deteriorating from the noblest work of the creation, and dishonouring the dignity of its intelligence and reason.

Excursion.

A Journey from Killarney to Glengariff: thence to Bauty and Baudon: the legend of the Priest's Leap, and a concluding anecdote of the elopement of a young quakeress, and her father's change of mind as to the pursuit, and recapture of the fugitive.

HAVING explored all the scenes in Killarney, that were interesting to look upon, we bade a final adieu to it, and proceeded on our journey to Glengariff; having a remarkably fine day, we could travel in an open car, and enjoy again the Kenmare scenery, through which we first had to ride, after having passed the road beyond the Tunnel, which I have before described; we were equally gratified with the scenes beyond it. Lakes, mountains, woods, glens, and valleys, each forming a beautiful contrast to the other, and varying the scene to a pitch of beauty, difficult either to conceive or describe.

On arriving at Kenmare, we dismissed our car, and spent an hour or two viewing the church, the chapel, and the adjacent scenes; we then hired another car to convey us to Glengariff. In the commencement of this journey we passed over the Suspension Bridge, from which we had a good view of the Kenmare Bay,

and the mountains in the distance; on the other side we had a fine landscape view.

Proceeding onwards, we had a good view of Dromin-assig Cascade; as there had been much rain during several nights, the stream of water was increased, and poured down in torrents. We passed innumerable small waterfalls, and one of great magnitude and height, called the Priest's Leap, pouring down the side of Priest Leap mountain, which received its name from the circumstance of a priest, who, being pursued by a party of Orangemen, determined to destroy him, leaped from the top of the precipice into the abyss below, as it appeared, preferring instant death to the torture that would have been inflicted on him by his pursuers, had they caught him.

As the legend has it, the venturesome priest dropped very comfortably on his feet, in a sand bed below, and stood there uninjured, surveying in astonishment the wonderful height from which he had leaped, his pursuers leaving the heights above, never supposing anything but that he was dashed to pieces. But there he stood, alive we were told; and the Lord, to refresh him, immediately caused the stream to flow three hundred feet above his head, exactly out of the spot from which he sprang, as they thought, into destruction. He drank of the water, which greatly revived him; was able to continue the advantage he had gained by the leap, and, passing over that part of the country, eluded pursuit, and knowledge, the fall

of water continuing to flow ever since, to indicate the exact spot on which the miracle took place. This is firmly believed by the peasantry around.

The glen into which the water falls, is more marked by sublimity than beauty; and the adjacent scenes are very mountainous, bleak, and rugged.

We next had to travel on a road, which overhung many a precipice; and passed through several tunnels, cut through solid masses of slate stone, or rock, of great height and bulk, not arched and even, like our railway tunnels, but the rock and slate stone hanging at the sides and top, in all sorts of fantastic forms, just as it shaped itself in the gunpowder blasts, that were applied to it. This has a very pretty, and curious effect; and I fancy has an influence upon the echoes that reverberate along them, when any one shouts or sings; both of which experiments we tried, to the utmost stretch of our ability.

We passed through three tunnels, of not very remarkable extent, but the next was five hundred yards long, cut through a hill that traversed our path, and through one rocky mass, without any sign of earth, exhibiting strata of various kinds of stone, not like the others, all slatestone, or sandstone and granite.

These tunnels formed an interesting part of the romantic road, through which we wound our way very slowly, in order that we might the better view the

scenes around. Sometimes on the edge of deep precipices, formed by the hollows of the mountains, leading onward to beautifully cultivated vales and glens, skirted with woods; some planted by the hand of nature, and others laboured into beauty by the efforts of art, the whole journey through the mountains, and from Killarney to Glengariff, was romantic in the extreme.

A little before we arrived at Glengariff, our intention of remaining there for the night was changed to a determination to take a boat, and proceed across the bay to Bantry.

Within a few miles of Glengariff, is the rural residence of the Earl of Bantry, which we visited. It is beautifully situated in a mountain glen, surrounded by woods, through which we rode; in some parts we walked on the borders of a fine trout stream, and saw the fish gamboling in the water. In the park, many of the wild deer were grazing, or at sport. A short time since, this nobleman had one of the red deer, from the wilds of Killarney, presented to him, and one day, when walking alone, was furiously attacked by the animal; a frequent occurrence in Killarney, when strangers meet them. The earl was much injured, and with great difficulty rescued by some of his servants.

We proceeded to his lordship's cottage, where we saw a beautiful little museum; the residence being so far from any seaport, it rather surprised me to see so

many foreign curiosities collected together; they occupied some space, and were very tastefully arranged.

While strolling in the park, I saw a peacock and a peahen perfectly white, not one coloured feather on them, except the peacock's tail; which, as he walked in pride, and spread it out in the sun, glittered most gloriously. They had each a brilliant green tuft on their heads. I thought them a great curiosity, never having seen any of a snowy white before.

Leaving the Earl of Bantry's grounds, we went on to Glengariff, much delighted with the wild and picturesque scenery; and while our boat was sent for, and prepared, we proceeded to an elevation behind the inn garden, which commanded a view of all the surrounding country; comprising the magnificent bay of Bantry, the Sugarloaf Mountain, and Hungary Hills. In scenery, Glengariff is a second Killarney.

Our boat arriving, we embarked on the bay, at a later hour than we should have done, could we have ascertained the real extent of the bay, and the time it would take to cross it. The weather was calm, and we had daylight during more than half of our passage over it; and the scene was beautiful. Then night came on so rapidly, that we had but a dim view of the surrounding islands, and hills. Had I not been quite spent with fatigue, I should have been delighted with this sail; the solemn murmur of the waves, the gentle ripple of the oars, the dim light, with only here and there a star appearing to lessen the gloom, or perhaps

to render it more perceptible, by the contrast of its own brighter twinkling light. The huge mountain masses would have been undiscernible, only for the sudden openings, that just emitted light enough to display their dark forms; but night still advancing, it became pitch dark before we landed. And such a landing.

The tide being low, the boat could not near the quay, consequently one young man had to carry us through the water. He took the elder lady of our party first; she being taller, and nearly as stout, as me, I thought it would be impossible; he trembled like an aspen leaf when he had put her down, and returned for me. I certainly anticipated a toss into the water, but he only bestowed this privilege upon my shoes, for which one of the other men waded and he put them on my feet, before my gallant carrier set me down; he got me safe to the beach, and the ground was so slippery, that for some time we were obliged to cling to each other, and the gas lights on the quay permitting a young Irish wag to perceive this love-like position, he struck up a merry tune, and sang,

“ My glass, my lass, my arms about my dearie O;
I care not if the world turn topsy teary O.”

This was done with so much comic humour, and good humour, that I joined in the laugh against myself, and nearly upset my supporter; he called another man to assist me, while he went for the other two ladies, and carried them through the water, desiring

them to wait till he got me safe upon the quay; a much more arduous undertaking than the other, the first step being so high; he must have had amazing strength to lift me on, and preserve me from falling, or slipping. I was glad to discard my crutch, and hold by the projections of the wall, till he sprang up to support me; he carefully lifted me on to each step, regarding not his own safety, only mine, and any bruize that was got in this difficult ascent fell upon him, while he shielded me; this is ever the way with the kind hearted Irish, when they see any one suffering from bodily infliction.

When all were safe on the quay, the same young man, who appeared to be the master of the boat, with the assistance of the others, carried our luggage, and went with us in search of private lodgings, as we preferred them to the hotel. We were fortunate in procuring a very respectable drawing-room, and two bed-rooms on a first floor. We, being total strangers, arriving at so late an hour, travel-stained and jaded with our many exertions, made an appearance which would hardly have recommended us to a genteel abode in England; but Ireland far surpasses it in polite confidence, and kindness displayed to strangers. I shall not forget that I did, in this night's disaster, and many other instances, particularly on the Garrymene mountain, receive more gallant attention from the lower orders in Ireland, than the most chivalrous, in any other country, would have excelled, or perhaps offered.

Indeed, none better understand how to practise the politeness of the heart, than the Irish; at least, those acts of kindness, which arise from the warm feelings of the heart. Whether they be lasting, or otherwise, it is still very agreeable to meet with such; and I shall long remember the gallant exertions of the young boatman, to preserve me from danger. After refreshing ourselves, with a well brewed dish of the Chinese shrub, called tea, we were glad to retire, and rest our weary limbs.

Happily for my aching bones, the elder lady of our party was too much fatigued to be very anxious to rouse us early in the morning. But after breakfast, in spite of aches and pains, we could not resist the temptation to go and contemplate, in the clear noon-day, one of the, if not itself the very finest bay in Europe; we were so smitten, and in love with its broad blue expanse, the little islands in its centre, and the mountain scenery by which it was surrounded, that we decided on having a sail to one of the islands, when it was high tide, and appointed a boatman to be there at five o'clock.

After viewing the bay, we went to look through the beautiful demesne of the Lord Berhaven, situated on one side of the bay, and on an elevation which commands fine prospects; this noble mansion gives great beauty to the scene. The lower end of the sloping lawn is tastefully formed into a flower garden; the shrub called *idrangia* prevails in great quantities,

grown in hedge rows; this shrub is very common in Ireland, and requires no greenhouse; at the Glengariff Hotel, we saw two in full flower, one of them was the enormous size of thirty feet in circumference, the other more than twenty feet round it. It is common, in Ireland, to see even the hedges, to mean little cottage gardens, formed of the broad-leaved laurel, which is esteemed so much here. Below the flower garden, at Lord Berhaven's, is a long tier of cannon, which look rather formidable.

We explored the wood, and then proceeded to ascend a steep mountain, covered with a carpet of verdure; this ascent was very difficult for me to attain, but the prospect from the top amply repays the labour. After resting a while, we traversed an elevated bank, or ridge, which extended nearly the length of the mountain top, at the extremity of which, we could look down upon the town and country, view the distant mountains and woods, surrounding the noble mansions in the neighbourhood, and then, turning round, take a survey of the splendid bay, and trace the track between the lofty mountains, leading to the broad Atlantic.

We returned, by a circuitous path, to the entrance of the demesne, and retired until five o'clock; when we adjourned to the quay, and, not finding our hired boatman, engaged a fishing sail boat, to take us to Whiddy Island. When there, we travelled to the fort, which is built on the summit of the centre hill, and arrived

on the fort, I was as much surprised to see the great extent of this island, which appeared, from its great elevation above the water, as we sailed on the bay, to be very small, as I was to view the extent of magnificent scenery around. From the summit of this great battery, we distinctly saw the Atlantic ocean, Hungary Hill, Bear Isle, the Sugarloaf Mountain, the whole extent of the bay of Bantry, the Berehaven domain, the town of Bantry, and Dursey Abbey ruin, all combining to render the view enchanting. Every tree beginning to put on its early autumn dress, here and there a little tint of brown or yellow, gave a richness to the scene. The weather, calm and cool, imparted the same serenity to my heart, that appeared to rest on every external object.

We returned by the same boat, one of the men politely presenting his hands for me to step upon, that I might not wet my feet, in ascending the boat. Before we got to the other side of the bay, the weather became rainy, and a storm commenced, which cast a very different coat upon the waters, the waves rising very high; we were thankful, to arrive in safety at our lodgings, and prepare for our departure from Bantry, at five o'clock in the morning.

We set out at that early hour, and the drive from Bantry to Dunmanway was more interesting, than romantic or wild; here we left the small car, to go into the mail coach from Skibberene, a small country

town, once called Stapleton, until changed for the "illigant" nomen of Skibberene, rendering it almost, as one of my fellow travellers said, a misfortune to be born in the town, and called a Skibberene man. I was an inside passenger, two others were gentlemen of education, and polite manners, very conversant, full of anecdote, and ready to give me every information and legend relative to the scenes through which we travelled. We saw many noble residences, while travelling from Dunmanway to Ballynene and Bandon; but only one ruin, of Killycorrenhaigh Castle; one of the gentlemen told me a singular legend of this castle, but being too lengthy, I omit relating it, to make room for one of his anecdotes.

Passing a splendid residence, which appeared a most extensive and elegant palace, I enquired who resided there, admiring the mansion and grounds greatly. He told me the resident's name then, and what it formerly was, having been changed on an accession of property, bequeathed on that condition. He stated that a grandfather of the present resident, had run away with a young Quakeress. His addresses had been forbidden by her father, on account of the difference in religion; the Society of Friends not choosing to mingle with the Church of England; consequently, the equally enamoured couple thought proper to elope. Immediately on discovering the flight of his daughter, Obadiah summoned one of his quaint old

friends, and set out in fiery pursuit of the fugitives, determined to separate them, and bring the villainous abductor to a severe account.

On the way, passing the beautiful residence of which I have spoken, he was, like myself, struck with admiration of its splendour; and, on enquiring whose residence it was, he, to his astonishment, learned that it belonged to the very gentleman who had that morning stolen his lovely daughter. Of the gentleman's circumstances he knew but very little; but, when he thus ascertained the great wealth of his daughter's lover, he turned to his old friend, with evident satisfaction in his look, and said, "Verily, friend, I think the girl has done well for herself: we will e'en let them go on and get married." Accordingly he ordered the horses to be turned round, and, retracing their steps to the last inn they had passed, went in with his friend to regale themselves, and wish the bride and bridegroom a pleasant runaway trip, and safe return; fully prepared to forgive, and bless them; not dissatisfied at all at all to see his child in such comfortable, affluent circumstances.

The union turned out more happily than the generality of such weddings; and Obadiah felt not a little proud of his judgment in declining the pursuit, when he discovered, what he conceived to be, his daughter's good luck.

It is too generally the case, that parents look upon wealth and worldly enjoyments as the main point, in choosing establishments for their daughters, little regard-

ing the morals and religion of the man whom they choose; if externals are perfect, the interior is too little taken into calculation. Whereas, if good morals and religion were made indispensable to the man of fortune, and virtuous women unattainable without these indispensable requisites of character, men would strive after holy things, if only to possess the women that they loved; and having acquired the habit, the love of holy and moral actions would naturally follow. Being united to a virtuous woman for life, her moralising influence would certainly bind fast his better sentiments and feelings, and give his life a relish that the immoral man can never feel. It is too rich in its essence, ever to lodge uninterruptedly in an impure tenement.

PREFACE TO SEVERAL

Poems

WHICH I WROTE IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

This Preface will serve to shew that my writings of this period, when I lay afflicted and helpless, were never intended for publication, and how different my thoughts were in 1835 to the present period, 1852.

I must premise to those who would,
Expecting thence some moral good,
My faulty rhymes peruse,
That they shall make allowance for
The invalid who writes them, nor
My careless thoughts misuse.

Should they be clad in such array
As renders them unfit for day,
Conceal them from the light.
The boon I ask is tribute due
For friendship long I've felt for you :
I claim it as my right.

Should they be such as may be read,
All wisdom not from her have fled

Who hath composed them all,
You then may treasure them or not.
I would the former were their lot,
Their value though so small.

And, when perused, should any say
They feel contempt for such poor lay,
What care I for their scorn!

The poetess who does not vie
With any one, nor for fame try,
Can not of fame be shorn.

Some contradictions may arise
Above, below; e'en in the skies
Such things sometimes appear,
As, when for hidden things we seek,
Perceptive powers are then too weak,
Nor aught we see through, clear.

If I have erred in writing aught
Which critics may conceive is wrought
Without a cause or rule,
Unaltered let it ever stand;
They may improve on what they 've scanned
I 'll not be critic's tool

Too independent this may seem,
 Uncourteous, perchance, you deem
 This sportive scroll of mine.
 Yet why should I weak homage pay
 To any one who scorns my lay?
 I wish no praise but thine.

Solicited by you to write
 The hymns and rhymes that I indite,
 I put them in your book.
 From hence, when my soul wings, my dear,
 Forbear to shed regret's fond tear,
 When o'er them you may look.

Oh! then, fore'er adieu, my dear,
 Till then, forbear to shed a tear.
 When you may read this line,
 Regret not that I gain a state
 To which we all are doomed by fate;
 Why should my friend repine?

Can fond regret or tears recall
 A body clothed in shroud or pall?
 Can aught bring back a soul?
 Regret me not, when I am dead,
 I may more happy regions tread,
 When my death-bell shall toll

To the Ploughman,

RETURNING TO HIS COTTAGE AFTER THE TOILS
OF THE DAY.

Hie thee home, ploughman, and rest from thy toil,
Haste thee to thine own cleanly cot,
Partake of the fruits which spring from the soil
Surrounding thy well-cultured spot.

Thy children all run to the door, to meet
And gladden thine heart with a smile;
But thy wife, not less overjoyed to greet,
Will prepare thy supper the while.

Though coarse thy fare, it is sweet to thy taste,
When the blessing of God descends;
Its sweets to enjoy I pray thee make haste,
And own Him the best of all friends.

Though poverty makes the sweat of thy brow
Descend, in procuring thy food,
Think of Him for sin slain: 't will teach thee how
To esteem thy portion too good.

God gives to each man a station to fill ;
 And though thine is of low degree,
 State gives not bliss—thou art freer from ill
 Than those who rank higher than thee.

Unrivalled by those who aspire to gain
 Higher rank, their foes to outshine,
 Enough 't is for thee thy house to sustain,
 With God's blessing on thee and thine.

More happy the home that greets with a smile
 The labouring poor man's return ;
 A welcome and peace his hours to beguile—
 The thirsts of ambition ne'er burn.

Beyond his loved cot a thought never strays,
 Except when his children may roam ;
 Heaven's help to their wandering footsteps he prays,
 And a light to beacon them home.

His cares then tend to the welcoming hour,
 His children to clasp in fond love,
 Imploring for gifts from the Supreme power
 Till called to the realms above.

LINES

BY GEORGE ECCLES NIXON, ESQ.,

TO ELIZA,—MY FIRST BORN.

WHAT blissful feelings in my bosom dwelt,
When first I heard, sweet babe, thy feeble cry ;
And my glad heart a parent's rapture felt,
And treasured up the sound with ecstacy ;
With trembling joy, I listened to thy breath,
While gazing anxious on thy infant face ;
And my pulse slowly beat, when thought that death
Might rob me of thee, in my breast took place.

Sweet bird of promise, daughter of my love,
How on thy sleeping form I fondly doat ;
May seraphs waft thee blessings from above ;
And round thy cot may guardian angels float ;
Thou precious gift, bestowed by gracious heaven,
May the possession of a gem like thee
Direct my soul to where such gifts are given,
And guide my steps in paths of purity.

How oft my heart within my bosom sinks,
Oppressed beneath the weight of hopes and fears
For thee, adored one, and my spirit shrinks
From all thy trials, in this vale of tears ;
The pleasures of this life, vain, empty round,
That lure the eye, but leave the young heart sore ;
Like the bright fruit near to the Dead Sea found,
That tasted yields but ashes at the core.

Poor slender bark, thy fragile sails are furled,
To buffet with the wind and swelling seas
Of this cold, heartless, and deceitful world ;
And tossed uncertain on each changing breeze ;
Oh may it be thy lot to smoothly sail
O'er the dread billows of this weary life ;
And, wafted onwards by each gentle gale,
Escape all hidden rocks, with dangers rife.

The Orphan Eliza Corf's Reply,

TO THE PRECEDING STANZAS,

BY GEORGE ECCLES NIXON, ESQ.,

TO ELIZA,—HIS FIRST BORN.

Ah, who can tell the joy a father feels,
When first his offspring meets his raptured eye,
Save he, who with poetic fire reveals
His transports, when he hears his babe's first cry.
Can any but the anxious father tell
The hopes and fears that agitate his breast ;
His doating love, the hope his babe may dwell,
When taken from hence, in everlasting rest.

The orphan girl, bereaved of guardian fond,
Who never chid, or frowned, or aught but smiled,
Feels oft endowed with power to look beyond
The grave, and draw the father to his child ;
Who fondly took her on his knee in life,
And prayed for every blessing from above,
To soothe and guard his tender anxious wife,
But as she dealt to her the same fond love.

She feels she could to other souls reveal
 The tempest of wild thoughts that crowd her mind;
 And plant on each fond father's brow a seal,
 By which the workings of his heart to find;
 That seal should be—her own dear father's smile,
 That rendered every feature bland and mild;
 While he prayed heaven to preserve from guile,
 Not his first offspring, but his sixteenth child.

Oh, he could feel a father's love and pride,
 Though fifteen times the tribute had been paid;
 Now from her eyes a tributary tide
 Doth fall, and shall the orphan's love be blamed;
 By none it takes not from her love of God,
 Ecstatic feelings, smiles, and hopes, and joy,
 Teach her in this world to endure the rod,
 Which points to future bliss, without alloy.

But did that fond loved father look below,
 Would heaven afford an unmixed, peaceful joy?
 That he dwells there, I think, I feel, I know,
 And looking down, my sufferings must destroy;
 The perfect feeling of celestial peace,
 To which my father's spirit beckons me,
 When all my trials in this world shall cease,
 And God, our Father, sets my spirit free.

The Presentiment.

A voice of warning steals upon my ear,
Pervading every sense with creeping fear;
Conveying to my heart a fretful throb;
A fuller, fiery pulse, which seems to sob—
With anguish unrevealed, intensely keen,
The more so that its tremors are not seen;
But felt within, suspending every sense,
And every energy, in wild suspense;
A thrill that vibrates on each vein and nerve,
Teaching the pulse from its true beat to swerve.

And what oppressive heaviness I feel,
A thrilling sense of doom, that seems to steal
Upon my mental organs, with such force,
As for a time arrests their onward course;
A something whispers of an hidden woe,
Or some enjoyment that I must forego,
Or danger falling on long cherished friends,
Or some rude change that providence intends;
I dream of those I love, and swift my soul—
Suspects some evil, mortals can't control;

And anxious fears so agitate my breast,
 They leave my mental energies distressed ;
 The efforts which my reason puts in force,
 Imagination jostles from their course,
 Inviting a chaotic mass of woe,
 Which bears no form, by which the mind can know,
 If it expresses good, or ill portends ;
 Or what its essence, its effects, or ends.

Tell me, my every sense, what this can mean,
 Or what the purport of this power unseen,
 That thus forewarns me of some dire affair ;
 Creeps o'er my trembling frame, erects my hair,
 Imparting feelings of a changeful glow,
 Unlit by sunshine, but the lamp of woe ;
 That burns more brightly in the midnight hour,
 Unseen by any but the eye of power,
 That grasps all life, man, world, beast, flower,
 And with a glance could crush them any hour.

Tell me, thou guider of my feeble brain,
 The purport of this wild, inflicted pain ;
 Tell me, doth some unseen, prophetic power
 O'errule my visions in this painful hour,
 And teach my mind's eye, in perspective true,
 The coming evils fearfully to view ;
 Shall those I love ere long be taught to feel
 Some absence from their present joy or weal ;

Or is the tyrant death abroad, to throw
 His dart on those not ready yet to go,
 And fill the remnant left behind with woe?
 Say, ere the morn shines on this changeful world,
 Shall none I love be to the other hurled;

Can mortals stop the hand that measures woe,
 Checks, or advances, or lops off below?
 A spirit whispers No, but yet thy prayer,
 If pure when wafted upward, enters where
 That hand abideth, and its fragrance may
 Surround and soften it; so it shall lay
 Its weight less heavily upon the soul,
 That struggles to escape this earth's control,
 And, casting off its base, encumbering clay,
 Soars upward into never ending day.

Oh may each ransomed spirit that ascends
 To where nor love, nor day, nor life e'er ends,
 Be well prepared to meet the welcome glance
 Of heaven's effulgent blaze, as they advance;
 Be well prepared for an eternal stand
 Within some mansion, in the better land,
 And, there when stationed, centre each desire,
 In songs amid the everlasting choir.

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